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WITH A FEW SWIFT STROKES HE CUT THE BEAN STALK

McGovern, Mary Harriet

FIFTY FAMOUS FAIRY TALES

adapted by

ROSEMARY
KINGSTON

psued.

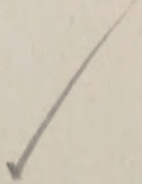
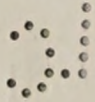
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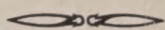
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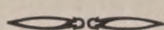
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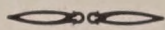
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INTRODUCTION



WITH the especial view of catching the fancy of little children, the compiler has examined the works of such celebrated writers as Hans Christian Anderson, Anthony Galland of Paris (translator of "The Thousand and One Nights"), Straparola of Carravagio (author of "Puss in Boots"), Geoffry of Monmouth (author of "Jack the Giant Killer"), Charles Perrault, the Countess d'Aulnoy, the Grimm brothers and many others. Only those stirring and natural pictures that have remained with her from her childhood have been here chosen for adaptation to the times and the manners.

These fifty stories will never grow old. The sterling gold that is in them gives them a "charmed life." Their originality, delicacy, and humor appeal not only to the children for whom they were written, but to their elders as well.

There is no better reading for the youth than Fairy Tales. They not only kindle the imagination but develop the memory—listen to some child repeat a fairy tale to a little tot. Not a single incident is omitted. Moreover Fairy Tales are a powerful aid in teaching forbearance, courtesy, kind treatment of animals, love of Nature, and consideration for the poor and aged.

Charles Dickens said: "Fairy Tales have greatly helped to keep us ever young, by preserving through our worldly ways one slender track not overgrown with weeds, where we may walk with children, sharing their delights.



Fifty Famous Fairy Tales

Jack and the Bean Stalk

IN the days of King Alfred, there lived a poor woman who had an only child named Jack. He was a very idle, wasteful and careless boy and soon he had spent all his mother's money.

At last they became so poor that they did not even have a bit of bread in the house, and the mother was forced to sell her only cow. She sent Jack to the village with it, and on the way he met a butcher, who coaxed Jack to trade it for a capful of beans. Jack, thinking he was making a good bargain, exchanged the cow for the beans and hurried home to show them to his mother. She was so angry to think that he had been so stupid, that she threw the beans out of the window and then sat down and wept all evening. They both went to bed supperless that night.

Next morning when Jack awoke, he noticed that his window was covered with something green. He ran out into the yard and was greatly surprised to find that the beans had taken root in the night and had grown so tall that he could not see their tops. The stalks were so thick and had twined around each other in such a way, as to form a regular ladder.

Now, Jack was a very venturesome boy, and immediately started to climb up the bean-stalk, but would you believe it, he climbed nearly an hour before he reached the top. When he did arrive at the top he found he was in an entirely new country. He looked all around but not a house could he see. He walked on and finally came to a big mansion. In front of the door stood a plain looking woman. Jack was very hungry and begged the woman to give him something to eat. She told him she dare not, for her husband might come home at any minute and that he was a giant and ate little boys. But Jack was so tired and hungry that he coaxed her to take him in and give him some food.

“You can hide me when your husband comes, and when he is eating his dinner I can slip out unnoticed,” said he.

The woman was really very kind-hearted even if she was the wife of a giant, so she invited Jack in and gave him a good meal. Suddenly they heard a great noise, and the woman said: “Quick! Hide in that closet, for here comes my husband. If he sees you he will not only kill you but me too.”

Jack flew to the closet and hardly dared to breathe, he was so frightened when he peeked out the key-hole and saw what a terrible monster the giant was.

The giant sat down at the kitchen table and ate enough to feed an army. Then he called to his wife to bring him his golden hen.

The wife brought a live hen and placed it on the table. "Lay!" roared the giant, and the hen laid an egg of solid gold. "Lay another!" and every time the giant said this, the hen would lay a larger golden egg than before.

Jack's eyes nearly popped out of his head as he peeked out and saw the golden eggs.

In a few moments the giant dropped off to sleep and snored so loud that the giant's wife never heard Jack slip out of the closet and steal over to the table. He quickly grabbed up the hen and rushed out of the house. He went back the way he had come and soon reached the bean-stalk, which he descended in safety.

His mother was overjoyed when she saw the golden eggs that the hen could lay. Jack went to town and sold the eggs and they had so much money that they lived in great ease and happiness for many months.

Soon, however, Jack became restless, and determined to climb the bean-stalk again. He disguised himself and painted his skin brown so that the giant's wife would not recognize him. Then up the stalk he went, and when he came to the giant's house, there stood the woman in front of the door as before. Jack spoke to her, telling her a pitiful tale, and begging for food and a night's lodging. The woman refused, saying that several months ago she had taken in a small boy and the ungrateful wretch had stolen her husband's golden hen. Ever since the giant had treated her more cruelly than ever.

Jack appeared to be very sorry for her, and because he seemed so sympathetic, the woman finally agreed to let him in.

She gave him a good supper and then hid him in a lumber-closet. When the giant came home he was very cross and impatient. He ate a big dinner and then called for his money

bags. When they were laid on the table, he emptied out the money and counted it out in great piles. Seeing his wife standing by, watching him, he cried out: "Go to bed, and don't be so slow about it."

The poor woman crept off to bed, and Jack was left in his hiding place, from where he peeked out and watched the giant count his money, and then put it carefully back in the bags. But the giant had eaten such an enormous meal that he soon became drowsy, and fell off to sleep. Jack then slipped out, seized two of the bags of money, and ran out of the house as fast as his legs would carry him. He reached the bean-stalk in safety and climbed down. His mother was dreadfully frightened when she found he had been to the giant's house again, and made him promise that he would never risk his life by going there any more. Jack kept his promise for three years, but at the end of that time the desire to visit the giant's house again and see what new treasure he could bring away, grew too strong for him.

One day when his mother went to the village, he again climbed the bean-stalk. He was so changed now that the giant's wife did not recognize him, and when he begged for food, as before, the good woman, after much persuasion, invited him in. When she heard her husband coming, she hid Jack in a great copper boiler.

No sooner had the giant entered than he cried out: "I smell fresh meat!" and began to search all around the room. Jack was terrified and expected every minute that the monster would come to the great copper boiler in which he was hiding. He now wished himself home a thousand times.

When the giant laid his hand on the lid of the boiler, Jack's heart almost stopped beating. However, nothing happened, for

the monster did not take the trouble to lift the lid. At last he sat down by the fireside, and began to eat his enormous supper, and drink several kegs of wine. When he had finished, he commanded his wife to bring him his harp. Now, this was a very wonderful harp, for the minute the giant said "Play!" it played of its own accord, without anybody touching it. The music was exquisite and Jack listened in rapture. He longed to possess that harp. "Just think," he said to himself, "if I had that instrument my mother would never make me practice any more. That's a treasure worth having."

The harp soon lulled the giant to sleep, and as his wife had gone to bed early, Jack stole out of the boiler and seized the harp. He was eagerly running off with it, when suddenly the harp called out, just as if it had been alive: "Master! Master!" This awakened the giant in time to see Jack scampering off with the golden harp on his back.

"O you rascal!" screamed the giant. "You're the one that has been stealing my treasures, are you? Well, just wait till I catch you. I'll eat you alive."

The giant started to run after Jack, but he had drunk so much wine that he could only stagger along slowly.

After leading the giant a considerable race, Jack reached the bean-stalk, and climbed down as fast as he could, while the harp played such a loud tune that it attracted Jack's mother, who was chopping wood in the back yard. Axe in hand, she came running forward to see what the excitement was about. Just as Jack landed on the ground, the giant could be seen descending the bean-stalk. Jack laid the harp down carefully, seized his mother's axe, and with a few swift strokes, cut the bean-stalk close off at the root. The monster fell headlong into the yard, and was killed instantly.

Jack and his mother lived on in great contentment. The hen continued to lay golden eggs, which Jack sold, so that they always had plenty of money, and the golden harp gave forth sweeter music each day. The bean-stalk never grew up again and Jack's mother was secretly delighted, for her venturesome boy could no longer leave her to wander in giant-land.



The Wild Swans

FAR away from here, there once lived a king who had eleven sons and one daughter named Elisa. The eleven sons were princes, and each went to school decorated with a star on his breast and a sword by his side. They wrote on gold slates with diamond pencils. Their little sister sat on a cut-glass footstool, and had a picture-book which had cost as much as half a kingdom.

When the children were still young their mother died and shortly after the king married again. The step-mother was very cruel to the children and soon drove them from home. She sent Elisa to a far-away country to live with some poor peasants and to the sons she said:

“Fly forth into the world and provide for yourselves; fly forth like great birds without a voice.” No sooner had she spoken than the eleven princes were turned into swans.

One day when Elisa was about fifteen, she escaped from the cottage and went in search of her brothers. She did not know that the wicked queen had turned them into swans. As she was walking through the forest she met an old woman and asked her if she had ever seen eleven princes riding through the forest.

“No,” said the woman, “but yesterday I saw eleven swans with golden crowns upon their heads, come swimming up the river.”

Then Elisa said good-bye to the old woman, and followed the course of the river till it flowed out into the sea.

There on the drifted seaweed lay eleven white swans' feathers. Elisa gathered them up into a bundle, and sat down and watched the rolling waves.

Towards sunset she saw eleven wild swans, with golden crowns upon their heads, come flying to the shore, one behind the other, like a long white ribbon. She hid behind a bush, and the swans alighted close beside her and flapped their great, white wings.

The moment the sun set in the sea, their feathers disappeared and eleven young princes stood upon the shore. Elisa gave a low cry and sprang towards them. They were grown and altered, but she felt sure they were her own dear brothers. She called them by their names and the princes clasped their little sister in their arms. She, too, had grown and was now a tall, beautiful maiden. They laughed and cried together, and told each other how wickedly their stepmother had treated them.

"As long as the sun is above the horizon," said the eldest of the brothers, "we fly about in the shape of wild swans, but after sunset we regain our human shape. That is why we are obliged to make for the shore every evening, for if the sun should set while we were above the water we would sink down and be drowned."

"Tomorrow we must fly away from here," said another brother, "but we do not want to leave you here alone. Have you the courage to come along with us? Surely our wings could carry you across the sea."

"Oh, indeed I will not be afraid," said Elisa. "Please take me with you."

So all night long they worked to make a raft of coarse grass and willow bark. The sister lay down upon it and when the sun rose, her eleven brothers, in the shape of wild swans, lifted the raft in their beaks and flew with her towards the clouds.



ELISA GAVE A LOW CRY AND SPRANG AMONG THEM

They flew on the whole day through, flying more slowly than usual because of the weight they had to carry.

At last they reached a lovely coast with faint blue mountain peaks, cities and palaces. The swan-brothers set Elisa down before a cave where they were to pass the night.

“Now we shall see what you will dream of tonight,” said the youngest prince as he led her to her sleeping-room.

“Heaven grant that I may dream how I can set you free,” she said. The thought filled her heart; she prayed fervently to God for help, and even in her sleep her prayer went on.

She dreamed that she flew to the palace of a wonderful fairy. The fairy came to meet her, bright and radiant and said: “You can save your brothers if you have courage and constancy. Do you see these stinging-nettles in my hands? Those which grow near the entrance of your cave are the same kind. You must gather them though the blisters rise all over your hands. Tread out the nettles with your feet till you have made them into flax. When you have woven eleven coats of the flax, with long sleeves, throw them over the eleven swans, and the spell will be broken. If you run out of nettles the only other place you can get them is in the church-yard. Remember that. From the moment you begin your work till the moment when it is finished, no word must pass your lips; not even if the task should last for years. The first word you speak will be a fatal dagger in the hearts of your brothers.”

The fairy touched Elisa's hand with the burning nettles; a sharp pain like fire shot through her fingers, and she awoke. It was daylight, and by her side lay a nettle such as she had seen in her dream. She fell on her knees and thanked God, then went out of the cave to begin her work.

She seized the stinging-nettles with her delicate fingers; they burned her like fire. Blisters rose up on her hands and

arms, but she willingly bore the pain for the sake of her dear brothers. She trod the nettles with her feet and wove the green flax.

When the sun had set, her brothers came home and wondered to find her so silent, but they understood what she was doing. The youngest brother wept, and where the tears fell on her hands, the blisters disappeared and she felt no pain.

She spent the whole night over her work, for she could not rest till she had broken the evil spell and set her brothers free. The next day she worked alone while the swans were away. The time flew by faster than ever, and by nightfall one coat was finished and the second was begun.

Suddenly a hunting horn was heard among the rocks. The sound came nearer. She seized her bundle of nettles, tied them up together, and sat down holding them in her hand. In another moment a party of hunters stopped before the entrance of the cave. The handsomest of the huntsmen was the king of the land. As he gazed upon Elisa he thought she was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

“How did you come here, my lovely child?” he cried. Elisa shook her head; she dared not speak, for she remembered what the fairy had told her.

“Come with me,” said the king. “You must not stay here. If you are as good as you are beautiful, I will dress you in silk and velvet, and set my golden crown upon your head.” He lifted her onto his horse, in spite of her bitter weeping. Springing up behind her they then galloped away.

When they came to the palace, Elisa was given into the care of several maids of honor who dressed her in royal robes of velvet and ermine, wound strings of pearls in her golden hair, and drew on delicate gloves over her blistered hands.

As she stood there in her exquisite dress, she looked so

beautiful that the courtiers bowed before her, and the young king chose her for his bride. But the archbishop shook his head, and whispered that the lovely forest maiden was probably a witch who had dazzled the king's eyes.

The king showed Elisa through the palace but nothing interested her. She was the picture of misery till they came to a small room hung with green boughs, like the forest cave. On the rich green carpet lay her bundle of flax and the coat which she had already finished. One of the hunters had brought them along as curiosities.

For the first time the color came back to her cheeks, and a smile rose to her lips. She kissed the young king's hand, and he clasped her to his heart.

The bells soon rang out for the wedding; the beautiful forest maiden was to be queen over all the land. Though the archbishop had whispered evil words into the king's ear, he was too much in love to heed them, and so the marriage took place.

Every day Elisa learned to love the king more dearly and longed to confide in him and tell him all she suffered. But she knew that if she broke her silence it would cause the death of her dear brothers. She had to finish her work in silence. Every night she stole from his side to her little green room and knitted one coat after another. When she had finished the seventh, her flax was gone.

She remembered that the nettles grew in the churchyard, and that she had to gather them herself. But how was she to get there?

After much hesitation, she stole out one moonlight night. She passed through the gardens and lonely streets and finally reached the churchyard. Seated on one of the gravestones she saw a group of hideous witches. She was obliged to pass close to them, and they fixed their wicked eyes on her. But she prayed

silently as she gathered the burning nettles and then returned safely to the palace.

Unfortunately for Elisa, the archbishop had seen her leave the castle at midnight. He immediately told the king that he had found proof that she was a witch. Two heavy tears rolled down the king's cheeks. The next night he feigned sleep, and when he saw Elisa rise and disappear into her little room his heart was very sad. Night after night he watched her leave his side, and day by day his face grew sadder and darker.

Elisa saw the change in the king and felt it keenly, though she did not guess the cause. Meanwhile the work was nearly done. There remained only one coat to finish, but once more her flax failed her.

She went again to the churchyard, though she dreaded to pass by the witches. The king and archbishop followed her. When the king saw her disappear in the churchyard and go toward the witches, he turned back, for he was at last convinced that she was a member of the hideous band.

"The people must judge her," he said. "I cannot." The people showed no mercy. They sentenced her to be burned at the stake.

They led her out of the palace into a dark, damp cell, where the wind howled through the iron-barred windows. Instead of silk and velvet they gave her the bundle of green nettles and the ten knitted coats as a pillow for her head. They could have given her nothing she liked better. She took up her work and prayed to heaven that she might have time to finish it.

Toward sunset she heard the flutter of a swan's wings. It was her youngest brother who had found her at last. Elisa sobbed for joy. Her work was nearly ended and her dear brothers were near. She worked feverishly all night long.

The dawn approached—it was an hour before sunrise. At

the palace gates the eleven princes begged for entrance, but the king was sleeping and could not be disturbed so early. Soon the sun rose, and then eleven white swans could be seen flying across the palace roof.

The crowd went streaming out from the city gates to see the witch burned at the stake. Elisa sat in a cart, drawn by a half-starved horse. She still worked on the last coat. The other ten lay at her feet.

The mob mocked her and were about to seize the knitted coats, when eleven great swans swooped down upon them, closed round the cart, and drove back the crowd with their beaks and wings.

As the executioner was about to seize her hand, Elisa turned and hurriedly threw the knitted coats over the eleven swans. Eleven young princes stood in their place. The youngest had a swan's wing instead of an arm, for she had not had time to finish the last coat.

"Now I may speak," she cried. "I am innocent."

And the crowd who had seen all that passed, bowed down before her as before a saint. But Elisa fell fainting in her brothers' arms. Grief, suspense, and pain had almost broken her heart.

"Yes, she is innocent," said her eldest brother, and he told the whole story of their lives. While he was speaking, the logs of wood around the stake turned into rose bushes covered with crimson flowers, and above them rose one white flower which glittered like a star. The king gathered it and laid it on Elisa's breast; she awoke with peace and gladness in her heart.

All the church bells began to ring of their own accord, and there was such a bridal procession back to the palace as no other king had ever had before.

Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp



ALADDIN was a Chinese boy and lived in the great city of Peking. One day he was playing in the streets when a stranger came up to him and said: "How do you do? my boy. Don't you recognize me? I'm your uncle."

Now Aladdin had never seen the man before and didn't understand how he could be his uncle. But the stranger explained that he had always lived in Africa, and this was the first time he had been able to come to China to pay a visit to Aladdin's mother. After the stranger had given Aladdin a handful of money, the boy was quite ready to believe that he was his uncle.

"Now," said the stranger, "before I go to your house, I would like to take a walk out into the country. I hear you have beautiful mountains around here and I am very anxious to see them. Will you show me the way?"

Aladdin was willing, and together they left the city.

At last they came to some low mountains, and as they were both tired they sat down to rest. The stranger built a fire and as the sticks began to blaze he threw some incense on them and

said several magical words which Aladdin could not understand. Scarcely had he done so when the earth opened before them, and a great stone could be seen with a brass ring fastened in it. Aladdin was so frightened that he tried to run away, but the stranger caught hold of him and held him. "Do not be afraid, my boy, but listen to what I tell you. I am a magician and have learned from my wise books that a great treasure is hidden under this rock. I am not permitted to go down after it myself, so you must go, and we will then both be richer than the greatest monarch in the world."

On hearing this, Aladdin was quite willing to do anything the magician commanded. "Take hold of the stone and lift it up," ordered the uncle. Aladdin did so, and there immediately appeared a stone staircase about three or four feet deep, leading down to a door. "Go down those steps, my boy," said the African magician, "and open the door. It will lead you into a palace of marble. Some of the rooms are very narrow, and as you pass through you must be careful not to touch the walls, for if you do you will die instantly. When you have passed through the palace, you will come to a beautiful garden and at the further end hangs a lighted lamp. You must take it down, blow out the flame and empty out the oil. When you have done this, conceal it in your waistband and bring it back to me."

After saying this the magician took off a ring and placed it on Aladdin's finger, telling him that it was a charm and would protect him from all danger.

Aladdin descended the steps and carefully following the directions given him, soon came to the garden and took down the lamp. He was surprised to see that the trees growing around him bore fruit made of precious stones. He gathered as many jewels as he could and hid them in his pockets and his hat. Soon he arrived at the mouth of the cave, where the magician was



awaiting him impatiently. When Aladdin saw him he cried out, "Give me your hand, uncle, and help me up."

"Give me the lamp first," answered the man, but the lad refused to give it up and this so angered the magician that he flew into a passion, said two magical words, and lo! the stone rolled back into place and the earth closed over as it was in the beginning.

The magician, thinking that he was leaving the boy to perish, hurried out of the city, still very angry to think that he had not been able to get the treasured lamp. His black art books had told him the secret of the lamp. But it was forbidden him to go down into the cave. It had to be given to him willingly by another person, so that was why he had asked Aladdin to go after it for him.

When the earth closed over the boy he was so terrified that he cried out: "Here is the lamp. I will give it to you. I was only teasing you." But no answer came, and he crept back down

the stairs to the door but it would not open again. Aladdin clasped his hands to pray and as he did so he rubbed the ring that the magician had given him. Immediately a Genie all dressed in blue appeared and asked him what he wished.

“Oh, please get me out of this dreadful place,” cried Aladdin. He had no sooner spoken these words than he found himself back in his own home. He related his adventures to his mother and she was so astonished she could hardly believe her ears. She glanced at the lamp, and as it was so dull looking she began to shine it with her apron. No sooner had she touched it than a hideous Genie of gigantic size appeared, all dressed in red, and asked her what she desired.

She was too terrified to speak, but Aladdin snatched the lamp out of her hand and said boldly: “We are hungry; bring us something to eat.” Immediately delicious fruits and meats in solid silver dishes appeared, and they sat down and had a bountiful dinner.

When the mother’s hunger was satisfied she begged Aladdin to sell the lamp, as it would surely bring harm to them in the end. “You know,” she said, “that our prophet has told us many times that Genies are nothing but devils.”

But Aladdin knew it was a wonderful lamp and would not part with it. He hid it away, however, where it would not bother his mother.

One day the emperor’s daughter Budder-al-Buddoor was driving through the Park of the Camelias, when Aladdin happened to see her. He was so impressed with her beauty that he made up his mind then and there that he would marry her. So he hastened home, gathered together the precious stones that he had brought from the enchanted garden where he found the lamp, and sent them by his mother to the emperor.

The mother reached the palace just as the great king was

returning from a promenade. She handed him the precious jewels and told him that her son wished to marry the beautiful princess. The emperor was so astonished at seeing such magnificent diamonds, emeralds, rubies and other dazzling stones, that he told the woman that he would consider the matter and asked her to come back in three months.

In the meantime the emperor had his jewelers examine the stones that had been given him, and they declared that they were the biggest and most wonderful precious stones in the kingdom. So Aladdin was sent for and when he appeared at the royal court he was told that he could marry the princess if he could present her with forty carved golden cups filled with the same kind of precious stones.

Aladdin went home, hunted up his lamp, and after rubbing it a second or two, out sprang the terrible Genie and asked what he wanted.

Aladdin told him his wishes and the Genie disappeared a moment and then returned with forty black slaves carrying the forty golden cups incrustated with diamonds, and overflowing with pearls, rubies and emeralds.

When the emperor saw them he immediately gave his consent to the marriage which took place next day. In the meantime, Aladdin rubbed his lamp again, and bade the Genie build him a magnificent palace, and furnish it with golden furniture. He also demanded rich clothes for his mother and himself, a retinue of servants, and horses better than any owned by the emperor.

He and his mother then rode in great state to the emperor's castle where the wedding took place amid much rejoicing.

The African magician, however, soon learned of the marriage and how the prince had built a palace in one night, and he began to wonder if it could be that Aladdin had escaped with

the magic lamp, the day that he had closed in the earth upon him. So he traveled again to China and sought out the beautiful palace. The minute he saw it he knew that no one but the Genies of the lamp could have built it. So he determined to get the lamp away from Aladdin.

He went to a coppersmith and bought a dozen lamps, then went about the streets calling out: "New lamps for old ones." When he passed under the princess' window she heard him and as she was as fond of a good bargain as any other woman, she said to one of her slaves: "There is an old lamp in the prince's room; go and get it and bring it to me."

When the magician saw the lamp he could hardly conceal his joy and quickly gave the princess a bright new one for it. He then hurried out of the city, and when he came to a lonesome spot he rubbed the lamp and out came the Genie, and asked him what he desired.

"I command you immediately to transport me and the princess' palace, with all its people back to Africa."

Next morning when the emperor went to call on his daughter, his amazement was unbounded when he found that the castle was nowhere to be seen.

Now all this took place when Aladdin was out hunting for tigers. When he returned his palace of course was gone. To make matters worse, the emperor was very angry at him and asked him what he had done with his daughter. Said he, "If the palace is not rebuilt in forty days, and my daughter returned to me, you shall immediately be put to death."

Aladdin was very sad for he knew he was powerless to do anything without his lamp. He wrung his hands in despair, and without knowing it, touched the magic ring on his finger. Immediately the blue Genie appeared and asked him what he wanted.

“Return me my palace and my wife,” cried he in sudden delight.

But this Genie was not as powerful as the red Genie of the lamp and all he could do was to transport Aladdin to Africa where the palace was now located. There he found his wife and learned from her own lips how she had traded his old lamp for a new one and how the next morning she had found herself in an unknown country.

“But where is the lamp now?” asked Aladdin.

“The African magician carries it carefully wrapped up in his bosom. Only this morning he came to see me and showed it to me in triumph,” answered his wife.

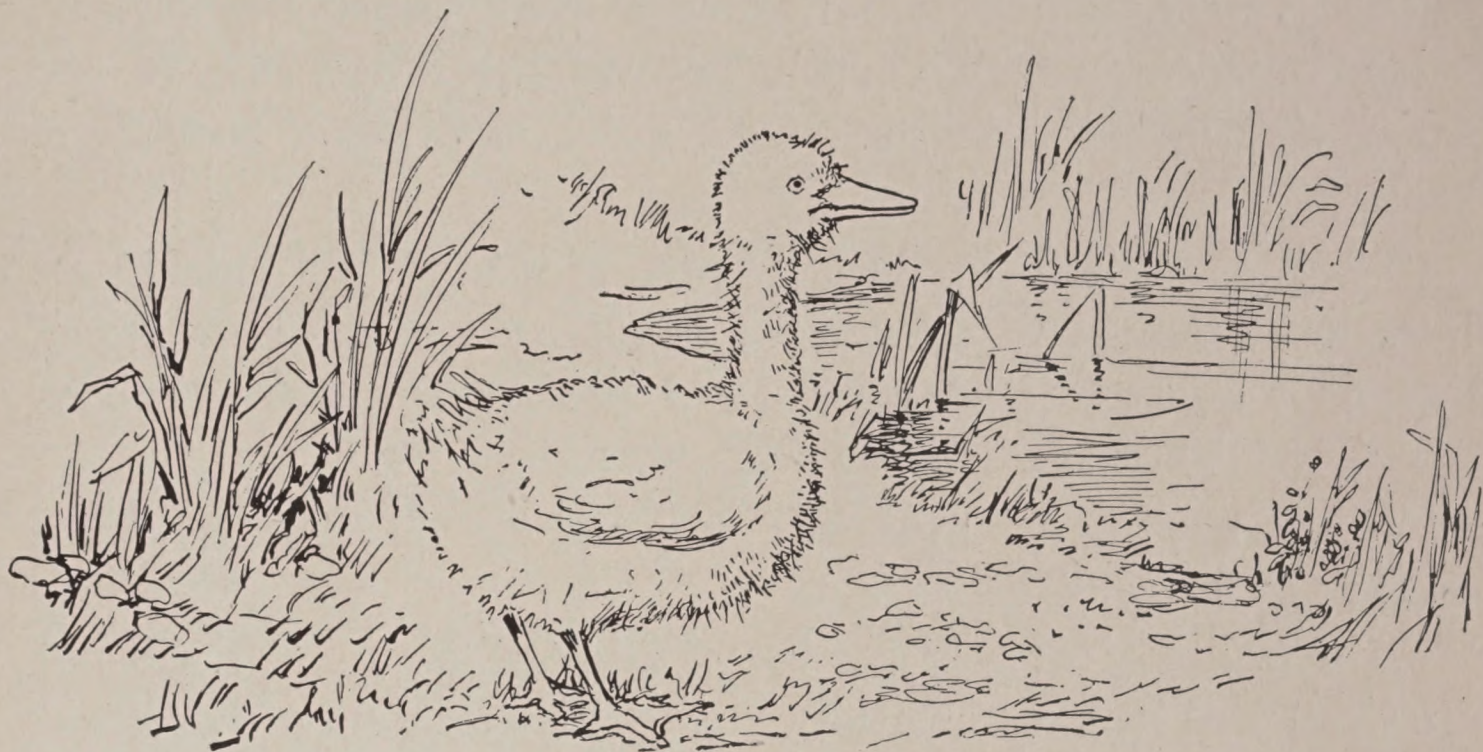
So it was planned that the princess should invite the magician to dinner that very evening, and put some terrible poison in his wine. The unsuspecting magician drank his wine and immediately fell dead on the floor. Aladdin, who had been hiding, rushed out and seized the lamp which was hidden in his clothes. He rubbed it with a quick stroke, and out jumped the great red Genie and asked him what he wished.

“Take us, as well as our palace and all the people, back to the very place it came from,” ordered Aladdin.

The Genie bowed his head in token of obedience, and disappeared. Instantly the palace was transported back to China, and its removal was only felt by two little shocks—one when it was lifted up and the other when it was set down again.

Next morning when the emperor looked out of his windows, there stood the princess’ palace as before. He hurried over to pay a visit and to ask Aladdin’s forgiveness for having threatened him with death.

Several years later the emperor died of old age and as he had no sons, Aladdin and the princess became the rulers of all China and lived happily ever afterward.



The Ugly Duckling

THE country was beautiful for it was summer. The corn and the oats were bright green. An old farm house nestled among the apple-trees, and over beyond lay a deep wood.

Under some shrubbery, down by the creek, a duck had made her nest. Here she sat faithfully on her eggs, all day long. She began to feel rather tired of waiting. None of the other ducks came to pay her a visit, for they were too busy swimming in the cool water.

At last one egg after another chipped and opened, and out came a little head from each shell. "Peep! peep!" they cried.

"Quack! quack!" corrected the mother, and they quacked as well as they could.

"How large the world is!" they cried, for they had a great deal more room now than they had in the egg shell.

“Do you think this is the whole world?” asked the mother. “Indeed not, the world reaches beyond the other side of the garden, right into the parson’s field, but I have never been there myself.”

Then she stood up and began to count her ducklings. “Dear me,” she said, “the largest egg is still left. How much longer is it going to be I wonder? I declare I’m quite tired of sitting here;” but she sat down again.

“Well, how are you getting on?” said an old duck, who had come to pay her a visit.

“I’m waiting for this one egg,” said the duck. “It will not chip. But just look at the others. Are they not the very prettiest little ducks that you ever saw? They are so much like their father.”

“Let me look at the egg that won’t chip,” said the old duck. “Take my word for it, it is a turkey’s egg. I was once taken in, in the very same way myself, and had no end of trouble with the little thing. It was frightened at the sight of water. I could not teach it to swim. I clucked and quacked, but it was of no use. Let me see the egg. Oh, yes, that’s a turkey’s egg. Don’t waste any more time on it, but begin to teach the other children how to swim.”

“Well, I will just sit a little longer on it,” said the duck; “I have been sitting so long, I may just as well wait a few days more.”

“Just as you please,” said the old duck, and away she went.

At last the large egg cracked. “Peep! peep!” said the young one, as he waddled out.

The duck looked at him. “Well, this is an enormous duckling,” she said; “none of the others look like him. I wonder if it is a young turkey? Well, we shall soon see. Into the water he must go, even if I have to push him in myself.”

The next day was bright and beautiful, and the mother with the whole family went down to the canal. Splash! down she went into the water. "Quack! quack!" she said, and one duckling after the other tumbled in. The water went over their heads, but they soon came up again, and swam with ease, their legs seeming to move of themselves. They were all in the water, even the ugly gray Duckling.

"No, this is not a turkey," she said; "see how nicely he uses his legs, how gracefully he carries himself. He is my own child; in fact, he is rather handsome when you come to look at him. Quack! quack! now come along with me, and I will take you into the world, and introduce you to the poultry-yard."

But all the other ducks in the yard looked at them, and said quite distinctly: "Well, now we are going to have this new lot, too—as if there were not enough of us already. Oh! look at that ugly Duckling—we won't stand him!" And one of the ducks flew at him and bit him.

"Let him alone," said his mother; "he is not doing any harm to any one."

"But he is so big and uncommon," said the duck that had bitten him; "he must be knocked about a little."

"Those children of yours are very pretty, mother," said the old duck with the red rag around her leg. "They are all pretty, except one; he is a failure."

"I dare say he will grow handsome in time, and no doubt he will get smaller. He has been lying too long in the egg; that is why his shape is not quite right." So the mother duck scratched his neck and stroked him all over.

"The other ducklings are pretty enough," said the old duck; "just make yourself at home."

So they made themselves at home; but the poor Duckling that came out of the last egg, and looked so ugly, was beaten,

knocked about, and sneered at by the ducks and the fowls. "He is too big," they all said, and the turkey-cock puffed himself out like a ship in full sail, and went straight up to the Duckling and gobbled until he was quite red in the face. The poor Duckling did not know whether to stand still or walk away. He felt quite miserable, because he was so ugly.

Thus the first day went by, and afterward it became worse and worse. The poor Duckling was driven about by every one; even his brothers and sisters were angry with him, and said frequently, "If only the cat would take you, you silly thing!" And the mother duck finally said, "If only you were far away!" And the ducks bit him, and the chickens pecked at him, and the girl who fed the poultry kicked at him with her foot. One day he flew over the fence, and even the little birds in the bush were frightened away. "It is because I am so ugly," thought the Duckling, and he shut his eyes; but he ran on all the same, until he came to the big moor where the wild ducks lived.

"Where do you come from?" they asked. "You are uncommonly ugly," said the wild ducks, "but that is no matter, so long as you don't marry into our family."

Poor thing! he had no thought of getting married; if only they would allow him to lie in the rushes and drink a little of the marsh water.

"Look here," they said, "you are so ugly that we have taken a fancy to you. Would you like to come along with us and become a bird-of-passage? On the next moor, not far from here, there are some lovely wild geese, all unmarried, and they all say 'hiss! hiss!' Although you are so ugly, it would be a chance of making your fortune."

Bang! bang! sounded in the air; the two ganders fell down amongst the rushes, and the water became blood-red. Again came the sound—bang! bang! and the whole flock of wild geese

flew up from the reeds. Then there was another report. It was a large shooting party, and the sportsmen were lying all around the moor, while some of them were sitting on the branches of trees that overhung the rushes. The blue smoke rose in clouds through the dark trees and floated away across the water.

It was late in the day before things began to get quiet, but the poor Duckling did not dare move. He waited for several hours before he began to look around, and then he hurried away from the moor as fast as he could. Over fields and meadows he ran, but as it was windy it was difficult for him to get along. Toward evening he reached a humble little cottage; it was so dilapidated that it did not know on which side to fall, and therefore it continued to stand up.

The wind was whistling around the Duckling, and he was obliged to sit down in order not to be blown away. The weather was getting worse and worse, when he suddenly noticed that the door of the cottage had broken away from one of its hinges, and hung so crookedly that he could just creep through the crack into the room.

Here lived an old woman with her Cat and her Hen. The Cat could arch his back, and purr, and could even give out sparks, but only when you stroked him the wrong way. The Hen had neat little legs, and was named "Henny Shortlegs." She laid plenty of eggs, and the old woman loved her as her own child.

In the morning the strange Duckling was at once discovered, and the Cat began to purr and the Hen to cackle.

"What is the matter?" said the old woman, peering around, and as she did not see well, she thought that the Duckling was a fat duck that had gone astray. "This is a splendid find," she thought; "now I shall have ducks' eggs, if only it is not a drake—but that we must find out." So the Duckling was put on a trial for three weeks, but no eggs came.

The Cat was master of the house and the Hen was mistress, and so they always said, "We and the world;" for they considered that they were half the world, and the better half. The Duckling thought that others might have a different opinion, but the Hen would not agree with this. "Can you lay eggs?" she asked. "No—well, then, you will have to hold your tongue."

And the Cat said: "Can you arch your back, or purr, or give out sparks? No—well, then, you must not have an opinion when other people talk;" and the Duckling sat in a corner in a bad temper. Then he began to think of the fresh air and the sunshine, and felt a strange longing to fly out over the water. At last he could keep it to himself no longer: he had to tell the Hen about it.

"What is the matter with you?" she said; "you have nothing to do—that is why you get such fancies into your head. If you could lay an egg, or purr, it would be all right."

"But it is so lovely to swim on the water," said the Duckling, "so nice to feel the water close over your head when you plunge down to the bottom!"

"A real pleasure that must be!" said the Hen; "you are certainly going mad! Just ask the Cat, who is the wisest person I know, if he likes to float on the water or plunge below—I say nothing of my own opinion. Or ask your mistress, if she would like to float on the water or feel it closing over her head?"

"You don't understand me," said the Duckling.

"Well, if we don't understand you, I should like to know who would. You don't mean to say that you are wiser than the Cat and the old woman, not to mention myself?"

"I think I will go out into the world," said the Duckling.

"Yes, do!" said the Hen. So the Duckling went. He floated on the water, and dived beneath, but he was avoided by all other animals, because of his ugliness.

One evening, as the sun was setting, a whole flight of beautiful great birds rose out of the bushes. The Duckling had never seen anything so pretty as these birds, which were shining white, and had long, slender necks. They were wild swans, and they uttered a peculiar cry as they spread their broad wings and flew away to warmer climes, across the wide seas. They rose very high in the air, and the ugly Duckling felt quite a strange sensation as he watched them.

He whirled round and round in the water like a wheel, stretched his neck after them high up in the air, and uttered a cry, so loud and strange that he frightened himself.

Day by day the winter grew very cold! The Duckling had to swim about in the water so as to keep himself from freezing, and every night the hole in which he was swimming became smaller and smaller. It was freezing so hard that the ice cracked; and the Duckling had to move his legs constantly to and fro to prevent the water from freezing up altogether. At last he became exhausted, and lay quite still, and so he froze fast into the ice.

Early in the morning a peasant came along and saw him. He went out to the Duckling, knocked a hole in the ice with his wooden shoe, and took him home to his wife.

Here he was brought to life again. The children wanted to play with him, but the Duckling thought they might hurt him, and in his fright he flew into the milk-basin, and the milk was spilt all over the floor. The woman screamed and threw her hands up in the air; then he flew down into the butter-tub, from there to the meal-barrel, and out again. What a state he was in! The woman screamed and struck him with the fire-irons, the children tumbled over one another in trying to catch the poor Duckling, and they laughed and shouted. Luckily the door was



open, and out he flew through the bushes, down on the newly fallen snow.

One day, as he was lying on the moor among the rushes, the sun began to shine warmly; the larks were singing; the beautiful spring had come!

All at once he lifted his wings; they beat the air more strongly than before, and bore him easily aloft. Before he knew what had happened, he found himself in a large garden where the apple-trees stood in bloom, and where clusters of sweet-scented lilac hung on the long green boughs, bending down toward the winding river. It was delightful here, on this beautiful spring day; and suddenly through the thicket came three beautiful white swans. They preened their feathers, and floated gently

on the water. The Duckling recognized the beautiful creatures, and was overcome by a strange feeling of sadness.

“I will fly over to them, those royal birds, and they will kill me, because I, who am so ugly, dare to approach them. But after all, it is better to be killed by them than to be bitten by the ducks, pecked by the chickens, kicked by the maid who looks after the poultry-yard, and suffer misery in the winter.” So he flew down into the water and swam toward the beautiful swans. They looked at him, and drifted toward him, with outspread wings.

“Kill me!” said the poor creature, and bent his head down toward the surface of the water, awaiting death. But what did he see in the clear water? He saw his own image, but he was no longer the clumsy, hideous gray bird, ugly and misshapen, but a swan! It does not matter if one is brought up among the ducks so long as one is hatched from a swan’s egg.

The large swans swam around him and stroked him with their beaks. Into the garden came some little children. They threw bread and corn into the water, and the smallest of them cried, “There is a new one!” and the other children shouted joyously, “Yes, a new swan has arrived;” and they clapped their hands, and danced round and round their father and mother, throwing bread-crumbs and biscuits into the river.

“The new one is the prettiest,” they said; “it is so young and stately.” And the old swans bowed before him.

Then the young swan was shy and ashamed. It hid its head under its white wing and felt very happy, but had no thought of pride. It remembered how it had been mocked and mistreated. As the warm sun caressed it with its golden light, the swan lifted up its beautiful neck, fluttered its wings and said: “Oh, I never even dreamed of such happiness when I was an ugly Duckling.”

Tom Thumb



THERE was once a woodman and his wife who had but one child and he was so small that they gave him the name of Tom Thumb. Now, this cunning little fellow was no bigger than a fairy—the kind that swings on a spray of flowers, or hides beneath a toadstool when it rains.

Although his parents gave him the best care and choicest food he never grew any bigger, but remained the same size as when he was born.

One day his father was going out to the woods to cut down trees. “Dear me,” said he, “I do wish I had someone to bring the cart after me.”

“I’ll bring it,” said Tom Thumb, calling out from his hiding place, under a big red tulip. “When it’s time for me to start after you, mother can harness the horse and put me in his ear. I can tell him which way to go.”

When the time came the mother hitched up the horse to the cart and placed her midget son in the horse’s ear. The animal went on just as if he were being driven by the woodman himself, for Tom would call out, “Go on,” and “Stop,” as he wanted.



Now, two strangers happened to see the cart going along without a driver and followed it till it came to the place where the woodman was cutting down trees. They heard Tom Thumb call out: "Here I am, father. Take me down." They were greatly surprised when they saw the woodman lift the little fellow out of the horse's ear and set him down on a straw.

"If we owned that little urchin," said one of the strangers, "we could make a fortune out of him, carrying him from town to town as a show. Let us buy him." So they proposed to the

father that he sell the boy, but of course the father refused. Tom Thumb, however, crawled up his father's coat and whispered in his ear to sell him. "Take the money," said he, "and in a few days I'll be back again with you." So the father finally agreed, and off they went, with Tom Thumb sitting on the rim of one of the stranger's hats.

When it began to grow dark, Tom cried out: "I'm tired, take me down." So the man took off his hat and set it on the ground, in a plowed field by the side of the road. Tom ran about among the furrows and at last slipped into a mouse-hole. "Good-night, masters," said he, "I'm off. Mind you look sharper after me the next time." Hunt as they would, they could not find him and finally went on, grumbling at each other to think that their prize had slipped out of their hands.

At last Tom came out of his hiding-place and looked all around. "Aha!" said he, as he stumbled on a snail-shell, "here's a fine place to sleep." So in he crept, curled up, and was soon asleep. He was awakened, however, by two men passing. One said: "But how shall we manage to steal the parson's money?"

"I'll tell you," cried Tom.

"What noise was that?" said the frightened thief. "I'm sure I heard someone speaking." They stood still listening, and Tom said, "Take me with you and I will show you how to get the parson's money."

"But where are you?" said they.

"Look about on the ground," answered Tom, "and listen where the sound comes from."

At last the thieves found him out, and lifted him up in their hands, and went on their way. When they came to the parson's house Tom Thumb slipped in between the iron bars of the window, and then called to them in a loud voice: "How much money



shall I steal?" This woke the cook, who ran out, but in the meantime the thieves had disappeared. Tom hid till the cook went back to bed, then slipped out to the barn and lay down in the hay to pass the rest of the night.

Early next morning the hired man went out to feed the cow, and carried away a big bundle of hay, with Tom sleeping unseen, in the middle of it. He did not wake up till he found himself in the mouth of the cow. "Good-lack-a-day!" said he, "how did I ever manage to tumble in here?" He had to keep all his wits about him so that he would not get between the cow's teeth and be crushed to death. At last he went down into her stomach. "It is rather dark here," said he; "I guess they forgot to build windows in this room." More and more hay kept coming down on top of him, until finally he cried out: "Don't bring

me any more hay." The hired man heard the voice and ran off to tell the parson that the cow was talking.

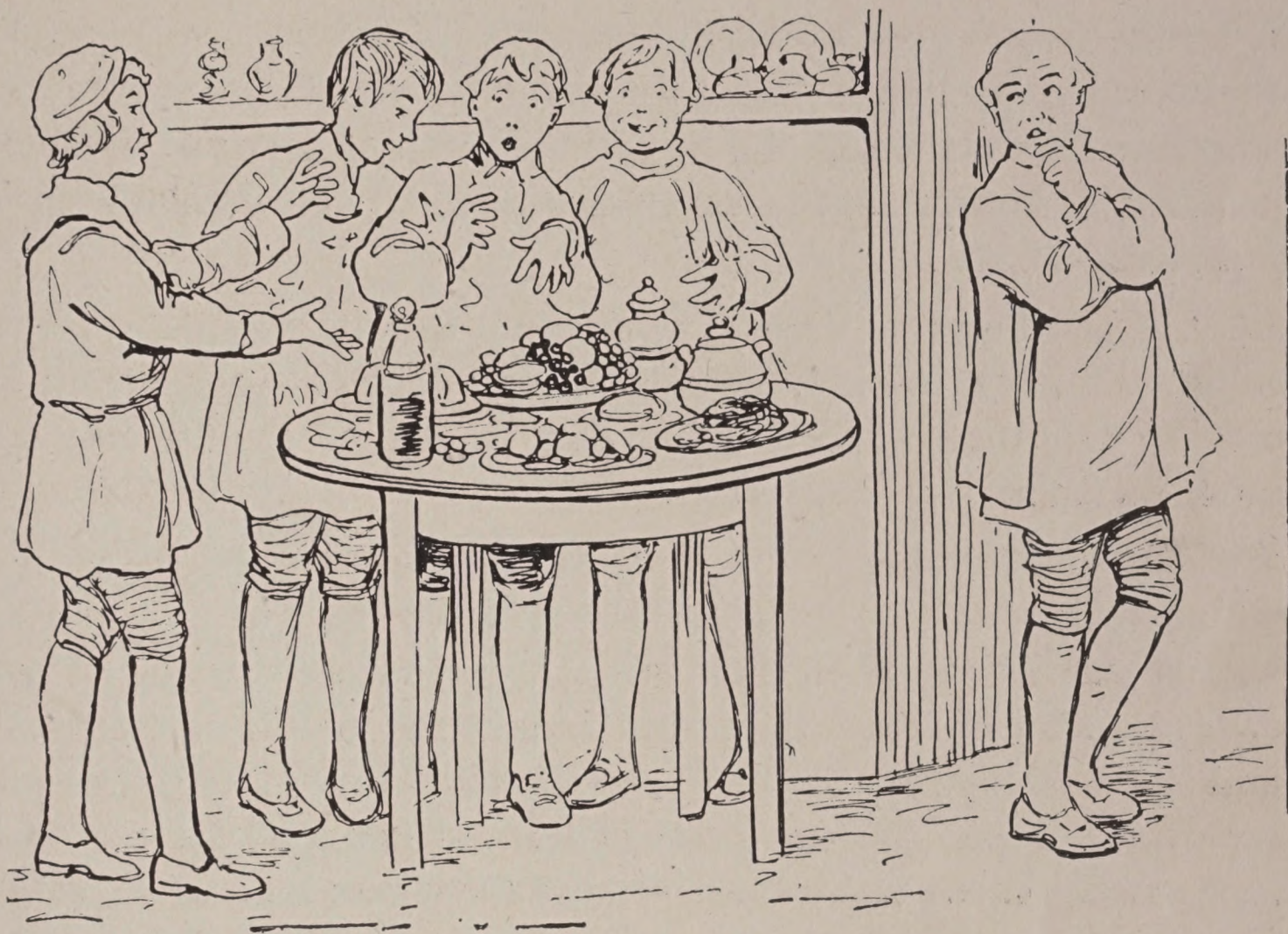
Of course the parson wouldn't believe him, but nevertheless he went out to the barn to look into the matter. Scarcely had he entered when the same voice called out again: "Don't bring me any more hay!" Then the parson himself was frightened and thought that the cow was bewitched. So he ordered her to be killed.

The cow's body was thrown out in the woods behind the farm. A very hungry wolf came along and swallowed the whole of the cow's stomach—with Tom in it—at one gulp.

As the wolf trotted off Tom said: "I can tell you where to find a great treat. He then described his father's house and how to get there. So the wolf went to the house that very night and crept into the kitchen where he ate and drank to his heart's content. In a short time he rolled over and went to sleep. Tom Thumb then set up a great shout and his father and mother came running out of their room to see what the trouble was.

Hearing his father's voice, Tom shouted: "I am here in the wolf's stomach. He swallowed me."

So the father got his gun and shot the animal in the head. Then they ripped open the wolf's stomach and freed little Tom. They hugged and kissed him and vowed that no matter what riches they were offered, they would never sell their precious little boy again.



The Table, the Ass and the Stick

THERE was once a tailor who had three sons. One day in a fit of anger he drove them all away from home.

The eldest became an apprentice to a carpenter, for whom he worked faithfully and cheerfully. When his time was up the carpenter gave him a present of a table. Now this table certainly had a very ordinary appearance, but it also had a very unusual quality. If its owner placed it before him and said: "Table set thyself," the good table was at once covered with a fine cloth, plates, knives, forks, dishes of roast and baked meats and sparkling wine.

The young man was delighted and started to travel around the world. He never had to stop at a tavern, but could eat wherever he wanted to. All he had to do was to take the table off his back and order it to be covered with food, and immediately a feast awaited him.

At last he grew tired of wandering around and determined to go back home to his father, whose anger, he thought, would be over by this time. He felt that they could live comfortably together with his excellent table.

On his way home it happened that he stopped at an inn where he met some very friendly people who invited him to dine with them. He thanked them but said he preferred to have them as his guests. He then placed his table in the middle of the room, and said: "Table, set thyself." In the twinkling of an eye it was set with delicious food, and the guests did not wait for a second invitation. What made them wonder most was that when a dish became empty, another full one instantly took its place. The landlord stood nearby looking on, and thought what a great thing a table like that would be for him. He made up his mind that he would steal it. So that night when everyone was asleep, he hunted up an old table that resembled the one the young carpenter had, went into the young man's room and exchanged it for the magic table.

Next morning the carpenter placed the table on his back and started off, not noticing that his table had been changed. At noon he reached his father's house, and was received with great joy.

His father didn't think much of the looks of the table, but the son told him of its wonderful qualities and told him to call in all the neighbors and he would give them a feast.

As soon as the company had arrived, the young man placed

the table in the center of the room and said: "Table, set thyself." But the table did not stir and remained empty. The guests all laughed at him and he felt very much ashamed. He tried to explain to them that the table had been changed, but they didn't believe him, in fact they didn't believe there ever had been such a table as he told them about. The poor son was obliged to go and work for a master carpenter, and the father took up his mending again.

Meanwhile the second son had been living with a miller, learning his trade, and as soon as his time was up, his master had said to him: "Because you have served me so well, I am going to present you with this ass, which has a wonderful gift, although it can neither draw a wagon, nor carry a sack."

"What is it good for?" asked the young man.

"It speaks gold," replied the miller. "If you tie a pocket under his chin and cry 'Bricklebrit,' the good beast will pour out gold like hail."

"That is a very fine thing," thought the youth. Thanking the master, off he went with his donkey. He traveled all around the country and whenever he wanted money all he had to do was to say "Bricklebrit" to his ass, and immediately he had all the gold he needed. Soon he, too, decided to go home to his father. "Surely he will no longer be angry at me when he sees what riches I bring with me."

It so happened that he stopped at the very inn where his brother's table had been changed.

As he approached the inn, the landlord came out and wished to take the donkey into the stable for him. But the young man said: "I will tie him myself, as I must know where he stands. This made the landlord suspicious to begin with. Later on the young man needed some money so he went out to the stable, laid

a cloth on the floor and said "Bricklebrit." The inn-keeper had followed him out and was watching through a knot hole. "By the powers," said the landlord, "that is not a bad kind of purse to have."

In the middle of the night he slipped into the stable, led away the mint-master, and tied up a different ass in its place.

Early the next morning the youth drove away with his donkey, thinking of course it was his own. When he reached home he told his father about the wonderful donkey and bade him call in all his friends so that he could make them rich. But no matter how many times he called out "Bricklebrit," no gold appeared, and the guests were forced to go home as poor as they came.

In the meantime the third brother had been learning the turner's trade, but had gotten on very slowly. The brothers found out where he was and told him how the landlord had robbed them of their wishing-gifts on their return home.

So the young man determined to go to the inn and see what could be done to get back his brothers' treasures. Before he left the turner gave him a present of a sack with a stick inside, and said: "If any one does you an injury, all you have to do is to say, 'Stick out of the sack!' and instantly the stick will spring out and dance upon the people's backs in such a way that they will be so stiff they won't be able to move a finger for a week after. Moreover, it will not stop till you say 'Stick, get back into the sack.'"

The youth thanked him and started on his journey. On the way if he met any who tried to annoy him, he would say: "Stick out of the sack!" and instantly the stick would spring out and whip the offender, unmercifully.

One evening he arrived at the inn where his brothers had

been robbed, and, laying his knapsack on the table, he began to talk of all the wonderful things he had seen in the world. "But," said he, they shrink into nothing beside the treasure which I carry with me in this sack."

The landlord pricked up his ears, saying, "What on earth can it be?" but he thought to himself, "The sack is certainly full of precious stones, and I must manage to get hold of them; for all good things come in threes."

As soon as it was bedtime our youth stretched himself upon a bench, and laid his sack down for a pillow; and, when he appeared to be in a deep sleep, the landlord crept softly to him, and began to pull very gently and cautiously at the sack, to see if he could manage to draw it away, and put another in its place. The young turner, however, had been waiting for him to do this, and, just as the man gave a good pull, he exclaimed, "Stick, out of the sack with you!" Immediately out it jumped, and thumped about on the landlord's back and ribs with a good will.

The landlord began to cry for mercy; but the louder he cried, the more forcibly did the stick beat time on his back, until at last he fell exhausted to the ground.

Then the turner said, "The pounding will not stop till you give up the magic table and the donkey you stole from my brothers."

"Oh," cried the landlord, "I will do anything you say if you will only make your horrible hobgoblin get back into his sack."

On the following morning the turner accordingly went away with the table and the ass, and soon reached home. His father was glad to see him and asked him what treasure he had brought back.

"A precious stick," replied the son; "a stick in this sack. When I say: 'Stick, out of the sack,' it instantly jumps out and

executes such a dance upon the back of any one who would injure me, that at last he is beaten to the ground, crying for mercy. Do you see, with this stick I have gotten back again the wonderful table and the golden ass of which the thievish landlord robbed my brothers? Now, let them both be summoned home, and invite all your acquaintances, and I will not only give them plenty to eat and drink, but pocketfuls of money."

The old tailor would scarcely believe him! but, nevertheless, he called in his friends. Then the young turner placed a tablecloth in the middle of the room, and led in the ass, saying to his brother, "Now, speak to him."

The miller called out "Bricklebrit!" and in a moment the gold pieces dropped down on the floor in a pelting shower; and so it continued, until they all had so much that they could carry no more.

After this the table was brought in, and the carpenter said, "Table, set thyself!" and it was at once filled with the choicest dishes. Then they began such a meal as the tailor had never had before in his house; and the whole company remained till late at night, merry and jovial.

The next day the tailor forsook needle and thread, and put them all away, with his measures and goose, in a cupboard, and forever after lived happily and contentedly with his three sons.



CINDERELLA AT THE BALL



Cinderella or the Glass Slipper

THERE was once a rich widower who had a very beautiful daughter. As time went on, he married a handsome widow with two daughters. No sooner was the wedding over than the step-mother began to treat the man's daughter unkindly. In the first place she was jealous of her because she was so much better looking than her own children. Then again, the girl had such a sweet disposition, was always so gentle and kind that it made her own daughters seem more disagreeable than ever.

The daughters were allowed to sit in the parlor with their step-sister, and soon persuaded her to leave her work in the kitchen and to sit in the parlor with them.

Week she did not dare tell her father. Besides, he might not have believed she was very much in love with his new son-in-law, and her faults.

When her work was finished for the day, she used to sit in her corner amongst the cinders, so the step-mother called her Cinderella.

It happened that the king was going to give a grand ball which should last for three days. All the good-looking young ladies of the land were invited, so that the king's son could choose the most beautiful for his bride.

When the step-sisters heard that they were invited they were overjoyed. Their mother bought them gorgeous gowns trimmed with gold lace, rare feathers for their head-dress, and dazzling jewels. Poor Cinderella had to wash and iron their best linens and wait on them while they were getting ready. She longed to go to the ball, too, as she was fond of fine clothes and loved to dance, but she dared not ask to go.

The night of the ball the poor girl had to dress their hair. Instead of being jealous and doing her work half-way, she took extra pains and arranged their tresses so becomingly that the two sisters looked prettier than they ever had before.

At last they started off to the ball, and Cinderella went back to her corner by the hearth and wept as if her heart would break.

But soon she heard a sweet voice saying: "Are you weeping, because you can't go to the ball?"

Cinderella looked up and there stood a little old woman with a tall pointed hat on her head and a golden wand in her hand.

“Oh, yes, indeed,” said the girl, “but tell me, who are you?”

“I am your fairy god-mother, and because you have always been so gentle and good, I am going to grant your wish and let you go to the ball, too. Now do exactly as I tell you and ask no questions. First, run out to the garden and bring me in the biggest pumpkin you can find.”

Cinderella rushed out of the house and soon returned with a pumpkin. The little old woman stood it on end and cut a round hole in one side. Then she scooped it out hollow, touched it with her magic wand, and it was immediately turned into a golden coach. Next she took six mice out of the mouse-trap and changed each one into a little gray pony. She was puzzled for a moment as to what she would do for a coachman, but soon she had Cinderella bring her a nice fat rat from down cellar. After a wave of the wand the rat was turned into a handsome driver in full livery.

“Now run out to the garden and lift up the green watering-pot over by the fence. Under it you will find six lizards, which you must catch and bring to me.” These were no sooner brought, than lo! with a touch of the wand they were turned into six footmen, who immediately jumped up behind the coach. Cinderella was delighted and clapped her hands in glee.

“All ready,” cried the god-mother, “jump in!” But Cinderella did not move. She stood looking at her soiled, ragged dress. Perhaps after all she wouldn't be able to go. The god-mother smiled as she caught the look of disappointment on the girl's face, and not wishing to tease her any longer, she waved her wand, and immediately the shabby clothes were changed into a most beautiful dress of gold and silver gauze, trimmed with flowers made of precious stones. Her old shoes became the daintiest pair of glass slippers ever seen.

“This time, you are surely ready,” said the little old woman as she helped the happy girl into the coach. “Have a good time, but remember this, you must not stay a minute after midnight. If you do, your coach will become a pumpkin again, your horses mice, your footmen lizards, and your coachman a rat. As for your beautiful clothes, they will turn into rags again.”

Cinderella thanked her fairy god-mother many times and promised she would leave before midnight.

When her golden coach drew up at the palace, the news spread about that an unknown princess had come to the ball. So the king’s son himself rushed out to meet her. He was so taken with her beauty that he danced with her many times that evening. She was so graceful that everyone in the room turned to admire her, as she flitted to and fro.

During the evening, Cinderella talked with her step-sisters and they felt quite flattered to think that the beautiful unknown princess should seek them out. They, of course, never dreamed who she really was.

Fifteen minutes before midnight, Cinderella slipped away unnoticed and returned home in her little golden coach. Her fairy god-mother was waiting for her. Cinderella told her what a wonderful time she had had, and how the prince had asked her to come back the next evening. The little old woman seemed quite pleased and promised Cinderella she should go again.

On the following evening the two sisters again went to the ball, and so did Cinderella, dressed even more beautifully than before. The prince was so delighted to see her that he never left her side all evening and would dance with no one but her.

He begged her to tell him where she lived and to let him accompany her home, but Cinderella would not do so, and shortly



CINDERELLA SLIPPED AWAY UNNOTICED

before midnight she darted away from him and vanished so quickly that he could not follow her. The god-mother was so pleased to see how Cinderella remembered to come home on time that she promised her that she should go to the last of the court balls which would take place the next evening.

On that evening, Cinderella's dress was so gorgeous, and her beauty so striking that a confused murmur of admiration went through the crowd as she entered the ball-room.

The king's son, who had refused to dance till she came, took her hand and led her to a seat. It was easy to be seen that he was very much in love with her. Cinderella, too, was very happy, and listened with delight to his pretty speeches.

The prince was so charming, that she soon forgot all about the time, and when the clock struck twelve she jumped up like a startled fawn and fled from the ball-room. In her haste she lost one of her glass slippers. The prince followed her down the long corridor, but she was too swift for him. The last stroke died away as she reached the great staircase that led to the courtyard. In a twinkling the beautiful princess was just the shabby little cinder-wench again. The golden coach was nothing but a pumpkin, and there was no longer any coachman or footmen to be seen. Cinderella reached home quite out of breath; nothing remained of her elegant costume except one little glass slipper.

When her two sisters returned home they told Cinderella about the unknown princess who had fled from the ball on the stroke of twelve, and how the prince had picked up one of the glass slippers and had looked at it fondly all the rest of the evening. "It was easy to be seen," they said, "that he was madly in love with the unknown princess."

The next morning news from the palace was given out that the prince would marry the lady whose foot would exactly fit

the glass slipper. When the step-sisters heard of this they were delighted, for they both had small feet.

A messenger was sent from house to house, with the slipper, and the young ladies who had been present at the ball tried to put it on, but in vain. At last the two sisters had their turn, and though they tried with all their might to force their feet into the fairy-like slipper it was of no use. When Cinderella saw that neither of her sisters could wear it, she spoke up and said: "Why not let me try?" Her sisters laughed at the idea and told her to go back to the kitchen, but the messenger noticed that she was very beautiful in spite of her ragged clothes, so he told her to sit down and try it on. She did so and the slipper fitted her perfectly. The sisters and the step-mother were amazed. And when Cinderella pulled out the mate from her pocket, their astonishment increased tenfold. Then the fairy god-mother appeared and waved her wand over Cinderella, and immediately her dress turned into that of the unknown princess.

The messenger then led Cinderella to the palace of the young prince who was overjoyed at finding the beautiful maiden. A few days afterwards the wedding took place, and Cinderella at last became a real princess, and lived happily with the handsome prince, ever afterwards.





Rapunzel

ONCE upon a time there lived a man and his wife and they were very lonely because they had no children. From the upper windows of their house they could look out on a beautiful garden with fountains, flowers and all kinds of fine vegetables. But it was surrounded by a high wall and no one ever dared to go in it, for it belonged to a wicked witch who possessed great evil power.

One day the woman was looking out of her rear window into the witch's garden when she discovered a bed of beautiful red radishes. A great desire seized her to eat some of them. This wish tormented her daily, and as she knew that she could

not have them she became ill, and looked very pale and miserable. Her looks frightened her husband, and he begged her to tell him the secret that seemed to be weighing on her mind. At first the wife hesitated to tell him the foolish cause of her sickness but finally said: "If I cannot have some of those radishes in the witch's garden, I shall die."

The husband was very much afraid of the witch, but he loved his wife and decided to get the radishes, cost what it would.

When night came, he climbed the garden wall, snatched a handful of radishes in great haste and brought them to his wife. She was delighted and made a delicious salad of them.

But the next day the desire for radishes was stronger than ever, and the poor husband was given no peace till he promised that he would get her some more.

As soon as it was dark he again climbed the wall, but just as he jumped over into the garden who should appear before him but the witch herself. She was very angry and cried out: "How dare you come into my garden and steal my radishes? You shall suffer for this."

"Surely you will wish me no evil when I tell you that I stole the radishes to save my wife's life," cried the man. He then told how his wife had stood at the window and wished for the radishes till she had fallen sick.

"Very well," said the witch, "I will pardon you on one condition. If your wife should ever have a child you must give it to me. I will care for it like a mother, and all shall be well with it. In the meantime you may gather as many radishes as you wish."

The man consented, glad to think the witch had spared his life.

Later on the wife did have a child, and the day it was born the witch appeared and claimed the baby. She gave it the name of "Rapunzel" and took it away with her.

Rapunzel grew to be the most beautiful girl in the country, and when she was fifteen years old the witch shut her up in a tower, which stood in the middle of a great forest. It had neither stairs nor doors, and only one little window away up at the top. When the witch wished to enter, she stood beneath, and called out:

“Rapunzel! Rapunzel!
Let down your hair.”

You see Rapunzel had long and beautiful hair, as fine as gold. When she heard the witch’s voice, she unbound her tresses, opened the window, and let her hair fall down twenty yards, so that the old witch could climb up by it, as if it were a ladder.

After a couple of years had passed away it happened that the king’s son was riding through the forest one day, and as he passed the tower he heard someone singing a beautiful song. He listened a long while, then rode home, but he could not forget the lovely voice he had heard. It had touched his heart so much that every day after that, he went to the forest in the hope of seeing its owner.

One day, as he stood listening behind a tree, he was surprised to see the witch approach the tower. She looked all about her, but as she saw no one she called out:

“Rapunzel! Rapunzel!
Let down your hair.”

The prince was more than amazed when he saw a beautiful maiden come to the window and let down her tresses so that the witch could climb up.

“Ah,” said the prince, “how I should like to climb up that beautiful ladder.”

So next day, he returned to the forest and when he came to the forest, he called out:

“Rapunzel! Rapunzel!
Let down your hair.”

Then the tresses fell down, and up he climbed. Rapunzel was terrified at first to see the stranger, but the prince was so handsome, and talked to her so gently that she soon lost her fear. He then told her how he had been coming to the forest every day for weeks to hear her beautiful voice. He was so delighted to find her so lovely that he said he would not leave her till she had promised to marry him. Rapunzel was more than glad to have a chance to escape from the witch so she said: “I will willingly go away with you, but how can we both get down?”

After much planning the beautiful maiden said: “Each time you come to see me, you must bring me a skein of silk, out of which I shall weave a ladder. When it is finished then you may claim me for your bride and we will ride away together on your horse.”

Then they agreed that they should never meet till the evening, as the witch came in the day time. The old woman noticed nothing about it, until one day Rapunzel innocently said, “Tell me, mother, how it happens you find it more difficult to come to me than the king’s son, who is with me in a moment!”

“Oh, you wicked child!” exclaimed the witch; “what do I hear? I thought I had separated you from all the world, and yet you have deceived me.” And, seizing Rapunzel’s beautiful hair in a fury, she gave her a couple of blows with her left hand, and, taking a pair of scissors in her right, snip, snap, she cut off all her beautiful tresses, and they fell upon the floor.

The witch then took the long hair and fastened it securely to the window sill, so that she and Rapunzel could descend in safety.

The hard-hearted woman dragged the beautiful maiden into

a great desert where she left her to die in great misery and grief, as she supposed.

The witch then hurried back to the tower and climbed up the ladder of hair and pulled it in after her. Toward evening the prince came and called:

“Rapunzel! Rapunzel!
Let down your hair.”

and this time the witch let it down. The prince mounted, but when he reached the top there stood the wicked woman looking at him with furious eyes.

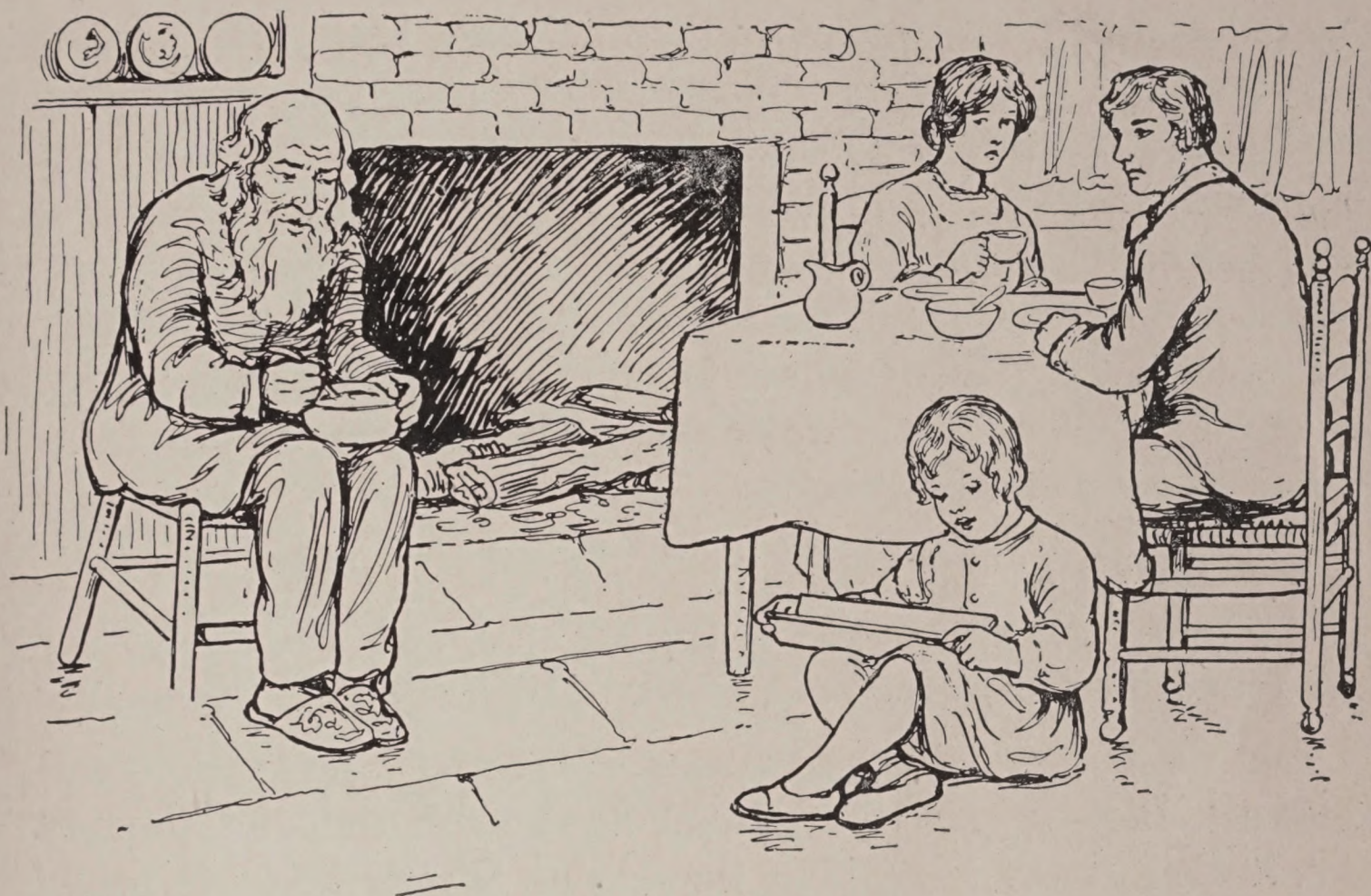
“Aha!” she exclaimed, scornfully, “you thought you would fool me and come and steal the lovely maiden. But the pretty bird no longer sits up here in her nest. The cat has taken her away. Rapunzel is lost to you. You will never see her again. Besides the cat will scratch out your eyes.”

The prince was so grieved at these words, that he sprang out of the window. The fall did not kill him, but the bed of thorns into which he tumbled, put out his eyes.

For days he wandered blind, in the forest, with nothing to eat but roots and berries.

One day the prince arrived at the desert where the beautiful maiden was still living. He heard a voice singing the same song that he had so often listened to beneath the tower. He followed in its direction, and as he approached, Rapunzel recognized him and fell on his neck and wept. Two of her tears moistened his eyes, and they became clear again, so that he could see as well as formerly.

Then he led her away to his father's kingdom, where she was received with great joy, and where they lived happily ever afterward. The witch never bothered them again, for no one ever heard of her any more.



The Old Man and His Grandson

ONCE upon a time there was a very old, old man, whose eyes were dim, his ears useless for hearing, and his knees trembling. When he sat at table he could scarcely hold his spoon, and often he spilled his food over the tablecloth, and sometimes down his clothes. His son and daughter-in-law were much vexed about this, and at last they made the old man sit behind the oven in a corner, and gave him his meals in an earthen dish, and not enough either.

The poor man had devoted his life to his son. He had denied himself many a luxury when he was younger, in order to educate his boy. And now to be treated in this way just because he

was old and helpless, was more than he could bear. He became very sad, and tears often moistened his eyes. Once his hands trembled so much that he could not hold the dish, and it fell on the ground and broke all to pieces, so that the young wife scolded him, but he made no reply, and only sighed. After that they bought him a wooden dish for a few cents, and out of that he now had to eat. One day, as he was sitting in his usual place, he saw his little grandson four years of age, upon the ground, fitting together some pieces of wood.

“What are you making?” asked the old man.

“I am making a wooden trough,” replied the child, “for father and mother to feed out of when I grow big.”

At these words the man looked at his wife a little while and presently they began to cry, and henceforth they let the old grandfather sit at table with them, and always take his meals there. From that time on they treated him kindly and never even said anything if he spilled a little upon the cloth.



Little Red Riding Hood

ONCE upon a time there lived a sweet little girl, who was loved by everyone who knew her. Her grandmother, who lived up in the country, was so fond of her that she was always giving her presents. On her last birthday she sent her a lovely warm red cape with a hood of red velvet. The child was so pleased with it that she would wear nothing else, and soon everyone began to call her Little Red Riding-Hood.

One day her mother said: "You must go to see your grandmother today. I have packed a little basket with custards and jelly which you can take to her, for she has not been very well lately."

So Little Red Riding-Hood set out at once to see her grand-



mother. When she was passing through the woods, that lay between the village and the place where the grandmother lived, the little girl met a great big wolf.

The wolf was very polite and said: "Good-day, where are you going so early in the morning?"

Little Red Riding-Hood did not know what a wicked animal he was, so she replied that she was going to see her grandmother who was sick.

"What are you carrying in your basket?" inquired the curious animal.

"Jelly and custards," answered the little girl. "You see grandmother lives all alone and has no one to make her good things."



SHE TAPPED AT THE DOOR

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

“Does she live far from here?” asked the wolf.

“Oh, yes,” answered the child. “It’s the first house after you pass that hill over yonder. You can’t miss it, for the cottage stands under three great oak trees.”

“I should think you would take your grandmother some flowers, if she is sick. There are such pretty ones all around here,” said the crafty old wolf.

“Why, I hadn’t thought about that,” said the little girl, and she began to gather the wild flowers, here and there.

In the meantime the wolf slipped away, and ran as fast as he could to the old woman’s house. He knocked at the door—tap, tap.

“Who is there?” asked a feeble voice.

“Your grandchild, Little Red Riding-Hood,” replied the wolf, imitating the child’s voice. “I have brought you some custards and jelly that mother just made.”

“Lift up the latch, and come in,” cried the grandmother; “I am too weak to get up.”

So the wolf lifted the latch, and the door flew open. Then the wicked animal bounded over to the bed and gobbled up the old lady before she could utter a scream for help. He then shut the door, put on one of the grandmother’s night-caps and jumped into bed to wait for Little Red Riding-Hood.

It was not long before she tapped at the door and the wolf called out: “Who is there?”

“How funny grandmother’s voice sounds,” thought the little girl; “but I suppose she is hoarse from a cold.” Overcoming her fear, she called out who it was, and the wolf said: “Lift the latch, and come in, my dear.”

Little Red Riding-Hood entered and went over to the bed,

where the wolf lay, almost entirely covered with the bed-clothes. "Why, grandmother, what great ears you have," exclaimed the child.

"The better to hear with," answered the wolf.

"And what big eyes you have."

"The better to see you with, my dear."

"And, grandmother, what great teeth you have."

"The better to eat you with," cried the wicked wolf, as he threw back the bed-covers and made ready to spring at little Red Riding Hood.

But she screamed so loudly that a hunter who happened to be passing the house heard her and came rushing in, gun in hand. He shot the wolf straight through the heart and saved the dear little girl from the sad fate that had befallen the poor old grandmother.



The Spirit in the Bottle

THERE was a poor woodcutter who worked from morning till night in order to make enough money to keep his boy in school. But work as he would, he could not earn enough, and the boy was finally forced to give up his schooling and come home.

One day when the father was about to go to the forest to earn something by chopping and clearing, his son said:

“I will accompany you and help you.”

So the father borrowed an axe from his neighbor, as he had only one, and had no money to buy another.

They worked till noon, then the father proposed to rest for a

while, and eat their dinner. The son, however, taking his share of the bread said: "I am not tired, father. While you rest I will go a little farther into the forest and look for birds' nests."

"Oh, you silly fellow!" said the father, "what do you want to run about for? You will make yourself so tired, you will not be able to raise your arm; keep quiet a bit, and sit down here with me."

But the young man would not do so, and went off among the trees, eating his bread, and peeping about among the bushes for any nest he could find. Suddenly he heard a half-smothered cry of "Let me out! let me out!" He looked around, but could see nothing; still the voice appeared to come, as it were, from the ground. So he called, "Where are you?" and the voice replied, "Here I stick, among the roots of the oak-tree; let me out! let me out!"

The scholar, therefore, began to search at the foot of the tree, where the roots spread, and at last, in a little hollow, he found a glass bottle. He picked it up, and, holding it to the light, he perceived a thing, in shape like a frog, which kept jumping up and down.

"Let me out! let me out!" cried the thing again; and the scholar thinking no evil, drew out the stopper of the bottle. Immediately a spirit sprang out, and began to grow and grow so fast, that in a very few moments he stood before the scholar like a frightful giant, half the size of a tree. "Do you know," he cried, with a voice like thunder, "do you know what your reward is for letting me out of the glass bottle?"

"No," replied the scholar, without fear; "how should I?"

"Then I will tell you," cried the spirit; "you must be put to death."

“You should have told me that before,” returned the scholar, “and then you should have stuck where you were.”

“Yes,” continued the spirit, “I am the mighty Mercury, and whoever lets me out, his neck must I break.”

“Softly, softly!” said the scholar, “that is quicker said than done; I must first know really that you were in the bottle, and that you are truly a spirit; if I see you return into the bottle, I will believe, and then you may do with me what you please.”

Full of pride, the spirit answered, “That is an easy matter;” and, drawing himself together, he became as thin as he had been at first, and soon crept through the same opening back again into the bottle. Scarcely was he completely in when the scholar put the stopper back into the neck, and threw the bottle down among the oak-tree roots at the old place. So the spirit was deceived.

After this the scholar would have gone back to his father, but the spirit cried lamentably, “Oh, let me out! do let me out!”

“No,” replied the scholar, “not a second time; he who tried to take away my life once I shall not let out in a hurry, when I have him safe again.”

“If you will free me,” pleaded the spirit, “I will give you as much as will serve you for your lifetime.”

“No, no!” rejoined the scholar, “you will deceive me as you did at first.”

“You are fighting against your own fortune,” replied the spirit; “I will do you no harm, but reward you richly.”

“Well, I will hazard it,” thought the scholar to himself; “perhaps he will keep his word, and do me no injury;” and, so thinking, he took the stopper out of the bottle again, and the spirit sprang out as before, stretched himself up, and became as big as a giant.

“Now you shall have your reward,” said the spirit, reaching the scholar a little piece of rag in shape like a plaster. “If you apply one end of this to a wound it shall heal directly, and if you touch with the other steel or iron, either will be changed into silver.”

Then the spirit thanked him for releasing him, and the scholar thanked the spirit for his present, and went back to his father.

“Where have you been roaming?” asked the father. “Why, you have quite forgotten your work.”

“Be contented, father; I will make up the time,” said the son.

“Yes, you will make it up, truly,” broke in the father, angrily, “without an axe!”

“Now see, father, I will cut that tree at one blow!” and, so saying, the son took his rag, rubbed the axe with it, and gave a powerful blow, but because the axe was changed into silver the edge turned up. “Ah, father, do you see what an axe you have given me? it has no edge at all!” said the son.

The father was frightened, and said, “Ah! what have you done? Now I must pay for the axe, and I know not how; for it is the one which I borrowed for your work.”

“Don’t be angry; I will soon pay for the axe,” said the son; but the father exclaimed, “Why, you simpleton, how will you do that? you have nothing but what I gave you; this is some student’s trick which is stuck in your head, but of woodcutting you know nothing at all!”

After a pause, the scholar said, “Father, I can work no more; let us make holiday now.”

“Eh? what?” was the answer; “do you think I can keep my hands in my pockets as you do? I must work on, but you may go home.” The son replied that he did not know the way, as it was the

first time he had been in the forest, and at last he persuaded his father to accompany him home. When they arrived at their house, the father told his son to go and sell the axe which was damaged, and the rest he must earn in order to pay his neighbor for it. So the son took the axe, and carried it to a goldsmith, in the city, who, after proving it, laid it in his scales, and said, "It is worth four hundred dollars, and so much I have not by me in the house."

"Give me what you have," said the scholar, "and I will trust you the remainder." The goldsmith gave him three hundred dollars and left the other as a debt, and thereupon the scholar went home, and said to his father, "Go ask the neighbor what he will take for his axe; for I have got some money."

"I know already," answered the father; "one dollar and fifty cents is the price."

"Then give him three dollars; that is double, and enough; see, here, I have money in abundance!" and he gave his father one hundred dollars, saying, "You shall never want now; live at your ease."

"My goodness!" said the man, "where have you procured this money?"

The son told his father all that had happened, and how he had made such a capital catch by trusting to his luck. With the rest of the money, however, he returned to the university, and learned all that he could; and afterwards, because he could heal all wounds with his plaster, he became the most celebrated surgeon in the whole world.



Riquet with the Tuft

THERE was once a little prince named Riquet, but every one called him Riquet with the Tuft, because when he was born he had a little tuft of long hair on his head. He was very ugly and ill-formed, but a good fairy felt very sorry for him and said that he should have great good sense and be so charming that everyone would like him. Besides, when he grew up he would have the power to give equally good sense to the one he wished to marry.

About seven or eight years after Riquet with the Tuft was born, the queen of a neighboring kingdom had twin daughters. One was very beautiful but unusually stupid. The other was as

ugly as the first was beautiful. Now it happened that the mother of the twins sent for the same fairy who had been present when Riquet with the Tuft was born, and asked her what she could do in the way of giving sense to the beautiful daughter, of whom she was very proud. The fairy told the mother that she could do nothing for the girl, except to bestow on her the gift of making beautiful the person whom she decided to marry. "As for the other daughter," said the fairy, "do not worry about her. She will be so clever and witty that no one will notice how ugly she is."

As the two princesses grew up nothing was talked of but the beauty of the elder and the good sense of the younger. The beautiful one, however, grew more stupid each day. She either made no answer when she was spoken to or else she said something foolish. At first everyone flocked about her because she was so beautiful, but soon they deserted her for her sister who was so witty and entertaining.

One day when the beautiful princess was walking alone in the woods, she met a little man dressed very richly, but with a most disagreeable face. It was Riquet with the Tuft who had seen the lovely girl's picture and had immediately fallen in love with her. He was now on his way to seek her in marriage. He recognized her at once, and asked her why she seemed so sad. "Beauty," said Riquet, "is the greatest of all gifts. I do not see how one so beautiful as yourself can have anything to worry about."

"Very fine," said the maiden, "but I would rather be as ugly as you and have good sense than be as lovely as I am and be stupid."

"If that is all that is troubling you," said Riquet, "I can easily put an end to your sorrow. I have the power to give wit and good sense to the one I love. You are the one, and if you will

only promise to marry me at the end of a year you shall be the brightest and smartest in the land.

The princess had so little sense she did not hesitate but consented, thinking that something might happen before the year was up to prevent her marriage to such a dreadfully ugly person. No sooner had she promised to marry Riquet than she felt herself to be quite another person. She began to make the wittiest kinds of remarks.

She returned alone to the palace, and soon everyone noticed the great change that had taken place in her. She became so wise and said such clever things that her fame spread throughout the country, and the princes in the neighborhood all wished to marry her. Now there was one prince who was rich, witty and handsome, and the princess looked upon him with great favor. She was undecided, however, whether to accept him or not, so one day she walked out in the woods to think the matter over. She was greatly surprised to again meet Riquet who said:

“Here I am, fair princess. You see I have kept my word and I hope you intend to keep yours and marry me tomorrow.”

All at once the princess remembered that tomorrow was the very end of the year. The reason why she had forgotten this before was that when she made the promise she was a fool, and as soon as she became wise she forgot all her follies.

“Oh, indeed I cannot,” replied the princess. “Surely you will not hold me to a promise made when I was so stupid.”

“Do not refuse me, beautiful one,” said the prince. “Do you not see that you are taking away all the happiness of my life? Tell me frankly, is there anything in me that you complain of besides my ugliness?”

“No, truly,” replied the princess, “I like everything about you, except—except your looks.”

“Then I need not lose my happiness, for the same fairy who gave me the gift of making you clever also gave you a gift.”

“And what is that gift, wise prince?” asked the princess.

“It is that you can make handsome the man you decide to marry. Don’t you think you could learn to love me enough to do that?”

“Oh, I did not know that before,” cried the maiden. “With all my heart,” and she wished eagerly that he might become the best-looking man in the world. No sooner had she wished that, than Riquet stood before her eyes the finest, most charming man that she had ever seen.

And so they were married and when it came their turn to reign over the kingdom, great was the joy of the people to have two such wise and handsome rulers.



Clever Alice

THERE was once a man who had a daughter named "Clever Alice." When she grew up her father said: "It is time now for our daughter to think about getting married."

"Yes," said the mother, "if there is anyone good enough for her."

Now it happened that one day there came a certain youth from another town. He had heard about Clever Alice and had decided to ask for her hand in marriage.

"There is one condition I require," said the young man, "and that is, she must be very prudent."

“Do not worry about that,” said the father. “She has a head full of brains. She can even hear the flies cough and hear the wind blow up the street.”

Soon afterwards they sat down to dinner, and the mother said: “Alice, go down into the cellar and draw some beer.”

So Clever Alice took the pitcher and went down cellar. While she was waiting for the pitcher to fill she looked around, and on the ceiling right above her head, she saw a hatchet sticking out, left there perhaps by the bricklayers.

At the sight of this, Clever Alice began to cry, saying: “Oh! if I marry Hans, and we have a child, and he grows up, and we send him into the cellar to draw beer, the hatchet may fall upon his head and kill him.”

Meanwhile the folks up-stairs were getting impatient waiting for the beer, so the mother went down to see what was keeping Alice.

When the mother reached the cellar, there sat Alice weeping with all her might. The mother asked her what the trouble was and Alice replied: “Have I not cause? If I marry Hans, and we have a child, and he grows up and comes down here for beer the hatchet may fall on his head and kill him.”

“Oh,” said the mother, “what a clever Alice we have.” And she too sat down and wept.

All this time the bridegroom sat waiting in the dining-room, and when nobody returned he thought perhaps they must be waiting downstairs for him. So down he went and when he entered, there sat the three, weeping and groaning, each one more loudly than the other.

When he heard the reason he said: “More prudence than this is not necessary for my housekeeping; because you are so clever I will have you for my wife.” And taking her by the hand he led her to the church where they were married.

Several weeks later Hans said: "Wife, I will go out to work and earn some money. While I am gone you go into the field and gather some corn with which to make bread."

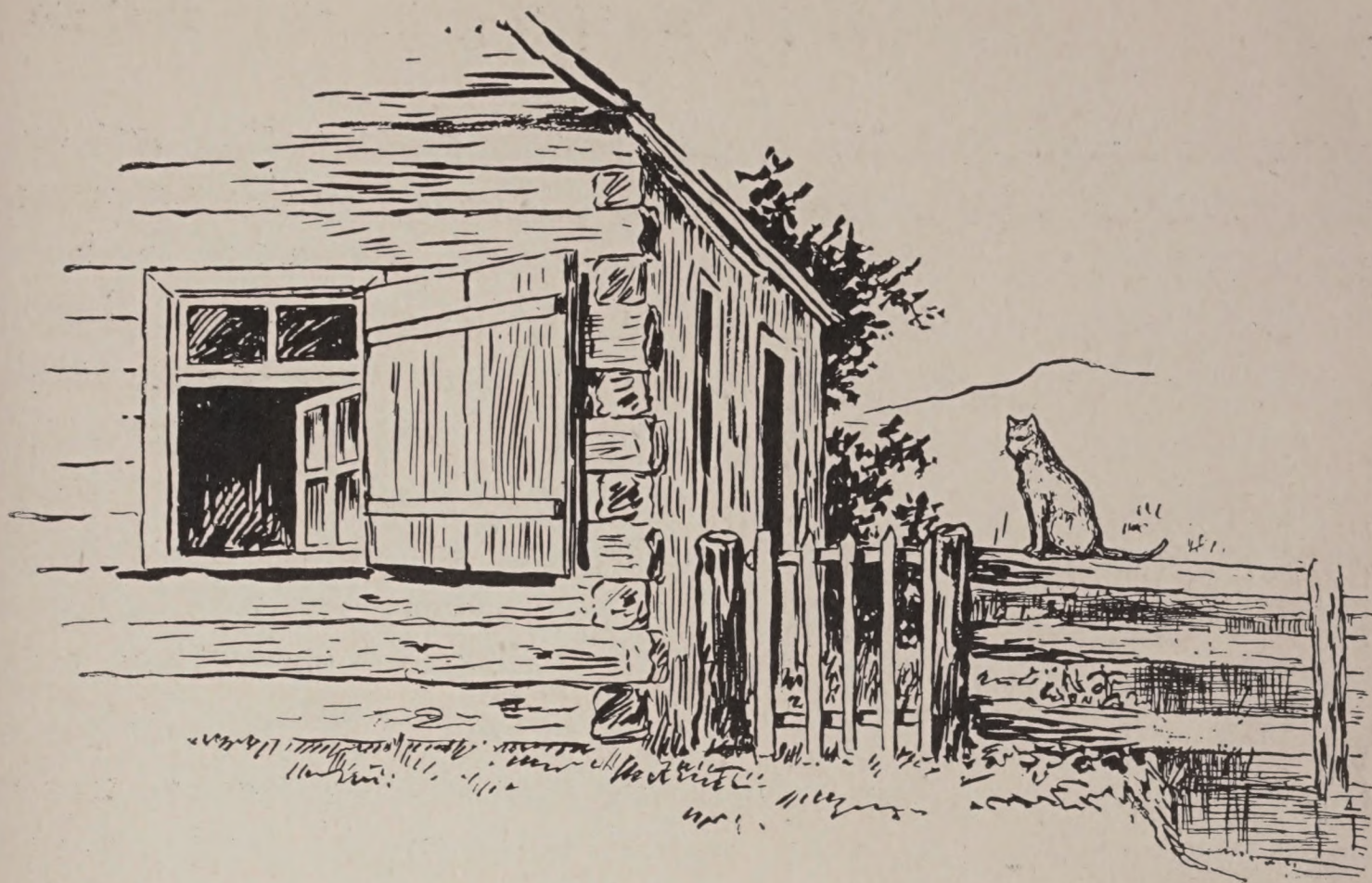
So, as soon as Hans was gone, she cooked herself a nice mess of pottage and took it with her to the field. But instead of cutting the corn first, she ate the soup and then feeling tired she said to herself: "Now, shall I reap or sleep first? Well, I think I will have a nap first," and so she lay down among the corn and soon fell fast asleep.

When evening came, Hans returned and not finding his wife at home thought she was very industrious to stay out in the field all day. "I will go out and tell her she must not overdo," said Hans, and off he went to the field. But not a stalk of corn had been cut, and there lay Clever Alice still sound asleep. Hans ran home as fast as he could and soon returned with a net with little bells hanging on it. This he threw over Alice's head without waking her and then went back home and locked the door.

At last when it was nearly dark Alice awoke and when she stood up the net slipped down over her and the little bells tinkled noisily. She was so frightened that she began to doubt if she were really Clever Alice.

When she came to her door it was locked, so she tapped at the window and said: "Hans, is Alice within?" "Yes," he replied, "she is."

At this answer she became really terrified and exclaimed: "Ah, heaven, then I am not Alice." She ran up to another house intending to ask the same question but when the folks inside heard the bells they were afraid of her and would not open the door. Try as she would nobody would receive her for she looked very strange in the net all covered with bells that rang with every motion she made. So she ran away from the village and no one has ever seen her since.



The Poor Miller's Son and the Cat

ONCE upon a time there lived in a mill an old miller who had neither wife nor children, but three apprentices instead; and after they had been with him several years, he said to them one day, "I am old, and shall retire from business soon; do you all go out, and whichever of you brings me home the best horse, to him will I give the mill, and, moreover, he shall attend me in my last illness."

The third of the apprentices was a small lad despised by the others, and so much so, that they did not intend that he should ever have the mill, even after them. But all three went out together, and as soon as they got away from the village the two elder ones said to the stupid Hans, "You may as well remain here; in all your lifetime you will never find a horse." Nevertheless Hans went with them, and when night came on they arrived at a hollow where they lay down to sleep. The two clever

apprentices waited till Hans was asleep, and then they got up and walked off, leaving Hans snoring. By-and-by the sun arose and awoke Hans. He soon got up and scrambled out of the hollow into the forest, thinking to himself, "Here I am all alone, what shall I do to get a horse?" Suddenly a little tortoise shell cat came up, and asked in a most friendly manner, "Where are you going, Hans?" "Ah! you can help me," said Hans. "Yes, I know very well what you wish," replied the cat; "you want a fine horse; come with me, and for seven years be my faithful servant, and then I will give you a handsomer steed than you ever saw."

So the cat took him into its enchanted castle, where there were many other cats who waited upon them, jumping up and down the steps, and bustling about in first-rate style. In the evening, when they sat down to table three cats had to play music; one played the violoncello, a second the violin, and a third blew a trumpet so loudly that its cheeks seemed as if they would burst. When they had finished dinner the table was drawn away, and the cat said, "Now, Hans, come and dance with me." "No, no," replied he, "I cannot dance with a cat! I never learned how!"

"Then take him to bed," cried the cat to its attendants; and they lighted him at once to his sleeping apartment, where one drew off his shoes, another his stockings, while a third blew out the light. The following morning the servant-cats made their appearance again, and helped him out of bed; one drew on his stockings, another buckled on his garters, a third fetched his shoes, a fourth washed his face, and a fifth wiped it dry. But all day long Hans had to cut wood for the cat.

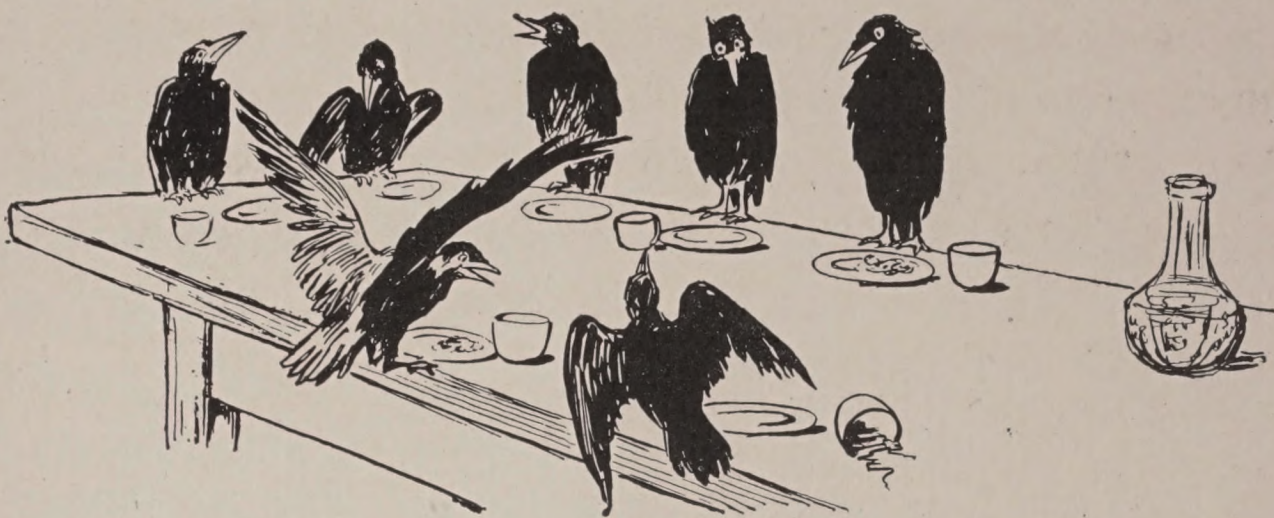
Hans remained here at the castle making himself useful. Every day he had good eating and drinking, but he saw nobody except the tortoise shell cat and her attendants. One day

the cat said to him, "Go and mow my meadow and dry the grass well;" and she gave him a scythe made of silver and a whetstone of gold, which she bade him bring back safely. Hans went off and did what he was told; and, when the work was finished, he took home the scythe, whetstone, and hay, and asked the cat if she would not give him a reward? "No," said the cat, "you must first do several things for me. Here are beams of silver, binding clamps, joists, and all that is necessary, all of silver, and of these you must first build me a small house." Hans built it, and when it was done he reminded the cat he had still no horse, although his seven years of service were now over. The cat asked him whether he wished to see some horses? "Yes," said Hans.

So they went out of the house, and as they opened the door there stood twelve horses, very proud creatures, pawing the ground impatiently. Hans was glad enough to see them, but as soon as he looked at them for a minute the cat gave him his dinner, and said, "Go home; I shall not give you your horse now, but in three days I will come to you and bring it with me." So Hans walked off, and the cats showed him the way to the mill; but, as they had taken away his new clothes, he was forced to go in his old ragged ones, which the cat had kept for him, and which during the seven years had become much too short for him. When he arrived at home, he found the two other apprentices had preceded him, and each had brought a horse; but the one was blind and the other lame. "Where is your horse, Hans?" inquired they. "It will follow in three days," he replied. At this they laughed, and cried, "Yes, Hans, and when it comes it will be something wonderful, no doubt." Hans then went into the parlor, but the old miller said he should not sit at table because he was so ragged and dirty; they would be ashamed of him if any one came in. So they gave him some-

thing to eat out-of-doors, and when bedtime came the two apprentices refused Hans a share of the bed, and he had to creep into the goose-house and stretch himself upon some hard straw. The next morning was the third day mentioned by the cat, and as soon as Hans was up there came a carriage drawn by six horses, which shone from their sleek condition, and a servant besides, who led a seventh horse, which was for the poor miller's boy. Out of the carriage stepped a beautiful princess, who went into the mill, and she was the tortoise shell cat whom poor Hans had served for seven years. She asked the miller where the mill-boy, her little slave, was, and he answered, "We could not take him into the mill, he was so ragged and dirty; he lies now in the goose-house." The princess bade him fetch Hans, but before he could come the poor fellow had to draw together his smock-frock in order to cover himself. Then the servant drew forth some elegant clothes, and after Hans had put them on, no king could have looked more handsome. Thereupon the princess desired to see the horses which the other apprentices had brought home, and one was blind and the other lame. When she had seen them she ordered her servant to bring the horse he had in his keeping, and as soon as the miller saw it he declared that such an animal had never before been in his farm-yard.

"It belongs to the youngest apprentice," said the princess. "And the mill too," rejoined the miller; but the princess said he might keep that and the horse as well for himself. With these words she placed her faithful Hans in the carriage with her and drove away. They went first to the little house which Hans had built with the silver tools, and which had become a noble castle, wherein everything was of gold and silver. There the princess married him, and he was so very rich that he had enough for all his life.



The Seven Ravens

A MAN and his wife had seven handsome sons, but they were unhappy parents because they had no daughter. At last, however, a girl was born but she was so frail and weak, it was feared she would not live. So the father hurried the seven sons off to the spring to get water with which to baptize the newborn babe.

Each of the boys ran in great haste to be the first to draw the water for his sister's baptism, but in the struggle to be first they let the pitcher fall into the well.

Then they stood still and knew not what to do, not one of them dared to venture home without the water. As the time went on and they did not return, the father became very impatient and said, "I suppose in the midst of their play they have forgotten what I sent them for, the careless children."

He was in such an agony lest the child should die unbaptised, that he exclaimed in his anger, "I wish that the youngsters were all turned into ravens."

The words were scarcely uttered when there was heard a rushing of wings in the air over his head, and presently seven coal black ravens flew over the house.

The father could not recall the dreadful words, and both parents grieved terribly over the loss of their seven sons; their only consolation now was the little daughter, who every day grew stronger and more beautiful.

As the maiden grew up she learned of the strange misfortune that had happened to her brothers. She no longer had any peace, and determined to try to break the enchantment in which her poor brothers were held.

So she left home, and all she took with her was a ring, in memory of her parents, a loaf of bread, a jug of water, and a little stool to sit upon in case she felt tired.

She traveled on and on, till she came to the end of the world, and there was the sun; but it was so hot that she ran away in such a hurry that she ran into the moon. Here it was quite cold and dismal, and she heard a voice say, "I smell man's flesh," which made her escape from the moon as quickly as she could, and at last reached the stars.

They were very kind and friendly to her. Each of the stars was seated on a wonderful chair, and the Morning Star stood up and said, "If you have not a key you will not be able to unlock the iceberg in which your brothers are shut up."

So the Morning Star gave the maiden the key. She reached the place safely and unlocked the door. Presently a little dwarf came forward to meet her and said, "My child, what are you seeking?"

"I seek my brothers, the seven ravens," she said.

"The seven ravens are not at home," replied the dwarf, "but if you care to wait here till they return, pray step in."

Then the little dwarf took the maiden to the room where supper was prepared for the seven ravens, on seven little plates, by which stood seven little cups of water.

So the sister ate a few crumbs from each plate, and drank a little draught from each cup, and into the last cup she let fall the ring that she brought from home.

Then she hid herself behind the door, to see and hear what the ravens would do. They came in and were about to eat their supper, but as they caught sight of their little cups and plates, they said, one to another, "Who has been eating from my little plate?" "Who has been drinking from my little cup?" "It has been touched by the mouth of a human being."

When the seventh came to the bottom of his cup, the little ring rolled out. He looked at it, and recognized it as a ring of his parents, and said, "God grant that our sister be here; then we are saved."

As the maiden, who had stood behind the door watching, heard these words, she came forward, and immediately all the ravens received again their human forms, and embraced and kissed their sister, and then they all went joyfully home together.



The Frog Prince

IN olden times there lived a king who had many beautiful daughters; but the youngest was loveliest of them all.

One day, when the weather was very hot, she went out into the garden and seated herself on the side of the cool fountain, and when at last the silence became wearisome, she began to toss a golden ball in the air, and catch it again. At last, however, she failed to catch the golden ball and it fell into the water.

Then she cried aloud, and began to weep bitterly for the loss of her golden ball. Presently she heard a voice exclaiming—

“Why do you weep, O king’s daughter? Your tears could melt even the stones to pity you!”

She looked at the spot from whence the voice came, and saw a frog stretching his thick ugly head out of the water.

“Oh, there you are, old water-paddler,” she said, “was it you who spoke? Well, then, I am crying for the loss of my golden ball that has fallen into the fountain.”

“Then weep no more,” answered the frog; “I can get it for you. But what will you give me if I go down after your plaything?”

“Oh! anything you like, dear frog,” she replied. “What will you have—my dresses, my pearls and jewels, or the golden crown I wear sometimes?”

“Your clothes, your pearls and your jewels, or even your golden crown, are nothing to me,” answered the frog. “I want you to love me, and let me be your companion and playfellow. I should like to sit at your table, eat from your golden plate, drink out of your cup, and sleep in your nice little bed. If you will promise me all this, then I will dive down into the water and bring up your pretty golden ball.”

“Oh, I will promise you all,” said she, “if you will only get me my ball.” But she thought to herself, “What is the silly frog chattering about? Let him remain in the water with his equals; he cannot mix in society.” But the frog, as soon as he had received her promise, drew his head underneath the water and dived down. Presently he swam up again with the ball in his mouth, and threw it on the grass. The king’s daughter was full of joy when she again saw her beautiful plaything; and, taking it up, she ran off immediately.

“Wait, wait,” cried the frog, “take me with you, I cannot run as fast as you can.” But the young princess would not listen to the frog’s croaking and he was obliged to return to the fountain, and remain there.

The next day, however, while the princess was sitting at table with the king and his courtiers, she heard a strange noise on the marble steps outside, splish, splash, splish, splash, and presently came a knock at the door, and a voice cried, "Lovely princess, open the door for me." So she ran to the door and opened it, and there was the frog whom she had quite forgotten. She was dreadfully frightened and shutting the door as fast as she could she went back to her place trembling. Her father asked her what had frightened her and she then told him about the frog and the golden ball, also her promise made in fun.

The king said to the young princess: "As you have made a promise you must keep it. So go and let him in." She did so and the frog hopped in after her, right up to her chair. As soon as she was seated the frog said: "Take me up;" but she hesitated so long that at last the king ordered her to obey. The frog then jumped from the other chair to the table and said: "Now push your golden plate near me so that we can eat together." And she did so, but as everyone saw, very unwillingly. The frog seemed to relish his dinner very much, but every bit that the king's daughter ate nearly choked her.

"Now I am tired; carry me up-stairs and put me on your little bed." At this speech of the frog's, the princess began to cry for she was afraid to touch the ugly little thing.

But her tears only made the king very angry, and he said: "He who helped you in your time of trouble must not now be despised." So she took the frog up to her room and put him down in a corner. But as she lay in her bed he crept up to it and said: "I am very tired; put me on your pillow, or I shall tell your father." This angered the princess so that she caught the frog up and threw him with all her might against the opposite wall, saying: "Now, will you be quiet, you ugly frog!"

But as he fell he was changed from a frog into a handsome prince with beautiful eyes. He explained to her that he had been enchanted by a wicked fairy who had turned him into the form of a frog, and that no one but herself could have had the power to take him out of the fountain. "Now," said he, gazing fondly at her with his soft brown eyes, "I have nothing to wish for but that you should go with me into my father's kingdom. There we shall be married at once and you will never regret it."

The princess willingly consented and soon a gorgeous coach drove up with eight white horses, decked out in ostrich feathers and gold trappings, and behind the coach stood Faithful Henry, the prince's servant. They all set out for the prince's kingdom and upon their arrival, were received with great joy.



Rumpelstiltskin

THERE was once a poor miller who had a beautiful daughter; and one day, having to go to speak with the king, he said, in order to make himself appear important, that he had a daughter who could spin straw into gold. The king was very fond of gold, and thought to himself, "That is an art which would please me very well;" and so he said to the miller, "If your daughter is so very clever, bring her to the castle in the morning, and I will put her to the proof."

As soon as she arrived the king led her into a chamber which was full of straw; and, giving her a wheel and a reel, he said, "Now set yourself to work, and if you have not spun this straw into gold by an early hour tomorrow, you must die."

There she sat for a long time, thinking how to save her life; for she had never heard of straw being spun into gold. Her perplexity increased more and more, till at last she began to weep. All at once the door opened and in stepped a little man,

who said, "Good evening, fair maiden; why do you weep?" "Ah," she replied, "I must spin this straw into gold, and I am sure I do not know how."

The little man asked, "What will you give me if I spin it for you?"

"My necklace," said the maiden.

The dwarf took it, placed himself in front of the wheel, and whirr, whirr, whirr, three times round and the bobbin was full. Then he set up another, and whirr, whirr, whirr, thrice round again and a second bobbin was full; and so he went all night long, until all the straw was spun, and the bobbins were full of gold. At sunrise the king came, very much astonished to see the gold. He caused the maiden to be led into another room, still larger, full of straw; and then he bade her spin it into gold during the night if she valued her life. The maiden was again quite at a loss what to do; but while she cried the door opened suddenly as before, and the dwarf appeared and asked her what she would give in return for his assistance. "The ring off my finger," she replied. The little man took the ring and began to spin at once, and by morning all the straw was changed to glistening gold. The king was rejoiced above measure at the sight of this, but still he was not satisfied. He led the maiden into another room, full of straw and said, "This you must spin during the night; if you accomplish it you shall be my bride."

When the maiden was left alone, the dwarf again appeared, and asked, for the third time, "What will you give me to do this for you?"

"I have nothing left that I can give you," replied the maiden.

"Then promise me your first-born child if you become queen," said he.

The miller's daughter thought, "Who can tell if that will ever happen?" and, ignorant how else to help herself out of her



trouble, she promised the dwarf what he desired; and he immediately set about and finished the spinning. When morning came, and the king found all he had wished for done, he celebrated his wedding, and the miller's fair daughter became queen.

About a year after the marriage, when she had ceased to think about the little dwarf, she brought a fine child into the world; and, suddenly, soon after its birth, the funny little man appeared and demanded what she had promised. The frightened queen offered him all the riches of the kingdom if he would leave her her child; but the dwarf answered, "No; something human is dearer to me than all the wealth of the world."

The queen began to weep and groan so much, that the dwarf felt sorry for her, and said, "I will leave you three days to consider; if you can guess my name in that time you shall keep your child."

All night long the queen racked her brains for the names she could think of, and sent a messenger through the country to collect far and wide any new names. The following morning came the dwarf, and she began with "Caspar," "Melchior," "Balthasar," and all the odd names she knew; but at each the little man exclaimed, "That is not my name." The second day the queen inquired of all her people for uncommon and curious names, and called the dwarf "Ribs-of-beef," "Sheepshank," "Whalebone;" but at each he said, "This is not my name." The third day the messenger came back and said, 'I have not found a single name; but as I came to a high mountain near the edge of a forest, I saw a little house, and before the door a fire was burning, and round this fire a very curious little man was dancing on one leg, and shouting,—

“ ‘Today I stew, and then I’ll bake,
Tomorrow I shall the queen’s child take;
Ah! how famous it is that nobody knows
That my name is Rumpelstiltskin.’ ”

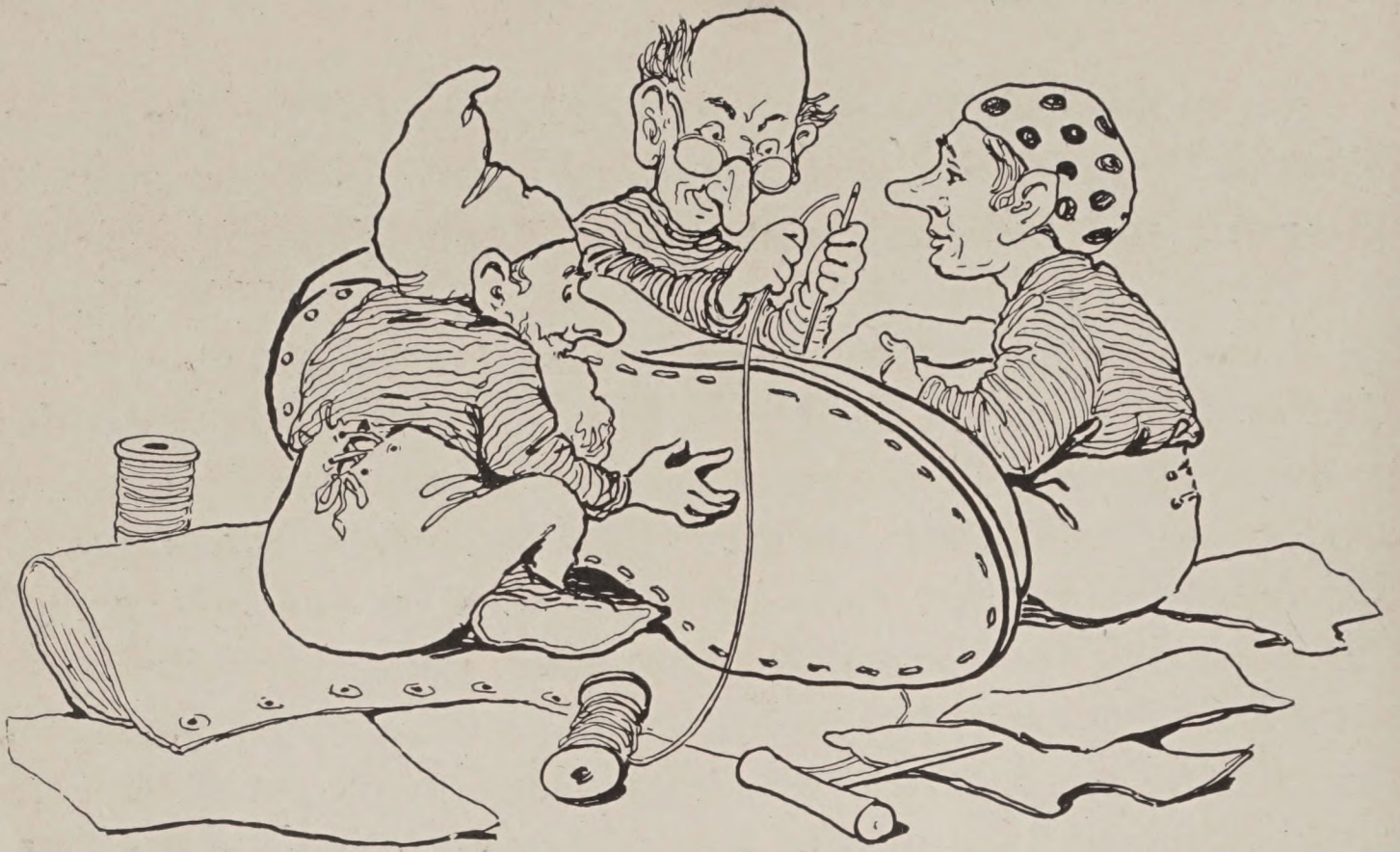
When the queen heard this she was very glad, for now she knew the name; and soon after came the dwarf, and asked, "Now, my Lady Queen, what is my name?"

First she said, "Are you called Conrad?" "No."

"Are you called Hal?" "No."

"Are you called Rumpelstiltskin?"

"A witch has told you! a witch has told you!" shrieked the little man, and stamped his right foot so hard in the ground with rage that he could not draw it out again. Then he took hold of his left leg with both his hands, and pulled away so hard that his right came off in the struggle, and he hopped away howling terribly. And from that day to this the queen has heard no more of her troublesome visitor.



The Elves and the Shoemaker

THERE was once upon a time a shoemaker who, though he worked very hard, could not make enough money to support himself and his wife. At last the day came when he had nothing left in the world but a piece of fine leather, just big enough to make one pair of shoes.

He cut out the leather to have ready to make it up the next day, and then went to bed, with a clear conscience, knowing that he had always been honest and done the best he could.

Next morning when he went out to his little shop, he was greatly surprised to see the leather all made up into a handsome pair of shoes. He examined the workmanship carefully and was delighted for there was not a false stitch in either shoe.

That very day a rich customer came in and was so pleased with the shoes that he bought them, and paid a generous sum. With the money, the happy shoemaker rushed out and bought

leather enough to make two pairs more. In the evening he cut out the work, and then went to bed so as to get up early in the morning and get a good start. But he did not need to hurry up, for next morning there stood the shoes already made.

Soon two buyers came in and paid him so well for the shoes that the shoemaker was able to buy leather enough for four pairs of shoes. He cut out the work again at night, and found it finished in the morning as before. And so things went on for a long time. Whatever work was laid out in the evening was sure to be finished by daybreak. The shoemaker was very careful and soon became prosperous.

But all this time he was wondering who it was that came every night and made up the shoes. "Wife," said he, one evening towards Christmas, when they were sitting around the fire chatting, "my curiosity is getting the better of me. I believe I will sit up to-night and watch and see if I can't find out who it is that comes every night and does my work."

"That's a bright idea, husband, and I'll stay up too, to keep you company."

So they left a light burning and hid in a corner behind a heavy curtain, where they could see without being seen.

Just at midnight, they heard the door open and in came three little naked dwarfs. They went right over to the shoemaker's bench, took up the work that was cut out and began to stitch and rap-a-tap-tap, while the man and his wife looked on in amazement. Long before daybreak the shoes were all made and laid in neat rows on the table. Then the dwarfs stole noiselessly away.

"To think," said the wife next day, "that it has been those three little dwarfs who have done all that work every evening in order to make us rich! We ought to be very thankful to them and do something good in return. It makes me feel bad to see

them running about without any clothes this cold weather. Suppose we give them a Christmas present. I'll make each of them a nice suit of clothes and you make them each a nice pair of little shoes."

The shoemaker was much pleased with this idea and set to work at once. On Christmas eve they laid the cunning little clothes and shoes on the bench instead of the usual cut-out leather. Then they went and hid so as to watch the elves when they came in.

About midnight, in they came, and were just about to seat themselves at the bench when they spied the clothes. They were delighted and in the twinkling of an eye they had dressed themselves. Then they took hands and danced and capered around the room, so happy that it nearly made the shoemaker laugh out loud, from his hiding place behind the curtain. At last the little elves could dance no more and as there was no work to do that evening, they scampered away, and never came back again. But the shoemaker prospered more than ever from that time on and grew richer and richer the longer he lived.





WHEN THEY REACHED THE PALACE



Beauty and the Beast

LONG ago there was a rich merchant who had six children, three sons and three daughters. The youngest daughter was so beautiful that every one called her Beauty.

As the years went by the merchant lost all his wealth and had nothing left but one farm out in the country. The whole family had to move out there and it made the two older daughters very unhappy, because they could no longer have fine clothes and go to parties and balls. But Beauty was quite content. She kept her father's house in good order, and was so cheerful and happy about everything that her father felt that in spite of his losses he was rich indeed to have such a daughter.

They had been in the country about a year when the merchant received a letter saying that one of his ships, that he had given up for lost long ago, had reached port. The sisters were delighted and begged their father to go and settle the matter.

“And what does my dear little daughter Beauty want?” said the kind-hearted father.

“Bring me back a rose, for none grow around here and I long to see one,” replied Beauty.

The father set off on his journey, but alas, it was not a successful one. Someone else claimed the ship, and before the matter was settled he found himself poorer than ever. On his way home he had to pass through a dense forest. Night came on and he was about to give himself up for lost when he discovered a dim light in the distance. He rode on toward it and soon came to a magnificent palace. He dismounted and entered, but all was silent. The strange part was that the rooms were gaily lighted but there was not a soul to be seen. The merchant looked about in all the rooms. When he came to the dining-room there stood a table with a nice supper all prepared. The poor man was so hungry he sat down and ate.

“I do hope the master of the house will forgive me for taking such liberties,” said the merchant to himself, “but I am half starved and this chicken is so tempting.”

After he had eaten a hearty meal, he felt drowsy, and lay down in an adjoining bed-room. He slept so soundly that it was ten o'clock next morning before he awoke. He was greatly surprised to find a nice new suit of clothes on a chair by the bed. His old ones which had been ruined on his journey had disappeared. Returning to the dining-room he found the table spread with a dainty breakfast, but still no one was in sight. He felt sure now that the palace belonged to some good fairy.

After breakfast he went to the stable to look for his horse, and on his way he passed under an arbor of beautiful roses. He happened to remember Beauty's request to bring home a rose, so he reached up and plucked a spray to take her. No sooner had he done so than he heard a frightful roar, and looking around

he saw a horrible Beast coming after him. The poor man was terrified.

“Ungrateful wretch,” roared the Beast. “I saved your life by letting you stay in my palace, and now you reward me by stealing my roses—the things I love most. You shall pay the forfeit with your life.”

The poor merchant threw himself on his knees and begged the Beast to forgive him, saying that he had only picked the flower because one of his daughters had asked him to bring her back a rose.

“If you have daughters,” said the Beast, “I will forgive you, provided that you send me one of them to die in your place. Should she refuse to come, then you must return in three months’ time.”

The poor man mounted his horse and returned home to see his children once more before giving himself up to the Beast.

When he reached there he handed the roses to Beauty, saying: “Here are the flowers, Beauty. You little think how dear they have cost your poor father.” Then he told his children all that had befallen him since he had left home.

The two elder sisters wept and blamed it all on Beauty. But Beauty replied quietly that it was no use to weep, for she had resolved to go and die in her father’s place.

“No, no,” cried her brothers. “We will go and kill the monster.” But the father told them that the Beast was more mighty than they could imagine and it was no use resisting his will. He himself would go back, now that he had had one last visit with his children.

When the three months were up, Beauty insisted upon going with her father, and he finally had to consent. When they reached the palace and entered the dining-room they found the table spread for two. After supper there was a tremendous

noise, and the Beast entered. Beauty shuddered, and when he asked her whether she had come of her own will, she could not help trembling as she faltered out "Yes."

"I thank you for your kindness," growled the Beast; and turning to the father, he added, "As for you, get you gone to-morrow, and never let me see you here again. Good-night, Beauty."

"Good-night, Beast," said she and the Beast disappeared.

The father entreated his daughter to return to her home next day and leave him there but she refused, so he was forced to go home and leave her alone.

Beauty felt very sad and lonesome and wandered from room to room. Suddenly she came to a door on which was written "Beauty's Room." She went inside and there was an exquisitely furnished room, with pictures, books, all kinds of musical instruments, etc. Her surprise increased on opening one of the books and seeing written in golden letters,—*"Your wishes and commands shall be obeyed. You are queen of everything here."* "Alas!" she thought, "my wish would be to see what my poor father is now about." No sooner had she spoken this wish to herself, than, casting her eyes upon a large looking-glass, she saw in it her father's arrival at home. The vision lasted but a minute, then it disappeared, and Beauty turned away, grateful to the Beast for fulfilling her wish.

At noon she found dinner ready for her, and all the while beautiful music played, though there was nobody in sight.

At night the Beast came and asked permission to sup with Beauty. She of course could not refuse, though she trembled from head to foot. Presently he asked her if she did not think he was very ugly?

"Yes," said Beauty, "for I cannot tell a lie, but I think you have a good heart."

The supper was going on pleasantly enough till the Beast said: "Beauty, will you marry me?"

In great alarm, the girl faltered out: "No, Beast."

He sighed so that it shook the whole house. Saying "Good-night, Beauty," in a sorrowful tone, the Beast left the room. Beauty could not help pitying him from the bottom of her soul.

Beauty lived on in this manner for three months. The Beast supped with her each evening, and little by little she grew accustomed to his ugliness. He was always so kind and thoughtful, that she grew to like him. The only thing that troubled her was that every evening he would ask her if she would marry him. When at last she told him that she had the greatest friendship for him he begged her never to leave him.

One morning, while looking in her magic mirror, she saw that her father lay sick, and she felt that she had to go to him. She begged the Beast to let her go, saying that she would return in a week. He willingly gave his consent, but told her that he would die of grief if she did not return when she said she would.

He explained to her that when she was ready to return to him all she had to do was to lay her ring on her toilet-table before she went to bed.

Next morning Beauty awoke and found herself in her father's cottage. He was so rejoiced to see her alive, that his sickness soon left him.

The sisters were very jealous on finding Beauty so richly dressed and hearing how kind the Beast had treated her. When her week was up they coaxed her to stay longer, thinking thereby to make the Beast angry at Beauty, so that he would devour her when at last she did return to him.

Beauty agreed to stay another week, but in her heart she felt she was not doing right. About the tenth night she dreamed of the Beast. She saw him lying half dead on the grass in the

palace garden. She woke up all tears, and determined to go to him the very next morning. She took her ring off and laid it on the table, then went to sleep again. Next morning she woke up in the palace, and waited impatiently till supper time, when she would see the Beast. But the clock struck nine, and no Beast appeared.

"Oh, dear, I have killed him!" she cried, and ran out into the garden. There she found the poor Beast lying senseless on the ground. She threw herself upon his body in despair. His heart was still beating, so she ran to a near-by fountain for water, which she threw on his face. He opened his eyes and said in a weak voice: "You forgot your promise, so I resolved to starve myself to death; at least I shall now die happy, seeing you once more."

"You shall not die, dear Beast," cried Beauty, "but shall live to be my husband, for now I feel that I really love you."

At these words, the whole palace suddenly was ablaze with light, and music filled the air. There was no longer any Beast to be seen but in his place knelt a very handsome prince. He took Beauty's hand and thanked her for having broken his enchantment.

"But where is my poor Beast?" asked Beauty anxiously. "I want my poor Beast."

"I was the Beast," said the prince. "A wicked fairy condemned me to live in that form until some good and beautiful maiden should be found who would love me in spite of my ugliness."

He then took Beauty into the palace and there stood her father. The young pair were at once married, to the joy of the prince's subjects who now appeared in all the rooms.

The happy prince and his beautiful bride lived to reign over the country for many a long year.



The Three Little Men in the Wood

ONCE upon a time there lived a man whose wife had died; and a woman, also, who had lost her husband. Each of them had a daughter and these two maidens were very friendly.

One day the widow said to the man's daughter: "Tell your father I wish to marry him. If you do this I will promise that every morning you shall wash in milk and drink wine, but my daughter shall wash in water and drink water."

So the girl went home and told her father what the woman had said, and he replied: "Take this boot, which has a hole in the

sole, and go with it out-of-doors and pour water into it. If it holds the water, I will again take a wife; but if it runs through, I will not have her."

The girl did as he bid her but the water drew the hole together and the boot became full to over-flowing. So the father went to the widow and settled the matter, and the wedding was celebrated.

The next morning, when the two girls arose, milk to wash in and wine to drink were set for the man's daughter, but only water, both for washing and drinking, for the woman's daughter. The second morning, water for washing and drinking stood before both the man's daughter and the woman's; and on the third morning, water to wash in and water to drink were set before the man's daughter, and milk to wash in and wine to drink before the woman's daughter, and so it continued.

Soon the woman conceived a deadly hatred for her step-daughter, and knew not how to behave badly enough to her, from day to day. She was envious too, because her step-daughter was beautiful and kind, and her own daughter was ugly and hateful.

Once, in the winter time, when the river was frozen as hard as a stone, and hill and valley were covered with snow, the woman made a cloak of paper, and called the maiden to her and said, "Put on this cloak, and go away into the wood to fetch me a little basketful of strawberries."

"Mercy on us!" said the maiden, "In winter there are no strawberries growing."

"Will you dare to contradict me?" said the step-mother. "Make haste off, and let me not see you again until you have found me a basket of strawberries." Then she gave her a small piece of dry bread, saying, "On that you must subsist the whole

day." But she thought—out of doors she will be frozen and starved, so that my eyes will never see her again!

So the girl put on the paper cloak, and went away with the basket. When she came to the forest she discovered a little cottage, out of which three little dwarfs were peeping. The girl wished them good morning, and knocked gently at the door. They called her in, and entering the room, she sat down on a bench by the fire to warm herself, and eat her breakfast. The dwarfs called out, "Give us some of it!" "Willingly," she replied, and, dividing her bread in two, she gave them half. They asked, "What are you doing here in the forest, in the winter time, in this thin cloak?"

"Ah!" she answered, "I must get a basketful of strawberries and I dare not return home until I can take them with me." When she had eaten her bread, they gave her a broom, saying, "Sweep away the snow with this from the back door." But when she had gone out of doors the three dwarfs said one to another, "What shall we give her, because she is so gentle and good, and has shared her bread with us?" Then said the first, "I grant to her that she shall become more beautiful every day." The second said, "I grant that a piece of gold shall fall out of her mouth for every word she speaks. The third said, "I grant that a king shall come and make her his bride."

Meanwhile, the girl had done as the dwarfs had bidden her, and had swept away the snow from behind the house. And what do you think she found there? Large ripe strawberries! So, filling her basket in great glee, she thanked the little men and gave them each her hand, and then ran home to take her step-mother what she wished for. As she went in and said, "Good evening," two pieces of gold fell from her mouth. Thereupon she related what had happened to her in the forest; but at every word she spoke a piece of gold fell, so that the whole floor was covered.

Her step-sister was jealous, and wished to go into the forest too, to seek strawberries. Her mother, said, "No, my dear daughter; it is too cold, you will be frozen!" but at last she consented, and made her a beautiful fur cloak to put on; she also gave her buttered bread and cooked meat to eat on her way.

The girl went into the forest and came straight to the little cottage. The three dwarfs were peeping out again, but she did not greet them; and, stumbling on without looking at them or speaking, she entered the room, and, seating herself by the fire, began to eat the bread and butter and meat. "Give us some of that," exclaimed the dwarfs; but she answered, "I have not enough for myself, so how can I give any away?" When she had finished they said, "Here is a broom, go and sweep the back door clean." "Oh, sweep it yourself," she replied; "I am not your servant." When she saw that they would not do anything for her, she went out at the door, and the three dwarfs said to each other, "What shall we give her? she is so ill-behaved, and has such a bad and envious disposition, that nobody can wish well to her." The first said, "I grant that she becomes more ugly every day." The second said, "I grant that at every word she speaks a toad shall spring out of her mouth." The third said, "I grant that she shall die a miserable death." Meanwhile the girl had been looking for strawberries out of doors, but as she could find none she went home very peevish. When she opened her mouth to tell her mother what had happened to her in the forest, a toad jumped out of her mouth at each word, so that every one fled away from her in horror.

The step-mother was now still more vexed, and was always thinking how she could do most harm to her husband's daughter, who every day became more beautiful. One day she gave her a net and an axe, that she might go upon the frozen pond and cut a hole in the ice to drag the net. She obeyed, and went away and

cut an ice-hole; and while she was cutting, an elegant carriage came by, in which the king sat. The carriage stopped, and the king said, "My child, who are you? and what do you here?" "I am a poor girl, and am dragging a net," said she. Then the king pitied her, and saw how beautiful she was, and said, "Will you go with me?" "Yes, indeed, with all my heart," she replied, for she was glad to get out of the sight of her mother and sister.

So she was handed into the carriage, and driven away with the king; and as soon as they arrived at his castle the wedding was celebrated with great splendor, as the dwarfs had granted to the maiden. After a year the young queen bore a son; and when the stepmother heard of her great good fortune, she came to the castle with her daughter, and behaved as if she had come on a visit. But one day, when the king had gone out, and no one was present, this bad woman seized the queen by the head, and her daughter caught hold of her feet, and raising her out of bed, they threw her out of the window into the river which ran past. Then, laying her ugly daughter in the bed, the old woman covered her up. When the king came back he wished to speak to his wife but the old woman exclaimed, "Softly! Softly! do not go near her; she is sleeping, and must be kept quiet today." The king, not thinking of any evil design, came again the next morning the first thing; and when he spoke to his wife, and she answered, a toad sprang out of her mouth at every word, as a piece of gold had done before. So he asked what had happened, and the old woman said, "That is produced by her weakness, she will soon lose it again."

But in the night the kitchen-boy saw a duck swimming through the brook, and the duck asked: "King, king, what are you doing? Are you sleeping, or are you waking?" And as he gave no answer, the duck said, "What are my guests doing?" Then the boy answered, "They all sleep sound." And she asked

him, "How fares my child?" And he replied: "In his cradle he sleeps."

Then she came up in the form of the queen to the cradle, and gave the child drink, shook up his bed, and covered him up, and then swam away, as a duck, through the brook. The second night she came again; and on the third she said to the kitchen-boy, "Go and tell the king to take his sword, and swing it thrice over me." Then the boy ran and told the king, who came with his sword, and swung it thrice over the duck; and at the third time his bride stood before him, bright, living, and healthful, as she had been before.

Now the king was very happy, but he hid the queen in a chamber until the Sunday when the child was to be christened; and when all was finished he asked, "What ought to be done to one who takes another out of a bed and throws her into the river?" "Nothing could be more proper," said the old woman, "than to put such a person into a cask, stuck round with nails, and to roll it down the hill into the water."

Then the king said, "You have spoken your own sentence;" and ordering a cask to be fetched, he caused the old woman and her daughter to be put into it. After the bottom was nailed up, the cask was rolled down the hill until it fell into the water.

The Three Languages



IN Switzerland there lived an old count, who had an only son, who was quite stupid and never learned anything. One day the father said, "My son, I can pound nothing into your head. Now you shall go away, and an eminent master shall try his hand with you."

So the youth was sent to a foreign city, and remained a whole year with his master, and at the end of that time he returned home. His father asked him at once what he had learned, and he replied, "My father, I have learned what the dogs bark."

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed the father, "is this all you have learned? I will send you to some other city, to another master." So the youth went away a second time, and after he had remained a year, with this master, came home again. His father asked him, as before, what he had learned, and he replied, "I have learned what the birds sing." This answer put the father in a passion, and he exclaimed, "Oh, you prodigal! has all this precious time passed, and have you learned nothing? Are you not ashamed to come into my presence? Once more, I will send you to a third master; but if you learn nothing this time I will no longer be a father to you."

With this third master the boy remained, as before, a twelve-month; and when he came back to his father, he told him that he had learned the language that the frogs croak. At this the father flew into a great rage, and, calling his people together, said, "This youth is no longer my son; I cast him off, and command that you lead him into the forest and take away his life."

The servants led him away into the forest, but they had not the heart to kill him, and so they let him go. They cut out, however, the eyes and the tongue of a fawn, and took them for a token to the old count.

The young man wandered along, and after some time came to a castle, where he asked for a night's lodging. The lord of the castle said, "Yes, if you will sleep down below. There is the tower; you may go, but I warn you it is very perilous, for it is full of wild dogs, which bark and howl at every one, and, at certain hours, a man must be thrown to them to devour."

Now, on account of these dogs, the whole country round was in terror and sorrow, for no one could prevent their ravages; but the youth, being afraid of nothing, said, "Only let me in to these barking hounds, and give me something to throw to them; they will not harm me."

Since he himself wished it, they gave him some meat for the wild hounds, and let him into the tower. As soon as he entered, the dogs ran about him quite in a friendly way, wagging their tails, and never once barking; they ate, also, the meat he brought, and did not attempt to do him the least injury. The next morning to the astonishment of every one, he came forth unharmed, and said to the lord of the castle, "The hounds have informed me, in their language, why they thus waste and bring destruction upon the land. They have the guardianship of a large treasure beneath the tower, and till that is raised, they have no

rest. In what way and manner this is to be done I have also learned from them.”

At these words every one began rejoicing, and the lord promised him his daughter in marriage, if he could raise the treasure. This task he happily accomplished, and the wild hounds thereupon disappeared, and the country was freed from that plague. Then the beautiful maiden was married to the young count, and they lived happily together.

After some time, he one day got into a carriage with his wife and set out on the road to Rome. On their way thither, they passed a swamp, where the frogs sat croaking. The young count listened, and when he heard what they said, he became quite thoughtful and sad, but he did not tell his wife the reason. At last they arrived in Rome, and found the pope was just dead, and there was a great contention among the cardinals as to who should be his successor. They at length resolved, that he on whom some miraculous sign should be shown should be elected. Just as they had thus agreed upon the matter the young count stepped into the church, and suddenly two snow-white doves flew down, one on each of his shoulders, and remained perched there. The clergy recognized in this circumstance the sign they required, and asked him on the spot whether he would be pope. The young count was undecided, and knew not whether he were worthy; but the doves whispered to him that he might take the honor, and so he consented. Then he was anointed and consecrated; and so was fulfilled what the frogs had prophesied—and which had so disturbed him—that he should become the pope. Upon his election he had to sing a mass, of which he knew nothing; but the two doves sitting upon his shoulder told him all that he required.

Puss in Boots

THERE was once a miller who had three sons. When he died he had nothing to leave his children but his mill, his ass and his cat. The eldest received the mill, the second the ass, and the third the cat.

The youngest son was quite discouraged and said: "How shall I earn an honest livelihood, with nothing but a cat? After I have sold its skin, what shall I do then?"

Now the cat was sitting on the window-sill and heard these remarks, so he answered: "Good master, do not be so downcast. I will help you. Give me a bag, and buy me a pair of boots—such as other people wear—and you will soon see that you have a better bargain than you think for."

Although the cat's master knew the animal was very clever at doing tricks, he didn't see how he would be able to help him



make his fortune. Nevertheless he decided to do as the cat said, so he bought him the boots and gave him a bag.

The cat pulled on the boots, hung the bag around his neck and set off for a place where he knew there were many rabbits. He filled his bag with bran and seed, and then stretched himself out as if he were dead. In a few moments a thoughtless young rabbit caught at the bait and went headlong into the bag. The cat then drew the strings and strangled the poor rabbit, after which he hurried to the palace and asked to speak to the king.

When the king appeared, the cat bowed low and said: "Your majesty, I bring you a rabbit, from the warren of the Marquis of Carabas, which he wishes you to accept." Now the king had never heard of the Marquis of Carabas—you see it was the name that the cat had chosen for his master—but he was so pleased with the clever cat that he accepted the rabbit with great pleasure and sent his kindest regards to the marquis.

The next day the cat lured two partridges into his bag and took them to the king, saying his master the Marquis of Carabas had sent them.

For two or three months, Puss continued to carry game every now and then to the king, and his majesty always treated him very graciously. One day the cat learned that the king was going to take a ride along the river bank, accompanied by his beautiful daughter.

Puss rushed home and told his master that if he would do exactly as bidden, his fortune would be made. "All you need to do is to go bathe in the river at the spot I shall point out. The rest you can leave to me."

The Marquis of Carabas, as the miller's son now called himself to humor the cat, went down to the river and was swim-

ming about when he saw the king's coach coming down the driveway. Just then he heard his cat bawl out:

"Help! help! the Marquis of Carabas is drowning! Save him."

The king looked out of the window, and recognizing the cat who had so often brought him game, ordered his followers to rush to the assistance of the Marquis of Carabas.

While this was being done, the cat stepped up to the royal coach, bowed low and told the king that some wicked robbers had stolen the marquis' clothes. Of course, this was not true, for the cunning cat had hidden them himself under a stone.

The king immediately ordered the gentlemen of his wardrobe to go bring one of his finest suits to lend the poor marquis.

Now the miller's son was a fine big fellow and very handsome. When he put on the rich borrowed clothes and presented himself before the king and his daughter, the king, of course, took him for a very fine gentleman. The princess was so impressed by his appearance that she fell in love with him at first sight.

The king insisted upon the marquis' getting into the carriage and taking a drive with him.

The cat was quite pleased that his plans were working so well. He now rushed on ahead and when he came to a meadow where some peasants were mowing, he cried out: "Here comes the royal coach, and when the king asks you who owns this field, you must say 'the Marquis of Carabas.' If you don't, you shall be chopped as fine as mince-meat."

When the coach came past, and the king put his head out of the window and asked who owned the fine looking fields, the peasants answered: "It belongs to the Marquis of Carabas."

Puss then ran on and came to some reapers. "I say, you

reapers," cried he, "be sure you tell the king that all this corn belongs to the Marquis of Carabas or else you shall, every one of you, be ground up as fine as pepper."

The king passed by a moment after and asked to whom the cornfields belonged.

"To the Marquis of Carabas, your majesty," replied the reapers. The king beamed on the marquis to see he was so wealthy. The marquis played his part well, and simply shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say "it's nothing—a mere trifle."

Puss kept running on in front of the carriage, and at length reached a magnificent castle belonging to a giant who was very rich, for all the fine farm-lands the king had just been passing belonged to him.

Puss inquired what sort of a person the ogre was and what he was able to do, then sent in a message asking leave to speak to him. At last Puss was ushered in before the giant, and said: "I was passing through this part of the country and wanted to pay my respects to you, as I have heard what a wonderful person you are. They say you can change yourself into a lion, or an elephant any time you want."

"So I can," replied the ogre sharply, and he immediately became a ferocious lion. Puss was so frightened that he ran up the curtain, and would not come down till the giant had returned to his natural shape.

"My, you are wonderful," said the cunning cat. "But you have no idea what funny stories they tell about you. Would you believe it, they say you can also turn yourself into the smallest kind of an animal—for instance a rat or a mouse. But of course that is too much to believe. It must be impossible."

"Impossible, is it," roared the monster, "I will show you,"

and with that he turned himself into a mouse and began frisking about. Sly Puss lost no time, but pounced on the mouse and killed him.

By this time the king had reached the gates of the giant's castle and Puss was there to greet him, saying, "Welcome to the castle of my lord, the Marquis of Carabas."

"Well, well, marquis, does this magnificent castle also belong to you?" asked the king. "I should like to see the inside, with your permission."

So they all went in, and Puss showed them from one gorgeous room to another. The king was highly delighted, for the castle was magnificent and the Marquis of Carabas was proving an excellent host. He also noticed that the princess and the marquis seemed to be quite in love with each other, so he said:

"Marquis, if you wish to marry my daughter, you have but to say the word."

The marquis bowed and looked longingly at the princess who also bowed and gave him her hand. They were married that very day, and the old king gave them his blessing.

The marquis was so grateful to Puss in Boots, that he immediately made him a great lord and gave him plenty of money so that he lived in ease all the rest of his days. He no longer had to hunt for his food, and never chased mice except for sport.



Clever Grethel

THERE was once a cook named Grethel who was so fond of eating that she would often consume the best things in the house, saying to herself: "A cook ought to know the taste of everything."

One day her master invited a gentleman to dinner and told her to cook a pair of fine chickens.

At the proper time the fowls were all ready. They were beautifully brown and hot, but the guest had not yet arrived.

The master, becoming impatient, walked down the street to see if he could see his friend coming.

As soon as his back was turned, Grethel put the pan with the birds to one side, and said to herself: "I have been standing by the fire so long that it has made me quite thirsy. Who knows when the company will come? While I am waiting I may as well run into the cellar, and have a little drop." So she seized a jug, and said, "All right, Grethel, you shall have a good drink."

After this she went into the kitchen, and placed the fowls again on the fire, basted them with butter, and rattled the pan round so furiously, that they browned and frizzled with the heat. "They would never miss a little piece, if they searched for it ever so carefully," she said to herself. Then she dipped her finger in the dripping-pan to taste, and cried, "Oh, how nice these fowls are! It is a sin and a shame that there is no one here to eat them."

She ran to the window to see if her master and the guest were coming; but she could see no one. So she went and stood again by the fowls, and thought, "the wing of that fowl is a little burnt. I had better eat it." She cut it off, and ate it up, and it tasted so nice that when she had finished it, she thought, "I must have the other. Master will never notice that anything is missing."

"After the two wings were eaten, Grethel again went to look for the master, but there were no signs of his appearance. 'Who knows,' said she to herself, 'perhaps the visitor is not coming at all. So she went back to the kitchen and ate the remainder of the chicken with great relish.

There was now only one fowl left, and, as her master did not return, Grethel began to look at it with longing eyes. At last she said, "Where one is, there must the other be; for the fowls belong to each other, and what is right for one is also fair and right for the other. I believe, too, I want some more to drink. It won't hurt me." The last draught gave her courage. She came back to the kitchen, and let the second fowl go after the first.

As she was enjoying the last morsel, home came her master. "Make haste, Grethel," he cried. "The guest will be here in a few minutes."

"Yes, master," she replied. "It will soon be all ready."

Meanwhile, the master saw that the cloth was laid, and everything in order. So he took up the carving-knife, with which he intended to carve, and went out to sharpen it on the stones in the passage.

While he was doing so, the guest arrived, and knocked gently and courteously at the house-door. Grethel ran out to see who it was, and when she caught sight of the visitor, she placed her finger on her lips, and whispered: "Hush, hush! go back again as quickly as you came. If my master should catch you, it would be unfortunate. He did invite you to dinner this evening; but with no other intention than to cut off both your ears. Listen, you can hear him sharpening his knife."

The guest heard the sound, and hastened as fast as he could down the steps, and was soon out of sight.

Then Grethel ran screaming to her master and said: "You have invited a fine guest, indeed. He was just here and took the two beautiful fowls from the dish, while I was down cellar getting the wine. There he goes running down the street now."

The master was so sorry to lose his fine dinner that he rushed out to follow the thief, knife in hand, crying: "let me have one anyway."

The guest, seeing his friend chasing him with the carving knife thought of course he meant to cut off his ears, so ran faster than ever, and finally reached his home in safety.



Snow-White and Rose-Red

THERE was once a poor widow who had two beautiful daughters called Snow-White and Rose-Red. They had been named after the roses that grew in front of the cottage.

The two children loved each other dearly and always walked hand in hand wherever they went. They were unhappy if they had to be separated even for a day. Whatever one had was always shared with the other.

Snow-White and Rose-Red kept their mother's cottage so clean that it was a pleasure to enter it. Every morning in the summer-time Rose-Red would put the house in order. Every

winter's morning Snow-White would light the fire and put the kettle on to boil. In the evening, when the flakes of snow were falling, the mother would say, "Go, Snow-White, and bolt the door;" and then they used to sit down on the hearth, and the mother would put on her spectacles and read out of a great book, while her children sat spinning. By their side, too, lay a little lamb, and on a perch behind him a little white dove reposed with her head under her wing.

One evening there came a knock at the door. "Make haste, Rose-Red," cried her mother, and open the door; perhaps there is some traveler outside who needs shelter."

So Rose-Red opened the door, expecting to see some poor man outside; but instead, a great fat bear poked his black head in. Rose-Red shrieked out and ran back, the little lamb bleated, the dove fluttered on her perch, and Snow-White hid herself behind her mother's bed. The bear, however, began to speak, and said, "Be not afraid, I will do you no harm; but I am half frozen, and wish to come in and warm myself."

"Poor bear!" cried the mother; "come in and lie down before the fire; but take care you do not harm your skin;" and then she continued, "Come here, Rose-Red and Snow-White, the bear will not harm you." So they both came back, and by degrees the lamb too and the dove overcame their fears and welcomed the rough visitor.

The bear stretched himself before the fire and grumbled out his satisfaction, and in a little while the children became familiar enough to play with him. They pulled his long shaggy skin, set their feet upon his back and rolled him to and fro, and even ventured to beat him with a hazel-stick, laughing when he grumbled. The bear bore all their tricks good-naturedly, and if they hit too hard he cried out,—

“Leave me my life, you children,
Snow-White and Rose-Red,
Or you’ll never wed.”

When bedtime came the mother said to the bear, “You may sleep here on the hearth if you like, and then you will be safely protected from the cold and bad weather.”

Next morning the children let the bear out again, and he trotted away over the snow, and ever afterwards he came back every evening at a certain hour. He would lie down on the hearth and allow the children to play with him as much as they liked, till by degrees they became so accustomed to him, that the door was left unbolted till their black friend arrived.

But as soon as spring returned, the bear one morning told Snow-White that he must leave her, and could not return during the whole summer.

“Where are you going then, dear bear?” asked Snow-White. “I am obliged to go into the forest and guard my treasures from the evil dwarfs. In winter, when the ground is hard, they are forced to keep in their holes and cannot work through; but now, since the sun has thawed the earth and warmed it, the dwarfs pierce through, and steal all they can find. What has once passed into their hands, and is concealed by them in their caves, is not easily brought to light.”

Snow-White, however, was very sad at the departure of the bear, and opened the door so hesitatingly, that when he pressed through it he left behind on the latch a piece of his hairy coat; and through the hole which was made in his coat, Snow-White fancied she saw the glittering of gold, but she was not quite certain of it. The bear, however, ran hastily away, and was soon hidden behind the tree,

Some time afterwards the mother sent the children into the wood to gather sticks, and while doing so they saw a dwarf, with an old wrinkled face and a snow-white beard a yard long. The end of this beard was caught in a split of the tree, and the little man kept jumping about like a dog tied by a chain, for he did not know how to free himself. He glared at the maidens with his red, fiery eyes, and exclaimed, "Why do you stand there? Are you going to pass without offering me any assistance?"

"What have you done, little man?" asked Rose-Red.

"You stupid, gazing goose!" exclaimed he, "I was trying to split the tree when the smooth wood flew up upwards, and the tree closed so suddenly together, that I could not draw my beautiful beard out; and here it sticks, and I cannot get away. There, don't laugh, you milk-faced things, but hurry and help me."

The children tried as hard as they could to pull the dwarf's beard out, but without success. "I will run and fetch some help," cried Rose-Red at length.

"Crack-brained sheep's-head that you are!" snarled the dwarf; "what are you going to call other people for? You are two too many now for me; can you think of nothing else?"

"Don't be impatient," replied Snow-White; "I have thought of something;" and, pulling her scissors out of her pocket, she cut off the end of the beard. As soon as the dwarf found himself at liberty he snatched up his sack, filled with gold, and, throwing it over his shoulder, marched off, without even thanking the children.

Some time afterwards Snow-White and Rose-Red went fishing, and as they neared the pond they recognized the dwarf.

The little man had been sitting there angling, and, unfortunately, the wind had entangled his beard with the fishing-line; and so when a great fish bit at the bait, the strength of the

weak little fellow was not able to draw it out, and the fish had the best of the struggle. The dwarf held on by the reeds and rushes which grew near, but to no purpose, for the fish pulled him where it liked, and he must soon have been drawn into the pond. Luckily just then the two maidens arrived, and tried to release the beard of the dwarf from the fishing-line, but both were too much entangled for it to be done. So Snow-White pulled out her scissors again and cut off another piece of the beard. When the dwarf saw this done he was in a great rage, and exclaimed, "You donkey! that is the way to disfigure my face. Was it not enough to cut it once, but you must now take away the best part of my fine beard? I dare not show myself again now to my own people. I wish you had run the soles off your boots before you had come here!" So saying, he took up a bag of pearls, which lay among the rushes, and, without speaking another word, slipped off and disappeared behind a stone.

Not many days after this adventure, it happened that the mother sent the two maidens to the next town to buy thread, needles, pins, laces and ribbons. On their way they saw a great bird flying round and round, and every now and then dropping lower and lower, till at last it flew down behind a rock. Immediately afterwards they heard a piercing shriek, and, running up, they saw that the eagle had caught their old acquaintance the dwarf, and was trying to carry him off. The compassionate children thereupon laid hold of the little man, and held him fast till the bird gave up the struggle and flew off. As soon as the dwarf had recovered from his fright, he exclaimed in his squeaking voice, "Could you not hold me more gently? You have seized my fine brown coat in such a manner that it is all torn and full of holes!" With these words he shouldered a bag filled with precious stones, and slipped away to his cave among the rocks.



The maidens were now accustomed to his ingratitude, and so they walked on to the town and transacted their business there. Coming home they passed the spot where the dwarf had shaken out his bag of precious stones, thinking nobody was near. The sun was shining, and the bright stones glittered in its beams, and displayed such a variety of colors that the two maidens stopped to admire them.

“What are you standing there gaping for?” asked the dwarf, while his face grew as red as copper with rage; he was continuing to abuse the poor maidens, when a loud roaring noise was heard, and presently a great black bear came rolling out of the forest. The dwarf jumped up terrified, but he could not gain his retreat before the bear overtook him. Thereupon he cried out, “Spare me, my dear Lord Bear! I will give you all my treasures. There are two wicked girls, take them; they would make nice morsels; as fat as young quails; eat them.”

The bear, however, without troubling himself to speak, gave the bad-hearted dwarf a single blow with his paw, and he never stirred after.

The maidens were then going to run away, but the bear called after them, "Snow-White and Rose-Red, fear not! Wait a bit, and I will accompany you." They recognized his voice and stopped; and when the bear came, his rough coat suddenly fell off, and he stood up a tall man, dressed entirely in gold. "I am a king's son," he said, "and was condemned by the wicked dwarf, who stole all my treasures, to wander about in this forest in the form of a bear till his death released me. Now he has received his well-deserved punishment."

Then they went home, and Snow-White was married to the prince, and Rose-Red to his brother, with whom they shared the immense treasure which the dwarf had collected. The old mother also lived for many years happily with her two children; and the rose-trees which had stood before the cottage were planted now before the palace, and produced every year beautiful red and white roses.

The Brave Little Tailor



ONE sunshiny morning a little tailor was eating his breakfast of bread and jam. Now there were a number of flies buzzing around in the room. They soon smelled the tempting jam, and flew down on the table to have a taste.

“Hello! who invited you?” cried the little tailor, as he drove away the unbidden guests.

But it was of no use. Back again they came till finally the little tailor’s patience was exhausted. He made his newspaper into a thick roll and dashed it unmercifully into their midst, killing seven at once.

“Shall I admire my own bravery alone?” he cried. “No, no, the whole town shall hear about it.” So he sat down on his work-table and cut out a belt on which he sewed and stitched large letters forming the words: “Seven at one blow.”

“Not only this town,” continued he, “but the whole world shall hear of it.” And his heart waggled with pride like a lamb’s tail.

He then bound the girdle round his waist, and determined to go out into the world, for he considered his workshop too small for a display of such bravery. Before starting he searched in every corner of the house to discover if there was anything he could take with him, but found nothing but an old cheese, which he put in his pocket.

As he passed out he saw before the door a bird caught in the

bushes: this he also placed in his pocket with the cheese. Then he set out on his journey, and the road he took led him up a high mountain. When he reached the summit, there sat an enormous giant, who looked at him in a friendly manner.

The brave little tailor went straight up to him, and said, "Good morning, comrade, I am traveling in search of adventures—will you go with me?"

The giant looked quite disdainfully at the little tailor, and exclaimed, "You conceited little imp! What! go with a little morsel of a man like you?"

"Stop," cried the tailor, "not so fast;" and, unbuttoning his coat, he pointed to the words on his girdle. "If you can read, that will show you whether I am a man or not."

The giant read, "Seven at one blow!" and thinking it must be seven men whom the tailor had killed, he began to feel more respect for him.

"Well, now, I will test you," said the giant. "Look here, can you do this?" and he took up a large stone and squeezed it till the water came from it.

"Oh, that is nothing," exclaimed the tailor, "it is but play to me;" and taking out the soft cheese from his pocket, he squeezed it till the whey ran from it. "Beat that, if you can," said he.

The giant knew not what to say; the strength of the little tailor quite astonished him. However, he took up another stone, and threw it to such a height in the air that it was impossible to see where it went.

"Certainly, that is clever," said the tailor; "but the stone will fall somewhere. I will throw one up that shall not come down again." He put his hand in his pocket, and drawing out the bird, threw it up into the air.

Overjoyed at regaining its freedom, the bird rose immediately, and spreading its wings, was soon far out of sight.



“What do you think of that performance, comrade?” he asked.

“You can throw very well, certainly,” replied the giant; “but I should like to see if you can draw a heavy weight as easily as you can throw.”

He led the little tailor to a forest, in which lay an enormous oak which had fallen to the ground. “Now, then,” he said, “if you are as strong as you say, just help me to carry this tree out of the forest.”

“Most willingly,” replied the little man. “You take the trunk on your shoulders, and leave me the leaves and the boughs; they are the heaviest.”

The giant lifted the trunk on his shoulders, but the cunning little tailor seated himself among the branches, unseen by the giant, who had therefore to carry the whole tree and the tailor in the bargain, without knowing it.

The giant, however, had not gone far when he began to stagger under his heavy load. “I cannot move a step further,” he cried. “Don’t you hear, I shall let the tree fall.”

At this, the tailor sprung lightly down, seized the tree with both hands, and exclaimed, "Well, you can't be so very strong, not to be able to carry such a tree as this."

They left the tree, and walked on together and finally the giant said to him, "As you are such a clever little fellow, you had better come home with me to my cave and stay the night."

The tailor was quite ready to accompany him, and when they reached the cave, there sat two other giants before a blazing fire, each with a large roast sheep in his hands, eating his supper.

The giant then showed him a bed in which he could sleep, but when he laid himself down it was so large that he got up again, and, creeping into a corner, curled himself round and went to sleep

At midnight, the giant, thinking his visitor was fast asleep, rose up, and taking a heavy iron bar, struck a blow at the bed which broke it right through. "Ah," thought he, "I must have killed the little grasshopper. I'm done with his cunning tricks now." But the next morning, when the giants went out into the wood, and were not thinking of the tailor, he walked up to them as brave as ever.

They were so alarmed at the sight of him come to life again, as they thought, that they ran away quickly and were soon out of sight.

Then the little man journeyed on, till he arrived at the entrance court of a king's palace. Feeling very tired, he lay down on the grass, and soon fell fast asleep.

While he lay there, the people passing read on his girdle, "Seven at one blow." "Ah," exclaimed one, "he must be a great hero."

So they went and told the king that it would be a great advantage to secure the services of such a wonderful and clever man.

The king listened to this counsel, and sent one of the gentlemen of the court to tell the little man that he wished to enlist him in his service.

“Ah, yes,” exclaimed the little man, “that is exactly what I came for; I wish to be enlisted in the king’s service.”

So he was received at the palace with high honors, and handsome apartments were prepared for his use.

But the military men at the court were jealous of the little tailor, and wished him thousands of miles away.

They plotted against him and before long the king grew tired of him and decided to get rid of him in an easy way.

Calling the tailor before him one day the king said: “In a forest, not far from here, two giants dwell. Now, to the one who shall destroy these dreadful giants, I will give my only daughter in marriage, and the half of my kingdom as her dowry.”

“Well,” thought the tailor, “that is a reward worth trying for, especially for such a man as I am; it is an offer not met with every day.”

So he replied to the king, “Yes, sir, I will overcome the giants,” and he set out immediately.

After a while, he came to the forest where the two giants were lying fast asleep under a tree, and snoring so loudly that the leaves above them were shaken from the branches and fell to the ground.

The little tailor was not idle; he ran quickly and filled both his pockets full of large stones. Then he climbed up into the tree, and sliding out to the end of a branch under which the sleepers lay, let fall upon the chest of one of the giants one stone after another.

The giant woke up, and pushing his companion roughly, exclaimed, “What do you mean by knocking me about like this?”

“You are dreaming,” said the other; “I never touched you.” And presently they were both asleep again.

Then the little tailor threw a heavy stone on the other giant, who woke up in a rage and cried, “You are striking me, now; what do you mean by it?”

“I never struck you,” he growled.

They were both so ill-tempered at being disturbed, that they began to quarrel and soon a regular combat followed. So furiously did they fight, that they uprooted the large trees near them to use as weapons, and the conflict only ended when they both lay dead on the ground.

Down sprang the little tailor, drew his sword, and after cutting the throats of the giants, went out of the forest and returned to the court, where he presented himself before the king to claim the promised reward. But the king put him off, saying that he must perform one more heroic deed, and that was to kill a wild boar, that did great mischief in the forest.

“Oh, certainly,” replied the tailor; “that will be child’s play for me,” and he set out immediately for the forest.

As soon as the wild boar caught sight of the tailor, he flew at him, with glaring tusks and a foaming mouth, and would have thrown him on the ground. But our clever little friend was too quick for him; he sprang through the open window of a little chapel that stood near, and out through another door on the other side. The boar was soon after him; but the moment he entered the chapel through the door, the tailor ran round quickly to close it, and the wild animal found himself a prisoner, for he was much too heavy and excited to jump through the window.

After this the king was obliged to keep his promise and gave the hero his daughter and half his kingdom.

So the wedding was performed with great pomp, but very little rejoicing, and thus was a tailor made into a king.

Some little time after, the young queen heard her husband talking in his sleep, and saying: "Work away, youngster; I expect you to finish that waistcoat very quickly, for you have the seams of the trousers to sew. If you sit there idling, I will lay the yard measure about your ears."

Such remarks were overhead several times, and the queen thus discovered that her husband was of low birth, and only a tailor.

When she told her father of her trouble, and asked him to send away a husband who was only a tailor, the king tried to comfort her by saying, "This evening, when night comes, leave your chamber-door unlocked, and as soon as your husband is fast asleep, my servants shall enter and bind him hand and foot, and carry him to a ship, in which he shall sail to distant lands."

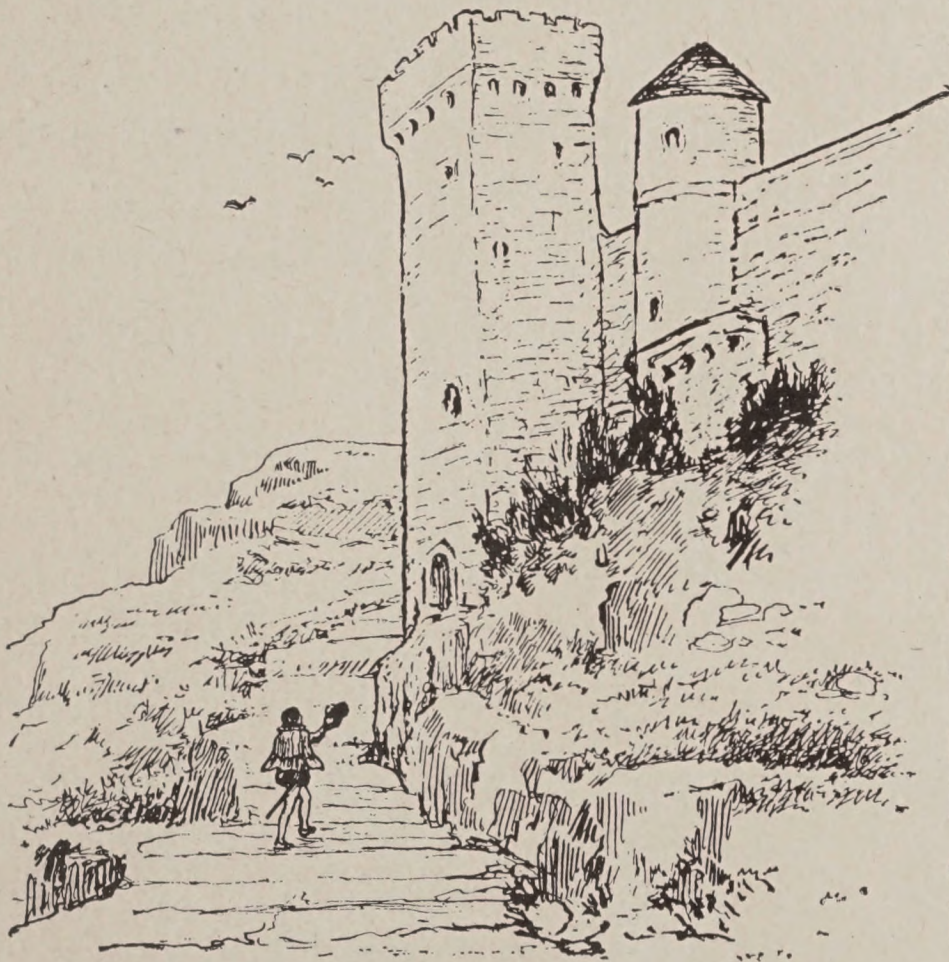
The young wife was overjoyed at hearing of this scheme, and readily consented to the arrangement. But the king's equerry had overheard the conversation, and as he had a regard for this young man, he revealed to him the whole of the plot.

When night came, every one retired to rest at the usual hour; and as soon as the queen thought her husband slept, she rose quietly and opened the door. But the tailor, who had only pretended to sleep, exclaimed in a loud voice, "Be quick, youngster, and finish that waistcoat, and stitch the seams of these trousers, or you will soon have the yard measure about your ears. I have killed seven at a blow; I have destroyed two giants; I have hunted and taken a wild boar captive, and shall I be afraid of those who stand outside of my chamber door?"

As soon as the conspirators heard this, they were in a great fright, and fled as if a wild host were at their heels; and from that time no one in the kingdom could be prevailed upon to take part against him, and so the tailor remained a king for the rest of his life.

Faithful John

FAITHFUL JOHN was the affectionate and trusted servant of a king who lived long ago. When the king was on his death-bed he called for his faithful servant and said to



him: "Because you have been true to me all your life-time, I appoint you guardian of my only son, who is still very young. After my death you must show him all the chambers, halls, and vaults in the castle, and all the treasures which are in them. But you must not let him enter the last room in the long corridor for in there hangs the portrait of the daughter of the

King of the Golden Palace. She is so beautiful that if my son sees her picture he will conceive a great love for her and will fall down in a swoon. In trying to win her he will undergo great perils, therefore you must keep him away."

Then John answered: "I will watch over the prince and will serve him faithfully, even if it cost me my life."

Sometime after the old king had been borne to his grave, Faithful John took his young master all over the castle. He led him upstairs and downstairs and showed him all the riches, and the splendid chambers, all except the forbidden one. The young king remarked, however, that Faithful John always passed by one door, so he asked, "Why do you not open that one?"

"There is something in it," Faithful John replied, "which will frighten you."

But the king said, "I have seen all the rest of the castle, and I will know what is in there;" and he went and tried to open the door by force. Faithful John pulled him back, and said, "I promised your father before he died that you should not see the contents of that room; it would bring great misfortunes upon both you and me."

"Oh, no," replied the young king, "if I do not go in, it will be my certain ruin; I should have no peace night nor day, until I have seen it with my own eyes. Now, I will not stir from the place till you unlock the door."

Then Faithful John saw that it was of no use talking; so, with a heavy heart he picked the key out of the great bunch and opened the door. As soon as the young king saw the portrait of the maiden, which was so beautiful and glittered with precious stones, he fell down on the ground insensible. Faithful John lifted him up, carried him to his bed, and gave him wine until he came to himself. The first words he spoke were, "Whom does that beautiful picture represent?"

"That is the daughter of the King of the Golden Palace," was the reply.

"Then," said the king, "my love for her is so great, that my life shall be spent searching for her. You are my faithful John, you must accompany me."

The trusty servant deliberated for a long while how to set about this business, for it was very difficult to get into the presence of the king's daughter. At last he thought of a way, and said to the king, "Everything which she has around her is of gold,—chairs, tables, dishes, bowls, and all the household utensils. Among your treasures are five tons of gold; let the goldsmiths of your kingdom manufacture vessels and utensils of all kinds therefrom—all kinds of birds, and wild wonderful beasts, such as will please her; then we will travel with these and try our luck."

So the king summoned all his goldsmiths, who worked day and night until many very beautiful things were ready. When all had been placed on board a ship, Faithful John put on merchant's clothes, and the king likewise, so that they might travel quite unknown. Then they sailed away until they came to the city where dwelt the daughter of the King of the Golden Palace.

Faithful John told the king to remain in the ship, and wait for him, while he went to the king's palace with several of the golden articles wrapped up in a napkin. When the king's daughter saw the golden cups, she was much pleased, and said, "They are so finely worked, that I will purchase them all." But Faithful John replied, "I am only the servant of a rich merchant; what I have here is nothing in comparison to those which my master has in his ship." Then the king's daughter wished to have them all brought; but he said, "It would take many days, and so great is the quantity, that your palace has not halls enough in it to place them around." Then her curiosity and desire were still more excited, and at last she said, "Take me to the ship; I will go myself and look at your master's treasure."

Faithful John conducted her to the ship with great joy, and the king when he beheld her, saw that her beauty was still

greater than the picture had represented. Presently she stepped on board and the king conducted her below; but Faithful John remained on deck by the steersman, and told him to unmoor the ship and put on all the sail he could, that it might fly as a bird through the air. Meanwhile the king showed the princess all the golden treasures,—the dishes, cups, bowls, the birds, the wild and wonderful beasts. Many hours passed away while she looked at everything, and in her joy she did not remark that the ship sailed on and on. As soon as she had looked at the last, and thanked the merchant, she wished to depart. But when she came on deck, she perceived that they were upon the high sea, far from the shore, and were hastening on with all sail. “Ah,” she exclaimed in affright, “I am betrayed; I am carried off and taken away in the power of a strange merchant. I would rather die!”

But the king, taking her by the hand, said, “I am not a merchant, but a king, thine equal in birth. It is true that I have carried thee off; but that is because of my overwhelming love for thee. Dost thou know that when I first saw the portrait of thy beauteous face, that I fell down in a swoon before it?” When the king’s daughter heard these words, she was reassured, and her heart was inclined towards him, so that she willingly promised to be his bride.

While they thus went on their voyage on the high sea, it happened that Faithful John, as he sat on the deck of the ship, playing music, saw three crows in the air, who came flying towards them. He stopped playing, and listened to what they were saying to each other, for he understood them perfectly.

The first one exclaimed, “There he is, carrying home the daughter of the King of the Golden Palace.”

“But he is not home yet,” replied the second.

“But he has her,” said the third; “she is sitting by him in the ship.”

Then the first began again, and exclaimed, “What matters that? When they go on shore, a fox-colored horse will spring towards them, on which he will mount; and as soon as he is on it, it will jump up with him into the air, so that he will never again see his bride.”

The second one asked, “Is there no escape?”

“Oh yes, if another mounts behind quickly, and takes out the firearms which are in the holster, and with them shoots the horse dead, then the young king will be saved. But who knows that? And if any one does know it, and tells him, such a one will be turned to stone from the toe to the knee.”

Then the second spoke again, “I know still more: if the horse should be killed, the young king will not then retain his bride; for when they come into the castle, a beautiful bridal shirt will lie there upon a dish, and seem to be woven of gold and silver, but it is nothing but sulphur and pitch; and if he puts it on, it will burn him to his marrow and bones.”

Then the third crow asked, “Is there no escape?”

“Oh yes,” answered the second; “if some one takes up the shirt with his gloves on, and throws it into the fire so that it is burnt, the young king will be saved. But what does that signify? Whoever knows it, and tells him, will be turned to stone from his knee to his heart.”

Then the third crow spoke: “I know still more: even if the bridal shirt be consumed, still the young king will not retain his bride. For if, after the wedding, a dance is held, while the young queen dances, she will suddenly turn pale, and fall down as if dead; and if some one does not raise her up, and take three drops of blood from her right breast and throw them away, she

will die. But whoever knows that and tells it, will have his whole body turned to stone, from the crown of his head to the toes of his feet."

After the crows had thus talked with one another, they flew away, and Faithful John, who had understood all they had said, was from that time very quiet and sad; if he concealed from his master what he had heard, misfortune would happen to him, and if he told him all he must give up his own life. But at last he thought, "I will save my master, even if I destroy myself."

As soon as they came on shore, it happened just as the crow had told, and an immense fox-red horse sprang up. "Fine!" said the king; "this shall carry me to my castle;" and he tried to mount; but Faithful John came straight up, and swinging himself quickly on, drew the firearms out of the holster and shot the horse dead. Then the servants of the king, who were jealous of Faithful John, exclaimed, "How shameful to kill the beautiful creature, which might have borne the king to the castle!" But the king replied, "Be silent, and let him go; he is my very Faithful John—who knows the good he may have done."

Now they went into the castle, and there stood a dish in the hall, and the splendid bridal shirt lay in it, and seemed nothing else than gold and silver. The young king went up to it and wished to take it up, but Faithful John pushed him away, and taking it up with his gloves on, bore it quickly to the fire and let it burn. The other servants thereupon began to murmur, saying, "See, now he is burning the king's bridal shirt!" But the young king replied, "Who knows what good he has done? Let him alone—he is my Faithful John."

Soon after, the wedding was celebrated, and a grand ball was given, and the bride began to dance. So Faithful John paid great attention, and watched her countenance; all at once she

grew pale, and fell as if dead to the ground. Then he sprang up hastily, raised her up and bore her to a chamber, where he laid her down, kneeled beside her, and drawing the three drops of blood out of her right breast, threw them away. As soon as she breathed again, she raised herself up; but the young king had witnessed everything, and not knowing why Faithful John had done this, was very angry, and called out, "Throw him into prison!" The next morning Faithful John was brought up for trial, and led to the gallows; and as he stood upon them, and was about to be executed, he said, "Every one condemned to die may speak once before his death. Shall I also have that privilege?" "Yes," answered the king, "it shall be granted you." Then Faithful John replied, "I have been wrongly judged, and have always been true to you;" and he narrated the conversation of the crows which he heard at sea; and how, in order to save his master, he was obliged to do all he had done. Then the king cried out, "Oh, my most trusty John, pardon, pardon; lead him away!" But the trusty John had fallen down at the last word and was turned into stone.

At this event both the king and the queen were in great grief, and the king thought, "Ah, how wickedly have I rewarded his great fidelity!" and he had the stone statue raised up and placed in his sleeping-chamber, near his bed; and as often as he looked at it, he wept and said, "Ah, could I bring you back to life again, my Faithful John!"

After some time had passed, the queen bore twins, two little sons, who were her great joy. Once when the queen was in church, and the children were at home playing by their father's side, the king looked up at the stone statute full of sorrow, and exclaimed with a sigh, "Ah, could I restore you to life, my Faithful John!" At these words the statue began to speak, saying, "Yes, you can make me alive again, if you will bestow on me

that which is dearest to you." The king replied, "All that I have in the world I will give up for you." The statue spake again: "If you, with your own hand, cut off of the heads of both your children and sprinkle me with their blood, I shall be brought to life again." The king was terrified when he heard that he must kill his two dear children; but he remembered his servant's great fidelity, and how Faithful John had died for him, and drawing his sword he cut off the heads of both his children with his own hand. And as soon as he had sprinkled the statue with blood, life came back to it, and Faithful John stood again alive and well before him, and said, "Your faith shall not go unrewarded; and taking the heads of the two children, he set them on again, and anointed their wounds with their blood, and thereupon they healed again in a moment, and the children sprang away and played as if nothing had happened.

Now the king was full of happiness, and as soon as he saw the queen coming, he hid Faithful John and both the children in a great closet. As soon as she came in he said to her, "Have you prayed in the church?" "Yes," she answered; "but I thought continually of Faithful John, who has come to such misfortune through us." Then he replied, "My dear wife, we can restore his life again to him, but it will cost us both our little sons, whom we must sacrifice." The queen became pale and was terrified at heart, but she said, "We must restore his life on account of his great fidelity." The king was glad that she thought as he did, and going up to the closet, he unlocked it, brought out the children and Faithful John, saying, "God be praised! he is saved, and we still have our little sons." Then he told her all that happened. Afterwards they lived happily together to the end of their days.

The Knapsack, the Hat, and the Horn

ONCE upon a time three brothers lived together in an old-fashioned house, which their father had left to them in his will. But they had no money, and so one day they decided to go out into the world and seek their fortunes.

As they traveled along, they came to a large forest, and in the middle of it was a great hill covered over with silver.

“Well,” said the oldest brother, “I want nothing better than this.” So he filled his pockets and hat, and returned home.

The other two decided to hunt for greater riches than silver, so they traveled on two days more. When they came to another hill covered with gold, the second brother was delighted and immediately gathered up as much of the glittering gold as he could carry. He then bade good-bye to his brother and went back home.



The third brother seemed to think that he would find something better than silver or gold, so he continued on his way.

He traveled on for three days more and it seemed as if he would never come to the end of the great forest. He could no longer find any food and he was almost starving.

“Dear me,” said he, “if I had only one good meal I am sure I could find my way out of this forest.”

Scarcely had he uttered the words than he saw, to his great astonishment, a napkin under a near-by tree, spread with all kinds of good things to eat. He was so hungry he didn't stop to wonder who had cooked the food or where it had come from; he just sat down and devoured everything in sight.

“It would be a shame to leave this nice linen napkin in the forest. I'll take it along with me,” said he, as he folded the napkin up and put it in his pocket.

Toward evening he again became hungry so he took out his napkin and spread it on the ground. Of course he didn't think he could make it produce any more food, but he thought he would try it, so he said out loud: “I should like to see you again spread with cheer!” Scarcely had he spoken, when as many steaming dishes as there was room for stood upon the napkin.

At the sight he exclaimed: “Now you are dearer to me than a mountain of silver or gold, for I perceive that you are a wishing-cloth.”

The next evening he came to a charcoal-burner who lived in the forest. He was busy roasting some potatoes for his supper.

“Good evening, my black fellow,” said our hero, “aren't you lonesome living here alone?”

“Yes,” replied the charcoal-burner. “One day is like another to me, and every night potatoes. Have you a mind for some? If so, be my guest.”

“Many thanks,” replied the traveler, “but I prefer to have you be my guest.” And with that he spread out the magic napkin and said: “Cloth, cover thyself,” and immediately delicious meats and vegetables were spread about.

The charcoal-burner opened his eyes wide, but did not waste much time in staring. He sat down and ate a hearty meal.

“Your cloth pleases me,” he said, “and would be of great use to me here in the woods. I will strike a bargain with you. I have an old knapsack which possesses a wonderful virtue. If you tap upon it three times with your fingers, out will come a corporal and six men, armed from head to foot, who will do whatever you command them.”

“In faith,” cried our hero, “I do not think I can do better; let us change;” and giving the man his wishing-cloth, he took the knapsack off its hook, and strode away with it on his back.

He had not gone very far before he wished to try the virtue of his bargain; so he tapped upon it, and immediately the seven warriors stepped before him, and the leader said: “What does my lord and master desire?”

“March back quickly to the charcoal-burner, and demand my wishing-cloth again,” said our hero.

The soldiers wheeled round to the left, and before very long they brought back what he desired, having taken it from the collier without so much as asking his leave. This done he dismissed them, and traveled on again. At sunset he came to another charcoal-burner, who was preparing his supper at the fire, and who asked, “Will you sup with me?”

“No,” replied the traveler, “this time you shall be my guest;” and he unfolded his cloth, which was at once spread with the most delicate fare. They ate and drank together, and soon were very merry; and when their meal was done, the charcoal-burner

said, "I have an old worn-out hat, which, if one puts it on and presses it down on his head, causes twelve field-pieces to go off and shoot down all that comes in their way. The hat is of no use to me and therefore I should like to exchange it for your cloth."

"Oh! I have no objection to that," replied the other; and taking the hat, he left his wishing-cloth behind him; but he had not gone very far before he tapped on his knapsack, and bade the soldiers, who appeared, to fetch it back from his guest.

Next day he met a third charcoal-burner, who invited him, as the others had, to a potato-supper. However, he spread out his wishing-cloth, and the feast pleased the charcoal-burner so well that he offered him, in return for his cloth, a horn, which had still more wonderful properties than either the knapsack or hat; for, when one blew it, every wall and fortification fell down before its blast, and even whole villages and towns were overturned. For this horn he gladly gave his cloth, but he soon sent his soldiers back for it; and now he had not only that, but also the knapsack, the hat, and the horn.

"Now," said he, "I have indeed made my fortune, and it is high time that I return home and see how my brothers are getting on."

When he arrived at the old place, he found his brothers had built a splendid palace with their gold and silver, and were living in clover. He entered their house; but because he came in with a coat torn to rags, the shabby hat upon his head, and the old knapsack upon his back, his brothers would not own him and drove him out of doors.

This treatment put the poor man in such a rage that he knocked upon the knapsack so many times that soon a hundred and fifty men stood before him in rank and file. He commanded



them to surround his brothers' house, and to take hazel-sticks and thrash them both until they knew who he was. They set up a tremendous howling, so that the people ran to the spot and tried to assist the two brothers; but they could do nothing against the soldiers.

By-and-by the king himself heard the noise, and he ordered out a captain and troop to drive the disturber of the peace out of the city; but the man with his knapsack soon gathered together a greater company, who beat back the captain and his men, and sent them home with bleeding noses. At this the king said, "This vagabond fellow shall be driven away;" and the next day he sent a larger troop against him; but they fared no better than the first. The beggar, as he was called, soon ranged more men in opposition, and, in order to do the work quicker, he pressed his hat down upon his head a couple of times; and immediately the heavy guns began

to play, and soon beat down all the king's people, and put the rest to flight.

“Now,” said our hero, “I will never make peace till the king gives me his daughter to wed, and places me upon the throne as ruler of his whole dominion.” This vow which he had taken he caused to be communicated to the king, who said to his daughter, “Must is a hard nut to crack: what is there left to me but that I do as this man desires? If I wish for peace, and desire to keep the crown upon my head I must yield.”

So the wedding was celebrated: but the princess was terribly vexed that her husband was such a common man, and wore not only a very shabby hat, but also carried about with him everywhere a worn out old knapsack. She determined to get rid of them; and day and night she was thinking how to manage it. It struck her suddenly that perhaps his wonderful power lay in the knapsack; so she caressed him, saying, “I wish you would lay aside that knapsack; it becomes you so ill that I am almost ashamed of you.”

“Dear child,” he replied, “this knapsack is my greatest treasure; as long as I possess it I do not fear anything;” and he further told her of all its wonderful powers. When he had finished, the princess fell on his neck as if she would kiss him; but she craftily untied the knapsack and, loosening it from his shoulders, ran away with it. As soon as she was alone she tapped upon it, and ordered the warriors, who appeared, to bind fast her husband and lead him out of the royal palace. They obeyed; and the false wife caused other soldiers to march behind, who were instructed to hunt the poor man out of the kingdom.

It would have been all over with him had he not still possessed the hat, which he pressed down on his head as soon as his hands were free; and immediately the cannons began to go off, and demolished all before them. The princess herself was

at last obliged to go and beg pardon of her husband. He consented to make peace, being moved by her supplications and promises to behave better in future; and she acted so lovingly, and treated him so well for some time after, that he entrusted her with the secret, that although he might be deprived of the knapsack, yet so long as he had the hat no one could overcome him. As soon as she knew this she waited until he was asleep, and then stole away the hat, and caused her husband to be thrown into a ditch. The horn, however, was still left to him; and in a great passion, he blew upon it such a blast that in a minute down tumbled the walls, forts, houses, and palaces, and buried the king and his daughter in the ruins. After this feat nobody dared to oppose him, and he set himself up as king over the whole country.

The Tinder-Box

A SOLDIER came marching along the road. "Left, right, left, right!" He was just coming home from the war; his sword hung by his side and his knapsack was on his back.

As he was walking along he met an old witch who was very ugly to look at. Her under lip was so long it hung down over her chin.

"Good evening, soldier," she said. "What a fine sword you have! and what a large knapsack! You are something like a soldier, and you shall have all the money you want."

"Thank you, old witch," replied the soldier.

"Do you see that tall tree over there?" asked the old woman. "It is hollow inside. Climb up to the top and you will see a hole through which you can let yourself down into the tree. I will tie a rope round you so that I can pull you up again when you call to me."

"What am I to do when I am down in the tree?" asked the soldier.

"Fetch up money," said the witch. "Below the roots of the tree you will find a large hall, lighted up with more than three hundred lamps. Then you will see three doors; open them all, the key is in each lock. In the first room you will see a large



chest in the middle of the floor; on this chest sits a dog, with eyes as big as saucers. Don't mind him in the least. I will give you my blue-checked apron, and you can spread it out upon the floor; then go up quickly and pick up the dog. Set him on my apron, open the chest, and take as much copper money as you like. If you prefer silver, you must go into the second room; there sits a dog with a pair of eyes as big as mill-wheels. You need not fear him, however. Set him upon my apron, and take some of the money. If you want gold, you can have that too—as much as you can carry—by going into the third room. But the dog that sits on the money-chest there has two eyes as big as steeples. He is a fierce dog, to be sure; but you need not care about that. Set him on my apron, and he won't hurt you; then take out of the chest as much gold as you like.”

“But what am I to give you, old witch, for you will want something, too, I suppose?”

“No,” replied the witch, “not a single penny. You need only bring me an old Tinder-box which my grandmother forgot when she was down there last.”

“Well, then, tie the rope round my waist,” said the soldier.

“Here it is,” said the witch, “and here is my blue-checked apron.”

The soldier climbed up into the tree, let himself down through the hole, and stood, as the witch had said, in the great hall where over three hundred lamps were burning.

He opened the first door. Ugh! there sat the dog with eyes as big as saucers, staring at him.

“You're a fine fellow!” exclaimed the soldier; and he set him on the witch's apron, and took as many coppers as his pockets would hold. Then he locked the chest, put the dog back on it again, and went into the second chamber. Aha! there sat the dog with the eyes as big as mill-wheels.

“You should not stare so hard at me,” said the soldier; “your eyes might pop out of your head.” He set the dog upon the witch’s apron, and when he saw the many silver coins in the chest, he threw away all the coppers he had, and filled his pockets and his knapsack with silver.

Then he went into the third room. Oh, that was terrible! The dog in there really had two eyes as big as steeples, and they both spun round like wheels.

“Good evening!” said the soldier, and touched his cap, for he had never seen such a dog before. He lifted him down on to the floor, and opened the chest. Good gracious! what a heap of gold!

The soldier threw away all the silver coins and filled all his pockets, his knapsack, his boots, and his cap with gold. Then he put the dog on the chest, slammed the door, and called out through the tree, “Now pull me up, old witch.”

“Have you the tinder-box’?” asked the witch.

“No!” exclaimed the soldier, “I have forgotten it.”

And he went and fetched it.

The witch pulled him up, and he stood on the high-road again, with pockets, boots, knapsack, and a cap full of golden coins.

“What are you going to do with the tinder-box?” he asked.

“That has nothing to do with you,” replied the witch. “You have your money—give me the tinder-box.”

“What’s that you say?” cried the soldier. “Tell me at once what you are going to do with it, or I will draw my sword and cut off your head!”

“I won’t!” said the witch.

So the soldier cut off her head. There she lay! Then he tied up all his money in her apron, slung it on his back like a bundle, put the tinder-box in his pocket, and went off to the town.

It was a splendid town! The soldier went into one of the best hotels and engaged the finest room. The next day he ordered boots and handsome new clothes, for the soldier had now become a fine gentleman. The people told him of all the splendor in their city, and about the king, and what a beautiful princess the king's daughter was.

"Where is she to be seen?" asked the soldier.

"She is not to be seen at all," they all said; "she lives in a great copper castle, surrounded by many walls and towers. No one but the king may visit the castle, for it has been prophesied that she will marry a common soldier, and the king will not hear of this."

"I should like to see her," thought the soldier; but he was unable to get permission.

He now lived merrily, went to the theatres, drove in the king's garden, and gave large sums of money to the poor. But as he spent money every day and never earned any, he had at last only a few cents left; and he was now obliged to move away from the fine rooms in which he had dwelt, and live in a little garret just under the roof. None of his friends came to see him, for there were too many stairs to climb.

One evening it was quite dark, and he could not even buy himself a candle; but it occurred to him that there was a candle-stump in the tinder-box which he had brought up out of the hollow tree. He opened the tinder-box and took out the bit of candle; but as soon as he struck a light and the sparks flew from the flint, the door sprang open, and the dog with eyes as big as saucers stood before him, and said—

"What does my lord order?"

"What?" exclaimed the soldier. "This is a famous tinder-box indeed, if it can get me anything I want! Bring me some money!" said he to the dog; and whisk! the dog was gone, and

whisk! he was back again, with a big bag full of coppers in his mouth.

Now the soldier knew what a splendid tinder-box it was. If he struck it once, in came the dog who sat upon the chest of copper money; if he struck it twice, in came the dog who had the silver coins; and if he struck it three times, in came the dog who had the gold.

So the soldier moved back into the fine rooms, appeared in handsome clothes, and all his friends knew him again, and liked him very much indeed.

One day he began to think what a singular thing it was that nobody could get to see the princess.

“Is there no way I can get to see her?” he thought. “Ah—where is my tinder-box?” So he struck a light, and whisk! came the dog with eyes as big as saucers.

“I know it is the middle of the night,” said the soldier, “but I should very much like to see the princess, if only for a moment.”

The dog was outside the door at once, and, before the soldier had time to think, he was back again with the princess. She lay asleep on the dog’s back, and was so beautiful that every one could see that she was a real princess. The soldier could not help kissing her. Then the dog ran back with the princess.

But next morning when the king and queen were at breakfast, the princess said she had dreamed a wonderful dream during the night. She had ridden upon a dog’s back and had been kissed by a soldier.

“Well, that is a fine story,” said the queen. And one of the maids-of-honor was ordered to watch the next night by the princess’ bed, to discover whether this was really a dream, or what else it might be.

The soldier had a great longing to see the lovely princess again; so the dog came in the night, took her away, and ran as

fast as he could. But the maid-of-honor put on rubbers and ran after him. When she saw the dog disappear into a great house, she drew a big cross on the door, with a piece of chalk.

Then she went home and got into bed, and the dog soon came back with the princess. But when he saw that there was a cross drawn on the door where the soldier lived, he took a piece of chalk and drew crosses on all the doors in the town.

In the early morning the king and queen came with the maid-of-honor and all the officers of the court, to see where the princess had been.

“Here it is!” said the king, when he saw the first door with a cross upon it.

“No, my dear husband, it is here!” said the queen, who saw another door with a cross on it.

“But here is one, and there is another!” they all cried, for wherever they looked there were crosses on the doors. So they saw at once that it would be useless to continue the search.

Now, the queen was a very clever woman, who could do more than ride in a carriage. She took her gold scissors, cut a big piece of silk, and made a neat little bag; this she filled with flour and tied it on the princess’ back; and when that was done, she cut a little hole in the bag, so that the grain would be scattered wherever the princess went.

That night the dog went again to the castle, took the princess on its back, and ran with her to the soldier, who loved her very much, and who wished he was a prince, so that he could make her his wife. The dog did not notice how the flour was scattered the whole way from the castle to the soldier’s room.

In the morning the king and the queen easily discovered where their daughter had been, and they took the soldier and put him in prison.

All day long he sat there and the people said, “Tomorrow,

you will be hanged." He had left his tinder-box in his lodgings and could do nothing.

As he sat waiting for them to come after him one morning, he saw a shoemaker's boy running with all his might.

"Hey, you, don't be in such a hurry," the soldier shouted. "If you run over to my house and get my tinder-box, I'll give you two pence. So hurry along."

Outside the city, the gallows were erected, and all around stood thousands of people waiting for the execution. As the soldier stood at the top of the ladder, he asked as his last request to be permitted to smoke a pipe.

When the permission was given he struck the tinder-box, once, twice, thrice! and there stood the three dogs looking their fiercest.

"Now, help me and do not let me hang!" cried the soldier, and the dogs immediately rushed among the crowd, and threw the people into confusion.

They fell upon all the judges and the whole of the council, seized one by the legs, and another by the nose, and tossed them all yards into the air, so that they fell down, and were dashed to pieces.

The biggest dog took both the king and the queen, and threw them after the others. Then the soldiers were frightened, and all the people cried, "Noble soldier, you shall be our king, and marry the beautiful princess!"

So they put the soldier into the king's coach, and all the three dogs danced in front, and cried, "Hurrah!" and the boys whistled through their fingers, and the soldiers presented arms. The princess was set free from the copper castle, and became queen, which pleased her indeed.

The wedding festivities lasted eight days, and the dogs sat at the table too, and stared with all their might.



Old Sultan

A CERTAIN peasant had a trusty dog called Sultan, who had grown quite old in his service, and had lost all his teeth, so that he could not hold anything fast. One day the peasant stood with his wife at the house-door, and said, "This morning I shall shoot old Sultan, for he is no longer of any use." His wife, however, pitying the poor animal, replied, "Well, since he has served us so long and so faithfully, I think we may very well afford him food for the rest of his life." "Eh, what?" replied her husband, "you are not very clever; he has not a tooth in his head, and never a thief is afraid of him, so he must trot off. If he has served us, he has also received every day his dinner."

The poor dog, lying stretched out in the sun not far from his master, heard all he said, and was much troubled at learning that the morrow would be his last day. He had one good friend, the wolf in the forest, and he visited him that evening, and complained of the sad fate which awaited him. "Be of good cour-

age, my friend," said the wolf; "I will help you out of your trouble. I have just thought of something. Early tomorrow morning your master goes haymaking with his wife, and they will take with them their child, because no one will be left in the house. And while they are at work they will put him behind the hedge in the shade, and set you by to watch him. I will then spring out of the wood and steal away the child, and you must run after me hotly as if you were pursuing me. I will let it fall, and you shall take it back to its parents, who will then believe you have saved it, and they will be too thankful to do you any injury; and so you will come into great favor, and they will never let you want again."

This plan pleased the dog, and it was carried out exactly as proposed. The father cried when he saw the wolf running off with the child, but as old Sultan brought it back he was highly pleased, and stroked him, and said, "Not a hair of your head shall be touched; you shall eat your meals in comfort to the end of your days." He then told his wife to go home and cook old Sultan some bread and broth, which would not need biting, and also to bring the pillow out of his bed, that he might give it to him for a resting place.

And so old Sultan lived on in comfort for many long years.



Jorinda and Jorindel

ONCE upon a time, in a castle in the midst of a large thick wood, there lived an old witch all by herself. By day she changed herself into a cat or an owl; but in the evening she resumed her right form. She was able also to allure to her the wild animals and birds which she killed, cooked, and ate, for whatever ventured within a hundred steps of her castle was obliged to stand still, and could not stir from the spot until she allowed it; but if a pretty maiden came into the circle the witch changed her into a bird, and then put her into a cage which she carried into one of the rooms in the castle; and in this room were already many thousand such cages of rare birds.

Now, there was a young maiden called Jorinda, who was exceedingly pretty, and she was betrothed to a youth named

Jorindel. One day they went into the forest for a walk, and Jorindel said, "take care that we do not go too near the castle."

It was a beautiful day; the sun shone between the branches of the trees, and brightened up the dark green leaves, and they walked on without realizing where they were going. Suddenly they looked around and saw how far they had wandered. There was no longer any house in sight.

The sun was now half way above the hills and half below. Jorindel looked through the brushwood and saw the walls of the old castle close by them, which frightened him so terribly that he fell off his seat. Then Jorinda sang—

"My little bird, with his ring so red,
Sings sorrow, and sorrow and woe;
For he sings that the turtle-dove soon will be dead,
Oh sorrow, and sorrow—jug, jug, jug."

Jorindel lifted up his head, and saw Jorinda was changed into a nightingale, which was singing, "Jug, jug, jug," and presently an owl flew round thrice, with its eyes glistening, and crying, "Tu wit, tu woo."

Jorindel could not stir; there he stood like a stone, and could not weep, nor speak, nor move hand or foot. Meanwhile the sun set, the owl flew into a bush. Out came an ugly old woman. She was thin and yellow, with great red eyes, and a crooked nose which reached down to her chin. She muttered, and seized the nightingale, and carried it away in her hand, while Jorindel remained there incapable of interfering. At last the witch returned, and said, in a hollow voice, "Greet you, Zachiel! if the moon shines on your side, release this one at once." Then Jorindel became free, and fell down on his knees before the witch, and begged her to give him back Jorinda, but she refused, and said he should never again have her, and went away. He cried,

and wept, and groaned after her, but all to no purpose; at length he rose and went to a strange village, where for some time he tended sheep. He often went round about the enchanted castle, but never too near, and one night, after so walking, he dreamt that he found a blood-red flower, in the middle of which lay a fine pearl. This flower, he thought, he broke off, and, going therewith to the castle, all he touched with it was free from enchantment, and thus he regained his Jorinda.

When he awoke next morning he began his search over hill and valley to find such a flower. At length, early one morning he discovered it, and in its center was a large dewdrop, like a beautiful pearl. Then he carried the flower day and night, till he came to the castle; and, although he ventured within the enchanted circle he was not stopped, but walked on quite to the door. Jorindel was now in high spirits, and touching the door with his flower it flew open. He entered, and passed through the hall, listening for the sound of the birds, which at last he heard. He found the room, and went in, and there was the witch feeding the birds in the seven thousand baskets. As soon as she saw Jorindel she became frightfully enraged, but owing to his red flower she dared not come too close. He would not turn back for her, but looked at the baskets of birds; but, alas! there were many hundreds of nightingales, and how was he to know his Jorinda? While he was examining them he perceived the old woman cautiously take away one of the baskets, and slip out of the door. Jorindel flew after her, and touched the basket with his flower, and also the old woman, so that she could no longer bewitch any one. All at once Jorinda stood before him, and fell upon his neck, as beautiful as she ever was. Afterwards he disenchanted all the other birds, and then returned home with his Jorinda and for many years they lived together happily and contentedly.



THE ENCHANTMENT ENDED, THE PRINCESS AWOKE



Sleeping Beauty

ONCE upon a time there was a king and queen who were very sad because they had no children. But at last the queen gave birth to a daughter. The king was so overjoyed that he ordered a splendid christening feast and invited all the great people of the land. Instead of asking any persons of royal blood to act as god-mothers, he decided to have seven fairies. He knew this would flatter the fairies, and that they would bestow wonderful gifts on the child.

But the unfortunate king had forgotten to invite one old fairy. She heard of the christening, however, and came any-

way. Of course, they had to appear glad to see her, and had to spread a place for her at the table. But one of the young fairies knew how wicked the old fairy was, and feared she might wish some evil on the baby. So she slipped away and hid behind the curtains, before anyone missed her. She wanted to keep her wish till the last, so that she could undo any harm the old fairy might try to work.

The fairies now began to bestow their gifts upon the baby. One fairy said: "She shall be the most beautiful person in the world." The second said: "She shall be as pure and good as an angel." The third said: "She shall be as graceful as a bird." The fourth said: "She shall dance like a fairy." The fifth said: "She shall sing like a nightingale, and the sixth said: "She shall play beautifully on every kind of an instrument."

The old old fairy waited till she thought the last wish was made, then she muttered: "Your fine gifts won't do the princess any good, for she is doomed to prick her hand with a spindle and die from the wound."

The queen began to weep and the whole company was upset, when suddenly the good young fairy who had been in hiding, rushed forward and said: "Do not grieve, your child shall not die. I cannot entirely undo what the wicked fairy has done. It is true the princess will pierce her hand with a spindle, but instead of dying, she will only fall into a deep sleep which will last a hundred years. At the end of that time a king's son will come and wake her."

The king decided to take no chances on having his daughter prick her finger, so he immediately commanded that all the spinning wheels in the land be destroyed. Anybody found with one in his house would be instantly put to death.

And so the princess grew up to be a young lady. She was

more beautiful and accomplished than anyone else in the land. One day her parents took her to visit one of their old castles that they seldom lived in, as it was far out in the country. The princess was delighted and ran from room to room; she climbed to a high tower so as to get a good view of the kingdom. At the very top she came to a little room, and there sat an old woman spinning.

Now, this old lady had never heard about the king's forbidding people to spin, so when the princess saw the wheel go buzzing around and wanted to try her hand at it, the old woman willingly let her. No sooner had the beautiful maiden taken up the spindle, than she pierced her finger with the point and fainted away. The old woman, in great alarm, called for help, and soon the king and his followers came running up. They did all they could to restore the princess, but nothing could bring her too. As soon as the king heard that she had touched the spindle, he remembered what the wicked fairy had said at the christening. So he ordered the princess to be carried down stairs and laid upon a richly embroidered bed. Then he sent for the fairy who had said that the princess would sleep a hundred years. When she came, she reassured the king and queen and told them to go back to their city castle and that she would guard the sleeping princess.

Now this fairy was very thoughtful and knew that it would be a dreadful shock for the princess to wake up at the end of a hundred years and find herself all alone in the castle. So as soon as the king and queen were gone, she touched everyone in the castle with her wand, and they all fell asleep, not to wake till their mistress did. Then as the fairy left, she touched the ground around the castle and immediately a woods, so thick and so filled with thorns, surrounded the palace, that no one could get in. It grew so high that everything but the turrets of the castle were hidden from view.

A hundred years went by, and during that time the kingdom had fallen into the hands of another royal family. One day the king's son was hunting, when he saw the towers of the enchanted castle in the distance. As he rode toward it he asked everyone he met what castle it was. But no one knew anything about it. Finally he came to a very old peasant woman who said:

“Prince, fifty years ago I heard my father tell that there was a great castle behind that thick wood, and in it there slept the most beautiful princess in the world. She was to sleep a hundred years and then along would come a prince who would not only waken her but marry her.”

On hearing this the king's son was greatly excited. Suppose the hundred years should be up and he were the prince! He bade his courtiers follow him and he galloped toward the castle. Scarcely had he come to the woods, when a narrow path opened for him. He passed in and then turned around to look for his followers, but he was alone. The woods had closed instantly as soon as he had entered. He made his way toward the great marble staircase and entered the castle. There he stood still in amazement, for all around him were stretched the bodies of men who seemed to be sleeping. He passed through room after room, where there were ladies and gentlemen asleep in their chairs. At last he came to a gorgeous room whose walls were lined with golden tapestries. On the richly embroidered bed lay the princess, and as the king's son crept closer he thought she was truly the handsomest person he had ever seen. He was so moved by her dazzling beauty that he could not resist kissing her. At that moment, the enchantment being ended, the princess awoke, and looking tenderly at the young man, said:

“I'm so glad you have come, my prince. I have waited so long for you.”

The prince, on hearing these words, was overjoyed. He told her that he loved her and that he wanted to marry her. So they talked and talked, forgetting all else but their happiness in finding each other.

In the meantime, everyone else in the palace had awakened, and there was much hurrying to and fro. A great feast was soon prepared, and the prince led Sleeping Beauty to the table, while the violins played sweet music. After the dinner was over the happy lovers were married by the bishop, in the chapel of the castle.

Next day the prince led his bride to his own home. They were followed by all the retinue of the princess. When they came to the thick woods, it opened to let them all pass out. The prince's followers were still waiting for him outside, and were overjoyed to see him again. They galloped away, and as they rode along, they turned to give one last look at the enchanted castle, but lo! it had suddenly disappeared, and the woods with it. Nothing could be seen but a barren plain.

The prince's father and mother received the beautiful princess with open arms, and upon the death of the king and queen, the young people reigned happily in their stead.

The Robber Bride-Groom

THERE was once a miller who had a beautiful daughter, whom he much wished to see well married. Not long after there came a man who appeared very rich, and the miller, not knowing anything to his disadvantage, promised his daughter to him. The maiden, however, did not take a fancy to the suitor; she had no confidence in him. Once he said to her, "Next Sunday you must come and visit me; I have already invited guests and, in order that you may find your way through the forest, I will strew the path with ashes."

When Sunday came, the maiden prepared to set out; but she felt very anxious, and knew not why and, in order that she might know her way back, she filled her pockets with beans and peas. These she threw to the right and left of the path of ashes, which she followed till it led her into the thickest part of the forest; there she came to a solitary house, which looked so gloomy and desolate that she felt quite miserable. She went in, but no one was there, and the most profound quiet reigned throughout. Suddenly a voice sang—



“Return, fair maid, return to your home;
’Tis to a murderer’s den you’ve come.”

The maiden looked around, and perceived that it was a bird in a cage against the wall which sang the words.

She went from one room to the other, through the whole house, but all were empty. At last she went into the cellar, and there sat a withered old woman, shaking her head. “Can you tell me,” asked the maiden, “whether my bridegroom lives in this house?”

“Ah, poor girl,” said the old woman, “you are in a murderer’s den. If I do not have compassion and save you, you are lost.”

So saying, the old woman led her behind a great cask, where no one could see her. “Be as still as a mouse,” said she, “and don’t move hand or foot, or all is lost. At night, when the robbers are asleep, we will escape.” She had scarcely finished speaking when the wicked band returned, dragging with them a poor girl, to whose shrieks and cries they paid no attention. They gave her much wine to drink, and at last she fell down in a swoon. Meanwhile the poor bride behind the cask trembled and shuddered to see what a fate would have been hers. Presently one of the robbers noticed a gold ring on the finger of the girl, and, as he could not draw it off easily, he took a hatchet and chopped off the finger. But the finger, with the force of the blow, flew up and fell behind the cask, right into the lap of the bride; and the robber taking a light, went to seek it, but could not find it. Then one of the others asked, “Have you looked behind the cask?”

“Oh! do come and eat,” cried the old woman in a fright; “come and eat, and leave your search till the morning; the finger will not run away.”

“The old woman is right,” said the robbers, and they sat down to their meal; and the old woman mixed with their drink a sleeping draught, so that presently they lay down to sleep on the floor and snored away. As soon as they were sound asleep the old woman and the bride-to-be stole out of the murderers’ den. The wind had blown away the ashes, but the beans and peas had sprouted up, and now showed the path in the moonlight. All night long they walked on, and by sunrise they came to the mill, and the poor girl narrated her adventures to her father the miller.

Now, when the day came that the wedding was to be celebrated, the bridegroom appeared, and the miller gathered together all his relations and friends. While they sat at a table each kept telling some tale, but the bride sat silent, listening. Presently the bridegroom said, “Can you not tell us something, my heart; do you not know anything to tell?”

“Yes,” she replied, “I will tell you a dream of mine. I thought I went through a wood, and by-and-by I arrived at a house wherein there was not a human being, but on the wall there hung a bird in a cage, which sang—

‘Return, fair maid, return to your home;
’Tis to a murderer’s den you’ve come.’

Then I went through all the rooms, and every one was empty and desolate, and at last I stepped down into the cellar, and there sat a very old woman, shaking her head from side to side. I asked her, ‘Does my bride-groom dwell in this house?’ and she replied, ‘Ah, dear child, you have fallen into a murderer’s den; thy lover does dwell here, but he will kill you.’ Then I thought that the old woman hid me behind a great cask, and scarcely had she done so when the robbers came home, dragging a maiden with them, to whom they gave three glasses of wine, and at the third her heart

snapped. Then one of the robbers saw a gold ring on her finger, and because he could not draw it off he took up a hatchet and hewed at it, and the finger flew up, and fell behind the cask into my lap. And there is the finger with the ring!"

With these words she threw it down before him, and showed it to all present.

The robber, who during her story had become pale as death, now sprang up, and would have escaped; but the guests held him, and delivered him up to the judges.

And soon afterwards he and his whole band were condemned to death for their wicked deeds.



The Spindle, Shuttle and Needle

THERE was once a little girl who lived at the far end of a village with her godmother who earned her living by spinning, weaving and sewing.

The child grew up to be very industrious and pious. When she was about fifteen the godmother died and left her the cottage, her spindle, shuttle and needle.

The little girl lived on alone in the cottage, earnestly working from day to day. It seemed as if everything she did prospered. Even the flax in her room increased by itself. When-

ever she wove a piece of cloth or tapestry, or hemmed a shirt, she always found a purchaser who paid her so well that she had plenty for herself and could spare a little for others who were poorer.

Now, about this time the king's son was looking about him for a bride. He was not allowed to marry a poor wife, and he would not have a rich one. So he said, "She shall be my bride who is at once the richest and the poorest." When he came to the village where the maiden dwelt, he asked, who was the richest and poorest maiden in the place. The people first named the richest, and then told him that the poorest was the maiden who dwelt in the cottage at the end of the village. The young prince therefore went first to the rich maiden, and found her sitting before her door in full dress; but as soon as she saw him approaching she went out and bowed before him in a most courtly manner. The prince looked at her, but said not a word, and rode on without stopping till he arrived at the house of the poor maiden.

She, however, was not seated at the door, but in her own little room busily at work. The prince drew rein, alighted from his horse, and peeped into the neat apartment. Just at that moment a ray of sunshine darted through the window, and lighted up everything within, so that he could see the maiden spinning at her wheel with the utmost diligence.

Presently she glanced up, and seeing a noble-looking gentleman looking at her through the window, she cast down her eyes and continued her spinning till the prince remounted his horse and rode away.

Then she rose and opened the window, saying to herself: "How very warm the room is today." But she looked out and watched the stranger till she could no longer distinguish the white plume in his hat, and not till after he was quite out of sight did she return to her spinning-wheel and work as busily as ever.

Her thoughts were now on the handsome prince, although she knew not who he was; still it was such an unusual event for a gentleman to look in at the window of her lonely cottage that she could not forget it.

At last strange ideas came into her head, and she began to sing some curious words which her old godmother had taught her,—

“Spindle, spindle, out with you,
And bring a wooer home.”

To her astonishment the spindle leaped from her hands and rushed out of the house. She followed to the door, and stood looking after it with wondering eyes, for it was running and dancing quite merrily across the field, trailing behind it a bright golden thread, and presently it was lost to her eyes.

Having no longer a spindle, she took up her shuttle, seated herself, and commenced weaving. The spindle, meanwhile, kept on its way, and just as the thread came to an end, it overtook the prince.

“What do I see’?” he cried. “The thread behind this spindle will lead me to good fortune, no doubt.” So he turned his horse and rode back in the trail of the golden thread.

The maiden, who still worked on, thought presently of another of the rhymes taught her by the old woman, so she sang,—

“Shuttle, shuttle, out with you,
And bring a wooer home.”

Instantly the shuttle slipped from her hand, and ran to the door, but on the door-sill it stopped and began to weave the most beautiful carpet ever seen.

The maiden then sang,—



“Needle, needle, sharp and fine,
Fit the house for wooer mine.”

As soon as she said this the needle sprang from her fingers, and flew about the room as quick as lightning. It was just as if a number of invisible spirits were at work, for the table and benches were quickly covered with green cloth, the chairs with velvet, and curtains were hung to the windows and on the walls of silk damask.

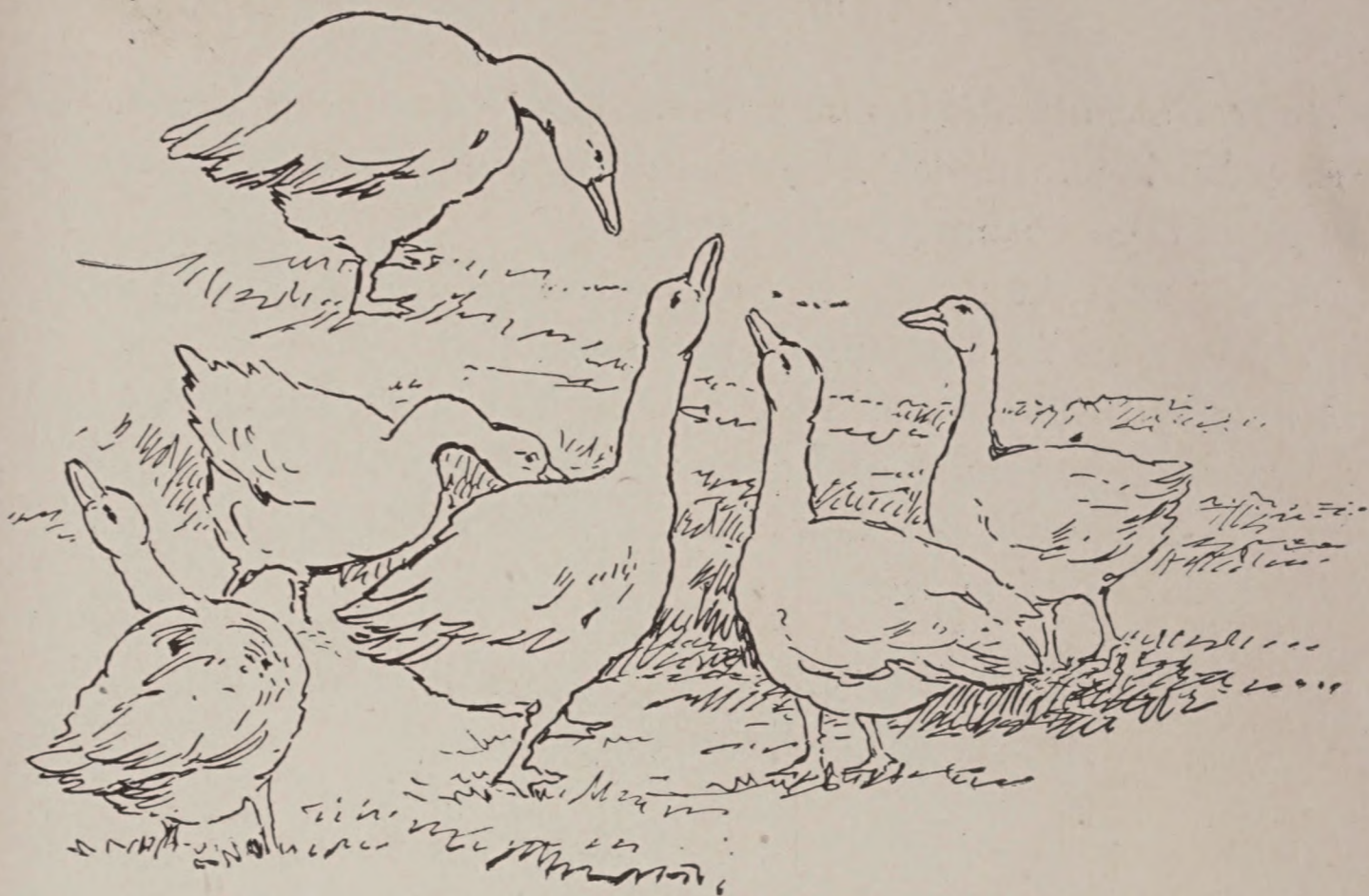
Scarcely had the needle finished the last stitch than the maiden saw through the window the white plume on the prince's hat, for he had followed carefully the golden thread till it reached her cottage.

He alighted from his horse, and quickly stepped in upon the beautiful carpet; when he entered the room, he saw the

maiden, who even in her homely dress, looked blooming and lovely as a wild rose.

“You are exactly what I seek,” he said; “at once the poorest and the richest maiden in the world. Will you come with me and be my bride?”

She said nothing, but held out her hand, which the prince took, and giving her a kiss, he led her out of the cottage and seated her behind him on his horse. He took her to the king’s castle, where the wedding was performed with great magnificence, and afterwards the spindle, the shuttle, and the needle were placed in the treasure-chamber and held in great esteem.



The Goose Girl

AN old queen, who ruled over a very rich country, had a beautiful daughter. When she grew up she was betrothed to a prince who lived in a far country. As the time drew near for her to be married, her mother packed up a great many costly things—jewels, fine dresses and gold and silver trinkets. She gave her a waiting-maid to ride with her to the prince's kingdom.

Just before the time came for them to set out, the old queen went into her bed-chamber and cut off a little lock of her own hair. This she gave to the princess, saying: "Take care of this, my dear, for it is a charm that may be of use to you on the road." The princess and her maid then mounted their horses and started off. Now the princess' horse was named Falada and strange to say, he could speak.

They rode on and on and when they came to a brook the princess said to her maid: "Pray get down and get me some water in my golden cup from yonder brook."

"Nay," said the maid, "if you are thirsty, get down yourself. I will not be your waiting-maid any longer."

Now the princess was very gentle, so she said nothing, but got down from her horse and drank from the brook. But as she leaned over she wept and said: "Alas, what will become of me?" And the lock of hair answered:

"Alas! alas! if thy mother knew it,
Sadly, sadly her heart would rue it."

Then the princess mounted her horse again, and they rode on. Several hours later they came to a river, and the princess, forgetting her maid's rude speech, said: "Pray get down and fetch me a drink from the river."

"Drink if you will," replied the maid, haughtily, "but I will not be your servant."

The princess was so thirsty that she dismounted and leaned over the water to drink. In doing so the lock of hair fell from her bosom and floated away with the stream, without her seeing it. But the waiting-maid had seen it disappear and was very glad, for she knew it possessed a charm. "I shall have the princess in my power," said she to herself, "now that she has lost the lock of hair that the queen gave her."

So when the bride came to mount her horse again, the maid said: "I shall ride upon Falada, and you may have my horse instead." The poor princess was forced to give up her horse, and soon afterwards to take off her royal clothes, and put on the maid's shabby ones.

At last as they drew near the end of their journey, this wicked servant threatened to kill her mistress if she ever told



SHE BRAIDED HER HAIR WHICH WAS OF PURE GOLD

anyone what had happened. But Falada—the horse—had noticed everything.

When they came to the royal court there was great rejoicing. The young prince lifted the servant off her horse, supposing that she was the true bride; and she was led up the steps in state, while the real princess had to stay below.

Just then the old king chanced to look out of his window, and saw her standing in the court, and he remarked how delicate and beautiful she was; and, going to the royal apartments, he inquired there of the bride who it was she had brought with her, and left below in the courtyard.

“Only a girl whom I brought with me for company,” said the bride. “Give the wench some work to do, that she may not grow idle.”

The old king, however, had no work for her, and knew of nothing, until at last he said, “Ah! there is a boy who keeps the geese; she can help him.” This youth was called Conrad, and the true bride was set to keep geese with him.

Soon after this, the false bride said to her betrothed, “Dearest, will you grant me a favor?” “Yes,” said he, “with the greatest pleasure.” “Then cut off the head of the horse on which I rode hither, for it angered me on the way.” In reality she feared lest the horse might tell how she had used the rightful princess, and she was glad when it was decided that Falada should die.

This came to the ears of the real princess, and she promised to give the man who was to kill the horse a piece of gold if he would nail the head of Falada over a certain large and gloomy arch, through which she had to pass daily with the geese, so that she still might see her old steed. The man promised, and, after killing the horse, nailed the head in the place which was pointed out, over the door of the arch.

Early in the morning, when she and Conrad drove the geese through the arch, she said in passing,—

“Ah, Falada, that you should hang there!”

and the head replied,—

“Ah, princess, that you should pass here!
If thy mother knew thy fate,
Then her heart would surely break!”

Then she drove on through the town to a field; and when they arrived on the meadow, she sat down and unloosened her hair, which was of pure gold; and its shining appearance so charmed Conrad that he endeavored to pull out a couple of locks. So she sang,—

“Blow, blow, thou wind,
Blow Conrad’s hat away;
Its rolling do not stay
Till I have combed my hair,
And tied it up behind.”

Immediately there came a strong wind, which took Conrad’s hat quite off his head, and led him a rare dance all over the meadows. When he returned the princess had rearranged her hair, so that he could not catch a loose lock. This made Conrad very angry, and he would not speak to her all day.

As soon as they returned home Conrad went to the old king, and told him all that had happened during the day.

The king was greatly surprised. Next day he stationed himself behind the archway and heard the goose-girl talk to the head of Falada. Then he followed them into the fields and hid behind a bush. The maiden again let down her beautiful hair, and when Conrad tried to touch it the king heard her sing the very

rhyme that Conrad had told him about, and later saw his hat blow away.

The king went back to his palace and that night he called the maiden to him and asked her what it all meant. But she burst into tears and said: "I dare not tell you or any living being or I shall lose my life."

But the old king begged so hard and was so kind to her that she finally told him everything.

When he had heard the story he ordered royal clothes to be put upon her and called the prince to look upon his true bride. The prince rejoiced when he saw how beautiful she was, and when he heard how meek and patient she had been.

Without saying anything to the false bride a great feast was ordered for all the court.

On a raised platform sat the bridegroom, with the real princess on one side and the servant-girl on the other. But the latter was dazzled, and recognized her mistress no longer in her shining dress. When they had finished their feasting, and were beginning to be gay, the old king set a riddle to the servant-girl: "What should be done to a person who deceived her masters?" He then related all that had happened to the true bride. The servant-girl replied, "Such a one deserves nothing better than to be put in a cask, stuck all round with sharp nails, and then by two horses to be dragged through street after street till the wretch be killed."

"You are the woman, then!" exclaimed the king; "you have proclaimed your own punishment, and it shall be strictly fulfilled."

The sentence was immediately carried into effect, and afterwards the young king married his rightful bride, and together they ruled their kingdom long in peace and happiness.



The Three Bears

LITTLE Goldi-Locks was a pretty little girl with beautiful long blond curls. She was full of life and fun and romped the whole day long. As soon as school was over she would rush into the house, throw her books on the table and then skip off to play, and her mother would not know where she was till supper-time.

Out beyond the village where little Goldi-Locks lived, was a dense woods, and one day she thought it would be fun to go out there and gather flowers. So off she ran, hippity-hop. The

woods were filled with all kinds of wild flowers, and she kept going farther and farther before she realized how far away from home she was. Suddenly she came to a little log cabin. She ran to the window and peeked in, but no one was home. She tried the door and it was unlocked, so in she went. She looked all around and wondered what kind of people lived in the funny little house. She never dreamed, of course, that it was the home of three bears. Just think how frightened she would have been, if she had known it. You see Father Bear, Mother Bear and Baby Bear were out taking a walk. That's why the house was left alone.

Goldi-Locks peeked into every room. Out in the kitchen were three bowls of porridge. The little girl was hungry so she tasted the largest bowl which belonged to the Big Bear. But the porridge was too hot, so she tried the middle-sized bowl, which belonged to the Middle-sized Bear, but it was too cold. When she came to the littlest bowl which belonged to Little Bear, she found the porridge was just right, so she ate it all up.

Next she wandered into the parlor, and there were three chairs. She tried the biggest chair, which belonged to Big Bear, but it was too high. Then she tried the middle-sized chair, which belonged to Mother Bear, but it was too broad. "Oh goody," said she, as she sat in the littlest chair which belonged to Little Bear, "this chair just fits." But she rocked so hard that she broke the little chair all to pieces.

Then she scampered up stairs and peeked into the bed-room. There she saw three beds, all in a row. By this time she was beginning to feel pretty tired, so she lay down in the largest bed that belonged to Big Bear, but it was too hard. She climbed over into the middle-sized bed that belonged to Middle-sized Bear, but it was too soft, so last she tried the little bed that belonged



THE THREE BEARS WATCH GOLDBLOCKS RUN AWAY

to Little Bear, and it was so comfortable she fell right off to sleep without knowing it.

While Little Goldi-Locks was sleeping soundly up stairs, the three bears came home from their walk. They were very hungry, so they hurried out to the kitchen to eat their porridge. Suddenly Big Bear growled out: "Somebody has been tasting my porridge!"

Then Middle-sized Bear looked into her bowl and cried out: "Somebody has been tasting my porridge!" and Little Bear screamed: "Somebody has been tasting my porridge and eaten it all up."

Then they went into the parlor, and Big Bear growled: "Somebody has been sitting in my chair!" and Middle-sized Bear growled: "Somebody has been sitting in my chair!" and Little Bear cried out: "Somebody has been sitting in my chair and has broken it all to pieces."

Next they went up stairs to the bed-room, and Big Bear growled: "Somebody has been tumbling my bed!" and Middle-sized Bear cried out: "Somebody has been tumbling my bed, too!" and Little Bear piped out: "Somebody has been tumbling my bed, and here she is!"

This awakened little Goldi-Locks, and when she looked around and saw the three bears she was so terrified she jumped out of the nearest window and ran for home as fast as her legs would take her. After that she never went out into the woods alone again, for fear she would meet the Three Bears.



Blue Beard

THERE was once a fabulously rich man, but he was so ugly and ferocious looking that none of the young ladies in the town would have anything to do with him. He had a hideous blue beard and it was so strange to see anyone with that color of beard that he became known by the name "Blue Beard."

Now there was in the neighborhood an ambitious woman with two beautiful daughters. She knew that Blue Beard was very rich, and when she heard that he was thinking about getting married, she did all she could to get her daughters interested in him. But neither of them would accept his attentions on account

of his dreadful blue beard. Moreover, it was learned that he had had several wives, though no one had ever heard what had become of them.

In order to become better acquainted with the young ladies, Blue Beard invited them, their mother, and several of their best friends to visit his country place. For a week he entertained them lavishly with balls, dinners, and other sorts of merry-making. Before the week was over the younger daughter began to think their host was not such a disagreeable man after all, and that his beard didn't look as blue as formerly. Before the summer was over, she had married him

For about a month everything went smoothly. He bought her gorgeous gowns and loaded her down with jewels. One day he told her that he was forced to leave her for six weeks as he had to make a business trip. "I do not want you to be lonesome, my love," he said, "so you invite some of your girl friends to come and visit you during my absence. Here are the keys—this one is for the chest where the gold and silver plate are kept, this one will unlock the strong boxes where I keep my money, this opens the caskets that contain my jewels, and this is the pass-key to all the rooms. There is but one other key on the ring, and that is for the closet at the end of the long gallery on the lower floor. But that room you must not open. In fact, I forbid you to enter it. If you dare to do so against my wishes, you will regret it on my return."

He then bade his wife farewell and drove away in his golden coach. The bride's young friends were very glad to visit at the wonderful palace, and examine all its treasures. They went eagerly from room to room, peeped into all the closets and store-rooms, and admired the rare tapestries that hung on the bedroom walls. They soon looked with envy upon the fortunate

bride. She, too, enjoyed showing them everything, but her pleasure was somewhat spoiled by the thought of the secret room into which she dared not go. She kept wondering what it could contain. At length her curiosity became so great that she slipped away from her friends and hastened down a secret staircase. When she reached the door at the end of the corridor she hesitated a moment, but the temptation was too great. She picked out the forbidden key, put it in the lock and opened the door. Horrors! What a dreadful sight met her eyes. Hanging on the walls were the dead bodies of Blue Beard's former wives. On the floor were spots of blood. She was so terrified at the dreadful sight that she dropped the key which she had withdrawn from the lock on entering. Hardly knowing what she was doing she picked up the key, locked the door and rushed madly back to her own room. There she tried to wash off the blood that had stained the key when it fell. But alas, no amount of scouring and rubbing would take it off. It seemed as if it were an enchanted key for as soon as the blood was washed off on one side it would appear on the other side.

Next morning Blue Beard returned unexpectedly. He explained to his wife that he had received word on his journey that the business he was going to attend to had already been settled. "And now, my dear, where are the keys that I gave you?"

His wife handed them to him, but as she did so her hand trembled. He looked them over, then said, "But where is the key to the closet at the end of the long gallery?"

"Why, isn't it there?" she asked. "I must have left it up on my table."

"Then go and get it at once," ordered Blue Beard.

The poor wife tried to make excuses, but they were of no avail. She had to go and get the key.

Blue Beard looked at it carefully and said: "There is blood on this key. Where did it come from?"

"I do not know," faltered the wife, pale as a ghost.

"Indeed you do know, only too well. You were so anxious to enter the secret room that you shall now have a chance to take your place with the other ladies you saw in there." So saying he drew his sword and raised it to strike. But his wife threw herself at his feet and begged for a few moments in which to say her last prayers.

"Very well," said Blue Beard, "I will give you a quarter of an hour, but not a minute more."

The poor girl rushed to her room and sent for her sister Anne—the only guest who had not left in a hurry when Blue Beard returned unexpectedly.

Now, it happened that their two brothers had promised to come and visit the palace that very day. Of course, Blue Beard did not know of it or he would not have given his wife any time for prayers.

"Sister Anne, if you love me, mount the tower as fast as you can and see if my brothers are coming in the distance. Signal them to make haste," pleaded the wife.

Every few moments the distracted bride called up to her sister: "Anne! Sister Anne! do you see anyone coming?"

But alas, the sister could see nothing in the distance but a flock of sheep. In the meantime Blue Beard called up to his wife: "Come down or I will come up to you."

"One minute more," she replied and then in a low voice,—
"Anne! Sister Anne! Can you not see them coming?"

"Yes, I see two horsemen riding this way, but they are a great way off." As they came nearer Sister Anne cried: "They are my brothers. I am beckoning them to hasten."

“Come down,” and Blue Beard roared so loudly that the wife knew it was no use to try and put him off longer. She went slowly down stairs and when she came to her husband she threw herself at his feet.

“Just five minutes more,” she begged.

“It is in vain,” said the heartless Blue Beard. “You disobeyed me and now you must die.” He seized her beautiful long hair with one hand and raised his sword to cut off her head.

Suddenly a great pounding was heard at the palace door. Blue Beard stopped short. The door flew open and in rushed the two brothers, who had seen the danger signal from the tower and had lost no time in getting there. When they saw Blue Beard’s raised sword and their own sister kneeling at his feet, they rushed upon the monster and killed him with their daggers. The poor wife, almost dead with fear, could scarcely rise to embrace her brothers.

As Blue Beard had no heirs, all his great wealth was left to his wife. She immediately sold the palace with the haunted chamber and went on a long journey. She gave her sister Anne a handsome dowry so that she could marry a man whom she had long loved. She bought captains’ commissions for her two brothers, and before a year had passed she herself married a very worthy man with whom she was so happy that she soon forgot her dreadful experience with Blue Beard.



The Little Match Girl

IT was New Year's Eve. In the cold snow, a poor little girl, with bare head and naked feet, was walking along the street. She had had slippers on when she left home, but of what use were they? They were large slippers—in fact, her mother had used them, so big were they; and the little girl had lost them when she ran across the street, for two big wagons came rattling by at a terrible rate. One of the slippers she couldn't find; and a little boy ran away with the other.

In an old apron she carried a number of matches, holding one bundle in her hand. Nobody had bought anything of her the whole day long; nobody had given her a single penny.

Shivering with cold and hunger, she crept along, looking oh! so miserable, poor little thing.

By-and-by all the windows were lighted up, and in the street there was a delicious smell of roast goose. In a corner formed by two houses, one of which projected beyond the other, she sat down, huddling herself together. She drew her little legs up under her; but she grew colder still, and she dared not go home: for she had sold no matches—had not earned a single penny. Her father would beat her, and, besides, it was cold at home: they had nothing over them but the roof, through which the wind came whistling, although the largest holes were filled up with straw and rags. Her little hands were numb with cold.

Ah! a match might do her some good, if only she could draw one out of the bundle and rub it against the wall, just to warm her fingers. She drew one out. Fizz! how it sputtered and burned; there was a warm flame, just like a tiny candle, as she held her hands over it; it was a wonderful little light. It seemed to the little girl that she sat in front of a bright fire with polished brass fender and fire-irons. How beautiful and warm it was! She stretched out her tiny feet to warm them also, but suddenly the flame went out, the fire vanished, and she sat with the stump of a burnt match in her hand.

She struck a new one; it burned up, and as the light fell upon the wall, it became as transparent as a veil. She could see into a room where a table was spread with a fine dinner. What a savory smell came from the roast goose, stuffed with dried plums and apples! But, even more delightful, the goose jumped down from the dish, and waddled along the floor with a knife and fork in its beak, straight toward the little girl. Then the match went out,

She lit another match, and saw a most beautiful Christmas tree. Thousands of candles were shining from its green

branches, and many-colored pictures, just like those shown in the shop windows, looked down upon her. The little girl stretched out both her hands, but the match went out.

The flames of the many Christmas candles rose higher and higher, and she saw that they were now twinkling stars. One of them fell, and left behind it a long streak of fire in the sky. "Now some one is dying," said the little one. Her old grandmother, who was the only person who had been kind to her, and who was now dead, had once said: "When a star falls, a soul goes up to God."

She struck another match against the wall. It lit up everything around, and in the brightness, quite clearly and distinctly, stood her grandmother, looking upon her lovingly.

"Grandmother," cried the little one, "take me with you! I know you will go when the match is burned out, and vanish like the warm fire, the delicious roast goose, and the big, beautiful Christmas-tree," and she hastily struck the whole bundle of matches, wishing to hold her grandmother fast. The matches shone with a radiance brighter than daylight; grandmother had never before seemed so grand and so beautiful. She lifted the little girl in her arms, and they floated upward above the earth, higher and higher to the land where there is no cold, no hunger, no sorrow. They were with God.

In the chill early dawn the little girl was found, leaning up against the wall, frozen to death, on the Happy New Year's Eve. Motionless she sat there holding her matches; one bundle of them was burnt away.

"Poor little thing," said the passers-by who found her, "she must have tried to warm herself with the matches."

But no one dreamed of all the beautiful things she had seen, or how her grandmother had come and carried her away to her New Year's peace and joy.



Hop-O'-My-Thumb

THERE was once a wood-cutter and his wife who had seven children, all boys. The youngest was the brightest of all though he was the smallest. When he was born he was scarcely bigger than one's thumb, so they named him "Hop-o'-my-thumb."

One night the little fellow overheard his mother and father talking. The wood-cutter was telling his wife that he was getting poorer every day and that he did not know how to earn any more money. "Rather than see our children starve before our eyes, it would be better to take them out in the woods and lose them."

So next day the father took all seven of the children with him when he went out to the woods to cut down trees. But before starting, the wise little Hop-o'-my-thumb had gathered several pockets full of white pebbles, and as he went along, he

dropped them all along the road. While the children were gathering sticks to carry home to the mother, the father slipped off and left them alone in the deep woods. When the children discovered that they had been deserted they began to cry, but Hop-o'-my-thumb told them to stop crying and follow him. Thereupon he led them back to the house by the same road that they had taken into the forest.

The parents were greatly surprised to see the children, but they were very sad for they had nothing to give them to eat but a few pieces of hard bread.

Next morning the father started out again with the children, pretending that he wanted them to help him gather more wood. Little Hop-o'-my-thumb was suspicious, however, and as he did not have time to get any pebbles, he saved his crust of bread from breakfast. As he went along he dropped crumbs all along the way.

They worked hard and gathered much wood, but finally the father slipped away from them unnoticed, as before. Hop-o'-my-thumb was not much worried by this for he thought he could easily lead his brothers home again, but when he came to look for the crumbs they were nowhere to be seen; the birds had eaten them all up. This time they were really lost. They wandered on and on, getting deeper and deeper into the forest. At last night came on, and when the wind whistled through the trees they thought it was the howling of wolves. They were terrified and huddled together. At last Hop-o'-my-thumb climbed a tree to look about. In the distance he saw a light. Down he came and told the others what he had seen. Then they all started to walk toward it. Soon they came to the end of the forest and not much farther on was a great house. They knocked at the door and a woman came to open it. They told her they were lost and almost starved and begged her to take them in for the night.

"Alas, my good children," said the poor woman, "don't you know that my husband is a wicked giant and eats little children?"

"But what shall we do?" cried all the children at once. "If we go back to the forest the wolves will eat us. Can't you hide us somewhere till morning?"

So the woman took them in, gave them a good supper and then hid them under a big bed. At last the giant came in and sat down to his supper. The wife placed a whole roasted sheep and a keg of wine in front of him. He sniffed the air and said: "I smell fresh meat."

"Yes, my dear," said the frightened woman, "it must be the calf I just skinned."

"I tell you I smell fresh meat. Whom are you hiding in my house?" With that he got up and looked in every corner. At last he came to the bed and under it he discovered the seven frightened children. He dragged them out and exclaimed: "Now I shall have a royal feast indeed, eating these tender morsels." He took his dagger out of his belt and seized one of the children. The rest threw themselves at his feet and begged for mercy. But the hard-hearted monster would not listen to their pleading. However, his wife said: "It is a pity to eat them to-night. Why not wait till the morning? You know you expect to entertain three of your giant friends for breakfast, why not give them a taste also?"

"You are right," said the ogre. "I will eat the sheep instead. Put them to bed."

He then seated himself to eat, much pleased to think that he had such a feast in store for his friends. He drained a dozen goblets more than usual and then went off to bed.

Little Hop-o'-my-thumb pretended to sleep, but as soon as he heard the giant go to bed, he wakened his brothers, and they slipped out of the house.

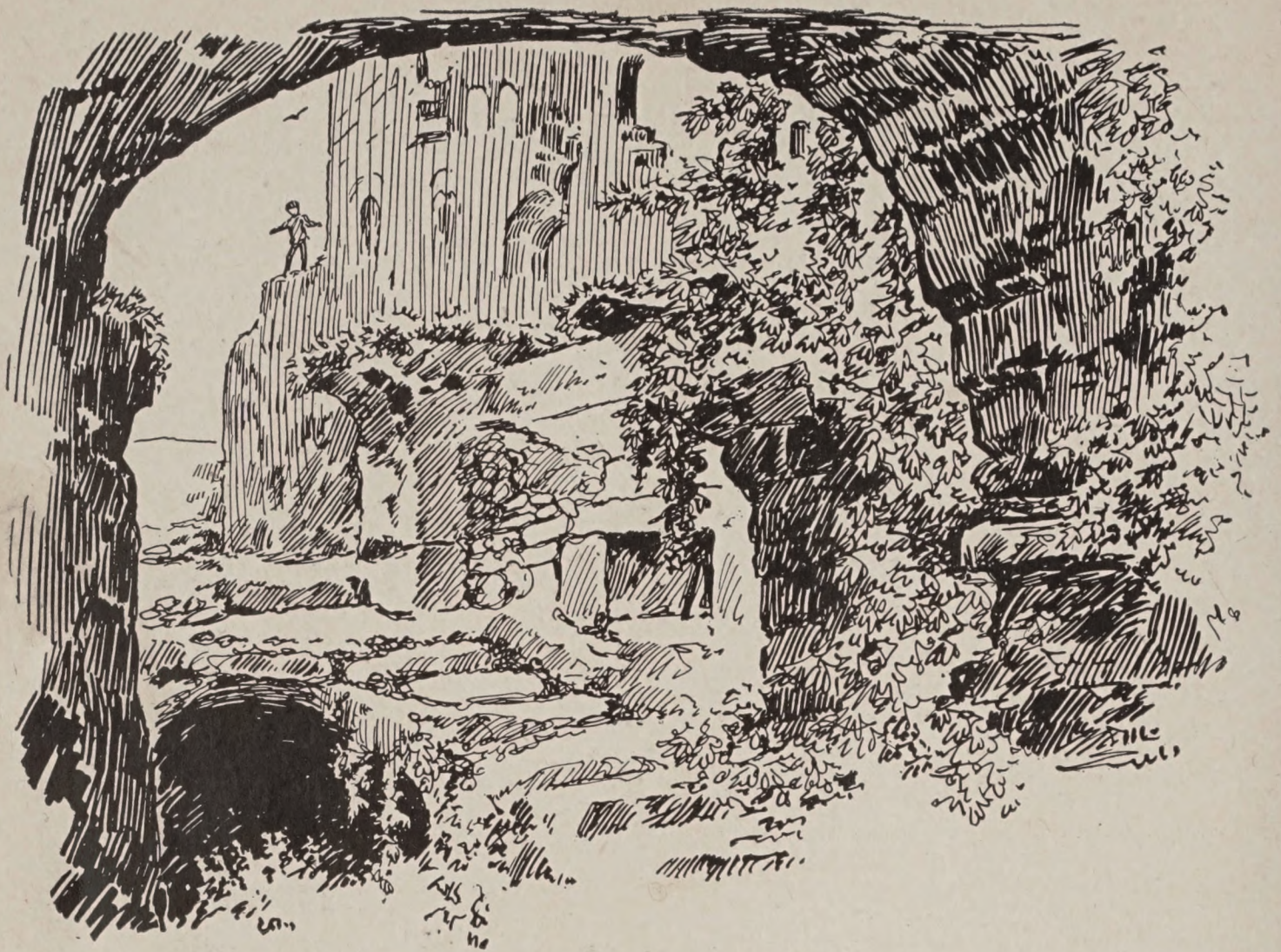
Next morning when the giant awoke, he was furious when he found that the children had escaped. "The rascals," cried he. "I shall catch them. Get me my seven-league boots."

He set out and after running in every direction, at last came upon the track of the poor children, who without knowing it, had wandered to within a short distance of their own home.

In the distance they could see the monster striding from hill to hill, and stepping over rivers as easily as if they were brooks. Hop-o'-my-thumb discovered a cave and made his brothers hide in it. He kept watch at the entrance. By the time the giant had reached the cave he was so tired from traveling so far in such a short distance that he lay down for a minute to rest. "There is no danger of my losing them this time," he said as his eyes began to close. In a few minutes he was sound asleep and snoring so loudly that the children—all but Hop'-o'-my-thumb—were terrified. This brave little fellow crept up to the giant, and carefully pulled off the seven-league boots and put them on his own feet. They were fairy boots, and had the knack of fitting any foot they were put on. He strode about and soon discovered the road to his own home and sent the children there, while he traveled back to the giant's house.

"Oh, Mrs. Ogre," said he all out of breath, "your husband is in great danger. He had just caught us children when a band of dreadful robbers captured him and told him that they would kill him at once if he did not give them a bag of gold. He lent me his seven-league boots and sent me after the money."

The woman thought he was surely telling the truth or he would not have her husband's boots, so she gave him the money at once. Hop-o'-my-thumb then hastened back to his father's house and gave him the great bag of gold, and they lived in great happiness ever afterward.



Jack the Giant Killer

MANY years ago, during the reign of King Arthur, there lived in England, a number of giants who were the terror of all the country about. They stole the farmers' cattle, sheep and oxen, and kept the land poor by their robberies.

Now there lived in one of the villages a little boy called Jack. He was a very brave little boy, and when he was seven years old he said: "Why is everyone so afraid of the giants? I will kill them, and then no one will be afraid any more."

Close by there was a huge castle, which belonged to a giant called Cormoran. He was eighteen feet high, and when he was very hungry he would walk down into the village, pick up a man in each hand, and carry them off to boil for his breakfast.

Jack determined to put a stop to this, so one night he set out for the castle with a spade, a horn, and a pick-axe. With the spade he dug a pit twenty feet long, and twenty feet wide, and twenty feet deep. Then he covered it all over with sticks, and strewed the sticks with earth. When he had finished, it was already morning. He blew a terrific blast on his horn. Out of the castle the huge giant rushed on to the green lawn.

“Who has dared to wake me?” he roared in a voice of thunder. “You shall be broiled for my breakfast.”

“You had better catch me first,” retorted Jack, who passed for a wit in the village.

“You young rascal!” Saying this, the giant advanced with great strides to catch him, but Jack only danced with glee and blew his horn again and again. In another moment the giant had fallen into the pit, and was howling with rage and pain.

“How about your breakfast now?” asked Jack, and he struck the giant a heavy blow on his head with the pick-axe and killed him. Then he cut off his head and brought it home to the village, and the peasants were so pleased to see Cormoran dead, that they clubbed together and bought Jack a sword, on which was written in gold letters:

“This is the valiant Englishman
Who slew the giant, Cormoran.”

After that everyone called him “Jack the Giant Killer.” Several years passed away, but Jack was always thinking of giants, and always longing to kill another. At last he made up his mind to travel into Wales, where there lived another giant called Blunderbore. So he set out, and walked along the high road until in the distance he saw a great castle standing on a hill, and he thought that he would go there and ask for shelter. So he knocked at the door of the castle, and it was opened

by the giant himself, who seemed very hospitable, and asked him to pass the night with him. He gave Jack a good supper, and then took him up into a pretty bedroom, and wished him good night. But as he was leaving the room Jack heard him muttering to himself:

“Altho’ you lodge with me this night,
You shall not see the morning light;
My club shall dash your brains out quite.”

But Jack was too cunning to be caught that way. He put a great log of wood in the bed, and then he crept under the bed and hid himself. At midnight the giant came into the room very quietly, and hit three heavy blows with his club on the bed, and then left the room chuckling to himself. He thought, of course, that he had broken every bone in Jack’s body. The next morning, however, to the great surprise of the giant, Jack came downstairs as if nothing had happened.

“How did you sleep?” asked the giant. “Did you not feel anything in the night?”

“No,” said Jack, “nothing but a rat that gave me two or three flaps with her tail.”

Concealing his amazement as well as he could, the giant took Jack in to breakfast, and placed upon the table two bowls, each containing four gallons of bread-pudding.

Jack did not want the giant to think he could not eat all of his, so he placed a large leather bag under his loose coat, and when the giant wasn’t looking he would put all the pudding he could not eat into it.

When they had both finished their breakfast, Jack said to the giant: “I can do a great many things; I can cut my head off and put it on again; and see here what I can do.” With this

he took a knife and ripped up the wallet, so that the bread pudding all fell out.

“Odds, splutter!” said the giant, furious at being outdone, “I can do that myself.” He snatched the knife from Jack and ripping open his own stomach, immediately fell down dead.

Then Jack went on his way to the court of King Arthur, and was enrolled as one of the Knights of the Round Table. He was a great favorite, and used to go on many expeditions with the king’s son.

One day the prince told him that he was very unhappy, for there was a beautiful princess whom he wanted to marry, but the princess was in the hands of an enchanter, and no one could find out how to free her.

“Well,” said Jack, “let us go together and hunt the enchanter.” So they started off one fine day, and after they had walked a very long way, they found themselves in a wood, and Jack persuaded the prince to rest in the wood while he went and looked for a house. When he had walked about five minutes longer he found himself at the walls of a great castle. Jack knocked at the gate, and out came a giant with two heads.

“I am your cousin Jack, and I bring you news,” said Jack. “The king’s son is coming with three thousand men to kill you.”

“Oh, dear! Cousin Jack, I do not want to be killed,” moaned the giant. “Lock me up in the cellar, and keep the key yourself until they are gone.”

So Jack took the key and locked the giant up. Then he went back to the prince and brought him to the castle, and they passed a merry evening together. In the morning Jack collected as much treasure as the prince could carry, and sent him on into the wood with it, while he let the giant out of the cellar.

The giant thanked him much for his kindness. “And now,” he said, “I will give you something that will be useful to you.”

And he brought out of his garret an old coat, an old hat, an old pair of shoes, and a rusty sword. "Take these," he said, "the coat will make you invisible, the hat will make you so wise that you will know everything, the shoes will make you swift as the wind, and with the sword you will be able to cut through anything." So Jack took them all and joined the prince, and they journeyed on together.

Soon they came to another castle, where there lived a very cruel giant. Round this castle was a wide, deep moat, and across the moat was a drawbridge. "Now," said Jack, "I will go and speak to the giant."

Jack set the princes' followers to work to cut the bridge on both sides, almost to the middle. Then he dressed himself in his invisible coat and his wonderful shoes and went across the bridge into the courtyard, where he found the giant, with his club in his hand.

Now of course the giant couldn't see Jack, but he could smell him so he called out:

"Fe, fi, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman;
Be he alive or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make me bread."

"Catch me if you can," said Jack, taking off his coat so that the giant could see him, and starting to run. The giant followed him round and round the castle, but he could not catch him as Jack had on his wonderful shoes. At last Jack rushed across the drawbridge, the giant close upon his heels. But when the monster came to the middle of the bridge, where it had been cut on both sides, his great weight made it break, and he tumbled into the water, and was drowned.

Then Jack and the king's son continued their journey, till at last they arrived at the abode of the giant Galligantus, a very wicked giant who by the aid of a magician, turned princes and princesses into animals.

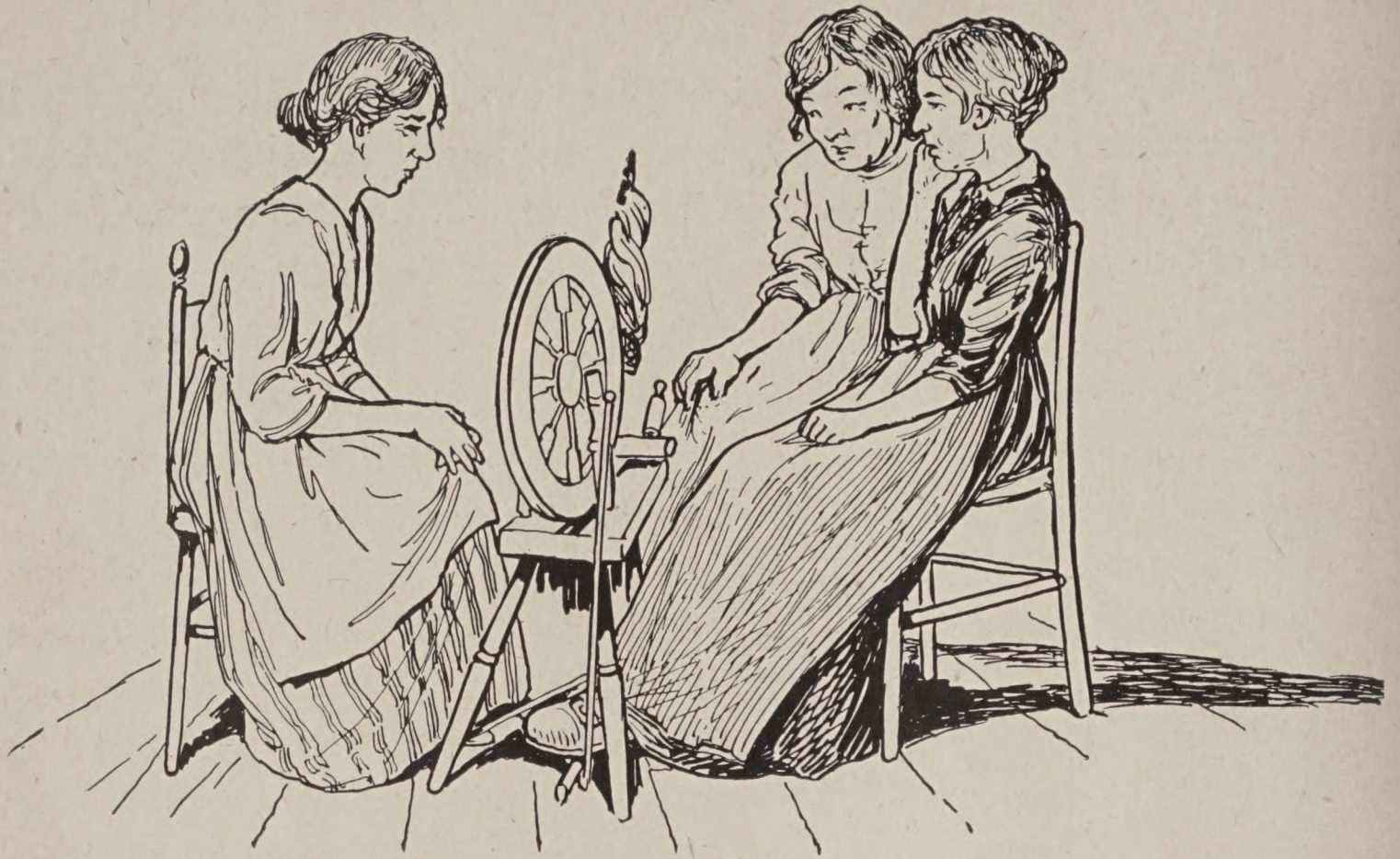
The beautiful maiden whom the prince wanted to marry had been turned into a gazelle and was in this very castle. When Jack reached the door he found it guarded by two ferocious griffins—dreadful animals that had the bodies and heads of lions and the beaks and wings of eagles. He put on his invisible coat and marched into the palace.

The first thing he saw on entering, was an enormous horn, upon which was written:

“Whoever doth this trumpet blow
Shall cause the giant's overthrow.”

“That will I do,” said Jack, and he blew a tremendous blast that made the castle walls shake. The griffins fell down dead, and then helter-skelter, through the great hall, rushed a group of terrified animals. Last of all came a beautiful gazelle and when she saw Jack, she fawned on him, and led him to a small room. Here he found the giant and cut off his head with his sharp sword, and as he did so, the gazelle turned into a beautiful princess—the very one the young prince was searching for.

All the knights and beautiful ladies who had been changed into beasts, also returned to their proper shapes. The castle vanished away like smoke and with it the magician. Next day every one returned to the court and Jack brought the giant's head to King Arthur, who was so pleased by his brave feats that he gave him a large estate, and married him off to a duke's daughter.



The Three Spinners

THERE was once a lazy girl who would not spin. At last her mother, getting both angry and impatient, gave her a blow, which made the girl cry very loudly. Just then the queen, passing by, heard the noise, and stopping the carriage, stepped into the house and asked the mother why she beat her daughter in such a way that the passers-by in the street heard her shrieks.

The mother, however, was ashamed that her daughter's laziness should be known, and said, "I cannot make her leave off spinning; she will spin for ever and ever, and I am so poor that I cannot procure the flax."

The queen replied: "Let your daughter go with me to the castle; I have flax enough, and she may spin as much as she pleases."

The mother was very glad at heart, and the queen took the

girl home with her. As soon as they entered the castle she led her up into three rooms, which were full of the finest flax from top to bottom. "Now, spin this flax for me," said the queen; "and, when you have prepared it all you shall have my eldest son for a husband. Although you are poor, I do not despise you on that account; your unwearied industry is dowry enough."

The girl, however, was inwardly frightened, for she could not have spun the flax had she sat there from morning to night until she was three hundred years old. When she was left alone she began to cry, and thus she sat three days without stirring a hand. On the third day the queen came, and when she saw that nothing was yet spun she wondered; and the maiden excused herself by saying that she had not been able to begin yet, on account of her great sorrow at leaving her mother's house. So the queen was satisfied; but on leaving she said, "You must begin to work for me tomorrow."

As soon as the girl was again alone, she knew not how to act or help herself, and in her vexation she went and looked out of the window. She saw three women passing by; the first of whom had a broad, flat foot, the second such a large under-lip that it reached nearly to her chin, and the third a very big thumb. They stopped before the window, and, looking up, asked the girl what she wanted. She told them her trouble, and they offered her their help, saying, "Will you invite us to the wedding, and not be ashamed of us, but call us your aunts, and let us sit at your table? If you do all these, we will spin the flax in a very short time for you."

"With all my heart," replied the girl; "come in, and begin at once." Then she let in these three women, and, making a clear place in the first room, they seated themselves and began spinning. One drew the thread and trod the wheel, the other moistened the thread, and the third pressed it and beat with her

fingers on the table; and as often as she did so a pile of thread fell on the ground, which was spun in the finest manner. The girl hid the three spinners from the queen, and showed her, as often as she came, the heaps of spun yarn, and received no end of praise. When the first room was empty, the three women went to the second, and at length to the third, so that soon all was cleared out. Now the three spinners took leave, saying to the girl, "Do not forget what you promised us; it will make your fortune."

When the girl showed the queen the empty rooms and the great pile of thread, the wedding was performed, and the bridegroom was glad that he had such a clever and industrious wife, and praised her exceedingly.

"I have three aunts," said the girl, "who have done me much service; so I would not willingly forget them in my good fortune. Allow me, therefore, to invite them to the wedding, and to sit with me at table." The queen and the bridegroom asked, "Why should we not allow it?"

When the feast was begun, the three old women entered in great splendor, and the bride said, "You are welcome, dear aunts."

"Ah," said the bridegroom, "how do you come by such ugly relatives?" And, going up to the one with the big foot, he asked, "Why have you such a broad foot?" "From treading, from treading," she replied. Then he went to the second, and asked, "Why have you such an overhanging lip?" "From licking," she answered, "from licking." Then he asked the third, "Why have you such a broad thumb?" "From pressing the thread," she replied, "from pressing the thread."

The prince was so surprised to think that spinning and weaving could make people that ugly that he at once forbade his bride ever to touch a spinning-wheel again.



Roland

ONCE upon a time there lived a real old witch who had two daughters, one ugly and wicked, whom she loved very much, because she was her own child; and the other fair and good, whom she hated, because she was her stepdaughter. One day the stepchild wore a very pretty apron, which so pleased the other that she turned jealous, and told her mother she must and would have the apron. "Be quiet, my child," said she, "you shall have it; your sister has long deserved death. Tonight, when she is asleep, I will come and cut off her head; but take care that you lie nearest the wall, and push her quite to the side of the bed."

Luckily the poor maiden overheard this speech, or she would have been murdered; when bedtime came she was forced to lie in the place fixed for her; but happily the other sister soon went to sleep, and then she contrived to change places and

get quite close to the wall. At midnight the old witch sneaked in, holding in her right hand an axe, while with her left she felt for her intended victim; and then raising the axe in both her hands, she chopped off the head of her own daughter.

As soon as she went away, the maiden got up and went to her sweetheart, who was called Roland, and knocked at his door. When he came out she said to him, "Dearest Roland, we must flee at once; my stepmother would have killed me, but in the dark she has murdered her own child; if day comes, and she discovers what she has done, we are lost!"

"But I advise you," said Roland, "first to take away her magic wand, or we cannot save ourselves if she should follow and catch us."

So the maiden stole away the wand, and taking up the head dropped three drops of blood upon the ground; one before the bed, one in the kitchen, and one upon the step; this done, she hurried away with her lover.

When the morning came and the old witch had dressed herself, she called to her daughter and would have given her the apron, but no one came. "Where are you?" she called.

"Ah! I sleep in the bed," said the drops of blood; and she entered the room, but what a sight met her eyes! There lay her own child covered with blood, for she herself had cut off her head.

The old witch flew into a terrible passion, sprang out of the window, and looking far and near, presently saw her stepdaughter, who was hurrying away with Roland. "That won't help you!" she shouted; "were you twice as far, you should not escape me." So saying, she drew on her boots, in which she went an hour's walk with every stride, and before long she overtook the fugitives. But the maiden, as soon as she saw the witch in sight, changed her dear Roland into a lake with the magic

wand, and herself into a duck, which could swim upon its surface. When the old witch arrived at the shore, she threw in bread-crumbs, and tried all sorts of means to entice the duck; but it was all of no use, and she was obliged to go away at evening without accomplishing her ends. When she was gone the maiden took her natural form, and Roland also, and all night long till daybreak they traveled onward. Then the maiden changed herself into a rose, which grew amid a very thorny hedge, and Roland became a fiddler. Soon after up came the old witch, and said to him, "Good player, may I break off your flower?" "Oh! yes," he replied, "and I will accompany you with a tune." In great haste she climbed up the bank to reach the flower, and as soon as she was in the hedge he began to play, and whether she liked it or not she was obliged to dance to the music, for it was a bewitched tune. The quicker he played, the higher was she obliged to jump, till the thorns tore all the clothes off her body, and scratched and wounded her so much that at last she fell down dead.

Then Roland, when he saw they were saved, said, "Now I will go to my father, and arrange the wedding."

"Yes," said the maiden, "and meanwhile I will rest here, and wait for your return, and, that no one may know me, I will change myself into a red stone."

Roland went away and left her there, but when he reached home he fell into the snares laid for him by another maiden, and forgot his true love, who for a long time waited his coming; but at last, in sorrow and despair of ever seeing him again, she changed herself into a beautiful flower, and thought that perhaps some one might pluck her and carry her to his home.

A day or two after a shepherd chanced to see the enchanted flower, and took it with him, and laid it away in his trunk. From that day everything prospered in the shepherd's house, and mar-

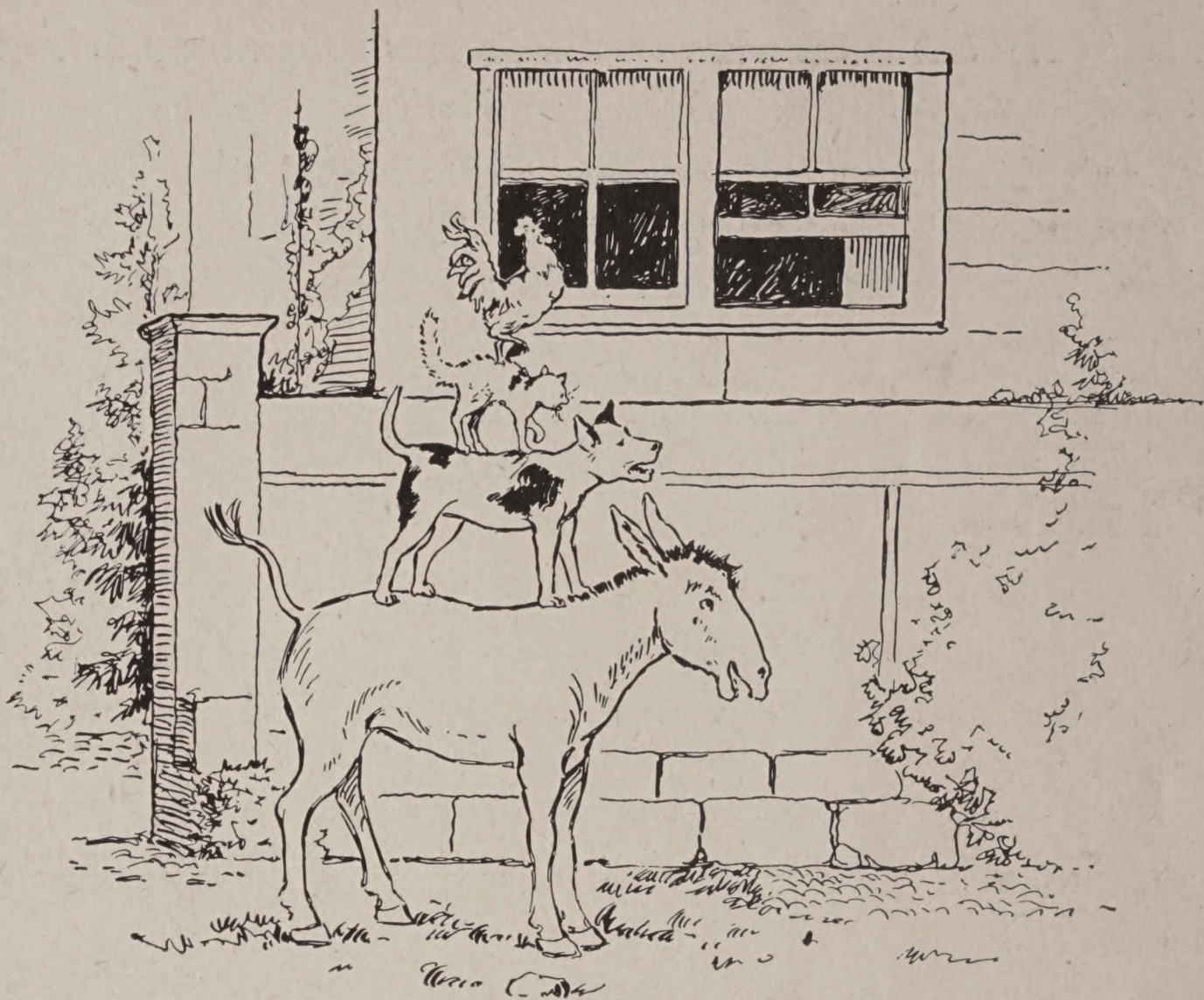
velous things happened. When he arose in the morning he found all the work already done. When he came home at noonday the table was laid, and a good meal prepared for him. He could not imagine how it was all done, and became so anxious to know who it was, that he went and asked the advice of a wise woman. The woman said, "There is some witchery in the business; listen if you can hear anything moving in the room, and if you do and can see anything, throw a white napkin over it, and the charm will be dispelled."

The shepherd did as he was bid, and the next morning he saw his trunk open and the flower come out of it. He instantly sprang up and threw a white napkin over it, and immediately the spell was broken, and a beautiful maiden stood before him. She told him her tale, and she pleased the shepherd so much, that he asked her if she would marry him, but she said, "No," for she would still keep true to her dear Roland, although he had left her.

Meanwhile, the time had arrived for the celebration of Roland's wedding, and, according to the old custom, it was proclaimed through all the country round, that every maiden might assemble to sing in honor of the bridal pair. When the poor girl heard this, she decided to go to the wedding, just to see her dear Roland once more.

When it came to her turn to sing, she stepped back till she was quite by herself, and as soon as she began to sing, Roland jumped up, exclaiming, "I know the voice! that is my true bride! no other will I have!" All that he had hitherto forgotten and neglected to think of was suddenly brought back to his heart's remembrance, and he would not again let her go.

And now the wedding of the faithful maiden to the dear Roland was celebrated with great magnificence; and their sorrows and troubles being over, happiness became their lot.



The Musicians of Bremen

A FARMER once owned a donkey that had worked faithfully for him for many years, but now that he was growing old, the hard-hearted master decided to put an end to him. But the animal became aware of the fact and ran away.

As he was traveling along, he saw a dog lying by the roadside, and panting as if he were very tired. "What makes you so weary?" asked the donkey.

"Alas, I grew so old and weak, I could no longer follow my master to the chase, and he was going to knock me on the

head, but I ran off. But what shall I do now to earn my living? I fear I shall starve."

"Don't lose your courage so easily," said the donkey. "Come along with me. I'm going to the great city to turn musician. You can try your luck at the same thing."

So the dog and the donkey jogged on together. They had not gone far when they came to a cat sitting in the middle of the road. She looked so sad that the donkey felt sorry for her and stopped to ask her what the trouble was.

"Ah me!" said the cat. "I was settling down to a happy old age, and was enjoying myself as I stretched out every day in front of the kitchen oven, when I learned that my mistress no longer had any use for me because I didn't care to run after the mice. Indeed, she was even going to drown me, but I escaped; but I don't see what good it did me, for I do not know what I will live upon now."

"Don't worry," said the donkey, "but come along with us to the great city. You are a good night singer, and may make your fortune as a musician." The cat was much pleased with the idea and joined the party at once.

A little later on, as they were passing a farm, they saw a cock perched upon a gate, and screaming out with all his might. "Upon my word," said the donkey, "you surely know how to make a great noise. What's it all about?"

"I just overheard the mistress tell the cook to cut off my head and make me into broth for the guests that are coming Sunday. So I decided to make all the noise I could while I was alive," said the cock.

"Why give them a chance to cut off your head?" said the donkey. "Come along with us instead. We're on our way to Bremen, where we may get up some kind of a concert."

“With all my heart,” said the cock, and the four went merrily on together.

Although they traveled all day they could not reach the great city the first day, so when night came, they lay down in the woods to sleep. The cock flew up to the top of a tree, and before going to sleep, looked all around. As he did so he saw a bright light in the distance. He called down to his companions and told them that he thought there must be a house nearby, as he could see a light.

“If that’s the case,” said the donkey, “I think we had better go on. We are all pretty hungry, and we might be able to get a square meal.” So off they all started, and as they drew nearer to the light, it grew larger and brighter. At last they came to a house in which a gang of robbers lived.

As the donkey was the tallest, he crept up to the window and peeked in. There he saw a band of robbers seated around a table loaded with good things to eat. “We could have a great feast if we could only get rid of those robbers,” said the donkey, as he told the others what he had just seen. So they all put their heads together and devised a plan.

The donkey stood close to the window. The dog climbed up on his back; the cat scrambled up to the dog’s shoulders, and the cock flew up and sat on the cat’s back. When all was ready they began their music. The donkey brayed, the dog barked, the cat meowed and the cock crowed. Then they all broke through the window at once, and came tumbling into the room, the broken glass flying in all directions.

The robbers were terrified and thought some dreadful witches had broken in upon them. They didn’t take the time to look around, but just scampered off as fast as they could.

Then the four musicians seated themselves and had a royal feast. When they could eat no more they put the lights out

and each one looked around for a comfortable place in which to pass the rest of the night.

The donkey lay down upon a heap of straw in the yard; the dog stretched out on a mat behind the door; the cat rolled herself up on the hearth, before the dying fire, and the cock flew up to the roof of the house.

The robbers had hidden in a nearby woods and when they saw that the house was dark, and everything was quiet they became brave and decided to go back again. One was bolder than the rest so he went back first, to see what was going on.

Finding everything quiet, he stole into the kitchen and tried to light a candle. But he mistook the cat's glittering eyes for live coals, and when he tried to strike a match on them, the cat flew at him and scratched him unmercifully. This terrified him so that he ran to the door, but there he fell over the dog, who bit him on the leg. As he was crossing the yard, the donkey kicked him, and the cock, awakened by so much noise, started to crow with all his strength. The poor robber ran back to his companions and told them that a band of witches had taken possession of the house.

"When I tried to strike a match a witch reached out her bony hands and scratched my face. When I ran out the door, another witch, hiding there, stabbed me in the leg with a knife. Out in the yard stood a black monster that struck me with a club, and up on the roof sat a judge who called out: 'Toss the villain up to me'."

On hearing this the robbers were so frightened, that they left that part of the country and never dared to come back to their own house again.

The musicians liked their quarters so well, that they gave up the idea of going on to the great city, and lived comfortably in the robbers' dwelling ever after.



A Real Princess

TH**ERE** was once a prince who wanted to marry a princess, but she must be a real princess. So he traveled through the whole world to find one, but there was always something against each. There were plenty of princesses, but he could not find out if they were real princesses. In every case there was some little defect, which showed the genuine article was not yet found.

So he came home again in very low spirits, for he had wanted very much to have a real princess.

One night there was a dreadful storm; it thundered and lightened and the rain streamed down in torrents! It was fearful! There was a knocking heard at the palace gate, and the old king went to open it.

There stood a princess outside the gate; but oh, what a sight she was from the rain and the storm! The water was running down from her hair and her dress. It ran in at the toes of her shoes and out at the heels again. And yet she said she was a real princess!

“Well, we shall soon find out!” thought the old queen. But she said nothing, and went into the sleeping-room, took off all the bed-clothes, and laid a pea on the bottom of the bed. Then she put twenty mattresses on top of the pea, and twenty eider-down quilts on the top of the mattresses. And this was the bed in which the princess was to sleep.

The next morning she was asked how she had slept.

“Oh, very badly!” said the princess. “I scarcely closed my eyes all night! I am sure I don’t know what was in the bed. I lay on something so hard that my whole body is black and blue. It is dreadful!”

Then they knew that she was a real princess, because she had felt the pea through the twenty mattresses and the twenty eider-down quilts.

No one but a real princess could be so sensitive.

So the prince married her, for now he knew that at last he had met a real princess. And the pea was put into the Royal Museum, where it is still to be seen if no one has stolen it.



The Flying Trunk

THERE was once a merchant who was so rich that he could have paved a whole street with silver. When he died he left all his wealth to his only son, a good-for-nothing.

This young man led a merry life, going to balls and parties every night. He was so extravagant that he played at ducks and drakes with gold pieces instead of stones. He even made paper kites out of bank notes.

Soon he had used up all his wealth. He had nothing left but four dollars, a pair of slippers, and an old dressing-gown. His friends deserted him, all but one—a good natured fellow—who sent him a large trunk with the words “pack up.”

As he had nothing to pack, he decided to get into the trunk himself.

Now this was a very remarkable trunk, for as soon as the lock was pressed, it could fly. No sooner had the young man climbed into the trunk, and pressed the lock, than he was up in the air and far away.

He flew on till he reached the country where the Turks live. There he hid the trunk under heaps of dry leaves in a forest, and went into the city. He felt quite at home in his dressing-gown and slippers as that was the way all the Turks seemed to be dressed.

Close to the town he saw a great castle, with windows placed very high.

“Who lives there?” he asked a passer-by.

“The sultan’s daughter,” replied the man. “It has been prophesied that she would be very unhappy in the choice of her lover, so she is kept there in the castle, and can see no one unless the sultan and his wife are present.”

“We’ll see about that,” said the young man to himself, as he hurried back to the forest. Then he climbed inside his trunk and flew right over the roof of the castle. He left his trunk on a turret and crawled in through a window into the princess’ room.

She was sleeping on the sofa, and looked so beautiful that the merchant’s son was tempted to kiss her. This awakened the princess and she was dreadfully frightened at seeing a stranger in her room. But the visitor told her that he was the god of the Turks and that he had flown down from the heavens to see her. Of course this delighted her very much.

They sat down side by side, and he told her stories about her eyes, and her snowy forehead. Finally he proposed to her and she said “yes” without a moment’s hesitation.

“You must be sure and come Friday, when the sultan and sultana drink tea with me,” she said. “They will be very proud to have me wed the god of the Turks. If you want to make a good impression on both of them, come prepared to tell some good stories.”

“Very well, I shall bring no other dowry than a story,” he said, and so they parted. The princess gave him a sabre studded with precious stones, and that was of great use to him. He flew into town and sold it, bought a new dressing-gown and several other things he needed. Then he sat down in the woods to prepare the story, and that was no easy matter.

On Friday, when he arrived at the castle, the whole court was there, and he was received very graciously.

He was asked to tell a story, and really told such a thrilling one that the sultan and sultana were delighted and told him he could marry their daughter at once. From that night till Monday, the day set for the wedding, they treated the merchant's son as one of the family. Nothing was too good for him.

The night before the wedding, the whole city was illuminated. Gingerbread and biscuits were thrown among the people. The street-urchins stood on tip-toe and whistled through their fingers.

“Now I suppose I must give them some sort of a treat,” said the merchant's son. So he bought a quantity of sky rockets, Roman candles, and all sorts of fireworks, placed them in his trunk, and flew up in the air.

P-r-r-r-r-! how they whirred, and fizzed, and blazed out on all sides.

The Turks jumped up in the air till their slippers flew past their ears. They had never seen such a glitter and show before. Now they realized clearly that their princess was going to marry a god.

As soon as the merchant's son had finished his display of fireworks, he alighted in the wood, hid the trunk, and went into the town to hear how the people liked the exhibition.

Nobody of course recognized him, for he was only known to the royal family.

Every one whom he questioned had seen something different from his neighbors, but they all agreed it had been a very beautiful sight.

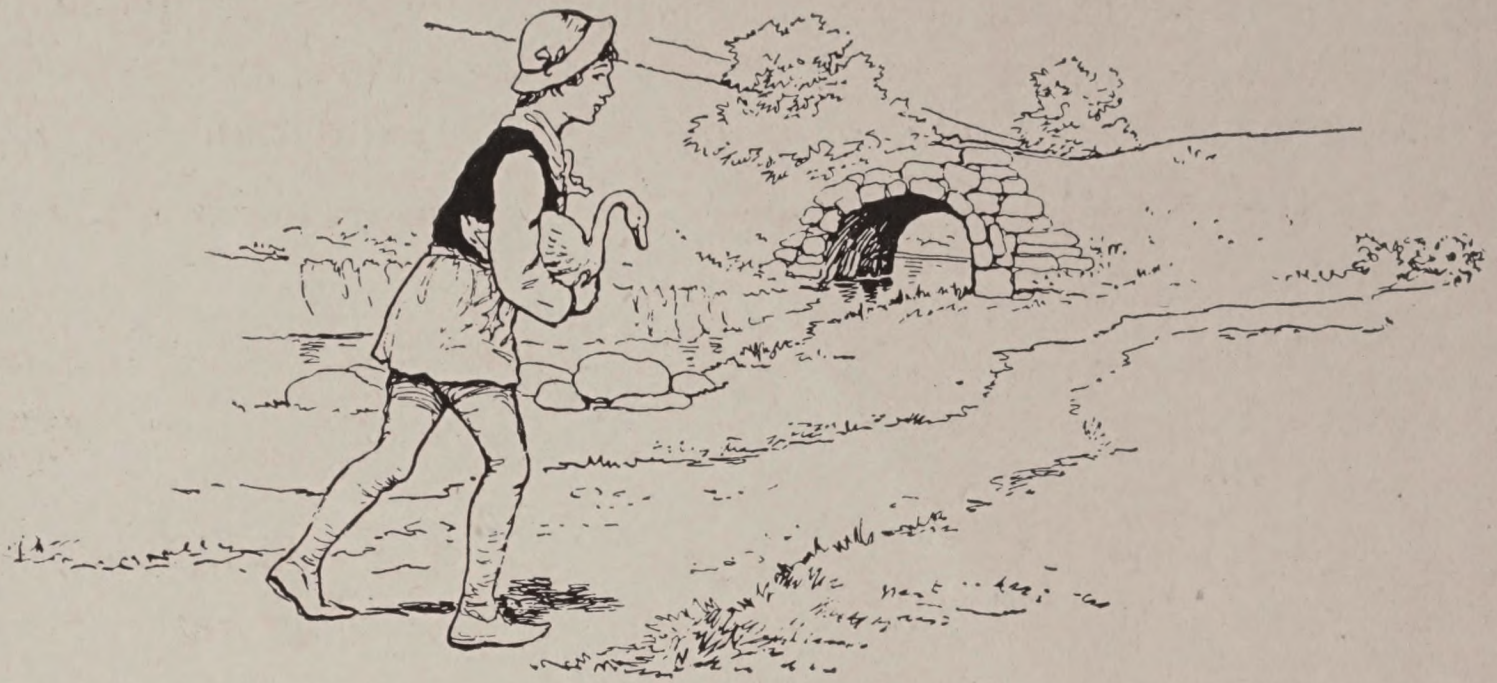
"I saw the bridegroom myself," said one of them, "his eyes were like golden stars, and his beard like foaming water."

"He flew away in a mantle of fire," cried another. "Lovely angel-faces gleamed forth from its folds."

It was getting very late, so he hurried back to the woods, to take a little sleep, for the next day was his wedding-day. Everything was arranged. The princess was to wait for him out on the roof, and they were to fly away together.

He reached the spot where he kept his trunk, and began to pull the leaves away. But where was the trunk? Had someone stolen it? It was nowhere to be seen! Under the leaves he soon found bits of charred wood. The trunk had burned up. A spark from the fireworks had been left behind, and the wonderful flying trunk had caught fire and burned to ashes.

Next day the princess stood waiting on the roof all day long, but the god-like lover never came to claim his bride. Instead he hurried out of the country, and no one ever heard of him again.



Hans in Luck

HANS had been a faithful apprentice for seven years and had learned a good trade. One day he said: "Master, my time is up. Give me my pay so that I may go back home and see my mother."

The master was very fond of Hans who had worked hard for him all these years, so he gave him a lump of silver as big as his head.

Hans thanked him, tied the silver up in his red handkerchief and started off. He trudged on for several hours and was beginning to get very tired when along came a man on a handsome horse.

"You are a lucky man to own a fine horse like that and ride along over the hard roads, while I have to trudge along and carry this heavy piece of silver," said Hans.

"What do you say to changing?" asked the rider. "I will give you my horse and you give me your silver."

Hans was delighted and soon he was galloping along the road. "What was a lump of silver compared to a horse like this!" thought Hans. "Just see how he goes," and he urged the horse to go faster. But alas, the horse went so fast that he threw his rider off and the first thing Hans knew he lay in a ditch by the roadside. His horse would have run away, if a shepherd who was coming by, driving a cow, had not stopped it.

Hans was vexed with the horse. Seeing the nice sleek cow, he said: "I'd much rather have a cow. You can walk along beside her at your leisure and have milk, butter and cheese every day into the bargain."

"If you are so fond of her I will change my cow for your horse," said the shepherd, hardly believing Hans would trade such a fine horse.

"Done!" cried Hans, merrily. The shepherd jumped upon the horse and away he rode, before Hans might change his mind.

Hans drove his cow quietly, and thought his bargain a very lucky one. After he had been walking in the sun a while he thought he would refresh himself with a drink of milk. So he tied the cow to a stump, and held his leather cap to milk into. But not a drop of milk would come. While he was trying his luck and managing the matter very clumsily, the uneasy beast gave him a kick on the head that knocked him senseless.

Luckily for him, along came a butcher driving a pig to market. After the butcher had helped Hans to get up he asked him the trouble. When Hans told him he looked the animal over and said: "That is an old beast. She will give no more milk. She is only fit for the slaughter-house."

"Alas! alas!" said Hans. "I do not care for cow-beef. It is not tender enough for me. Now if it were only pig, it could at least be made into delicious sausage."

“Well, said the butcher, “to please you I’ll change, and give you the pig for the cow.”

“Heaven bless you for your kindness,” said Hans, and he took the string tied to the pig’s leg and drove it away.

He jogged along, quite content till he met a fat countryman carrying a goose. The man looked enviously at the fine pig and asked Hans where he got it. When Hans told him he exchanged it for a cow the countryman said: “Poor boy, that’s too bad. The pig was stolen from the judge and he is on the look-out for the person who took it. He is going to put him in jail.”

Poor Hans was greatly frightened and said: “Good man, do help me out of this scrape. You know this country better than I. Do take the pig and give me your goose.” So the countryman led the pig down a side lane and Hans went joyfully on with his goose.

As he came to the last village he met a scissors-grinder, with his wheel, working away and singing merrily. Hans stood and watched him for a while, then said: “You must be rich, master grinder, you seem so happy at your work. “Yes,” said the man, “mine is a golden trade. A good grinder never puts his hand in his pocket without finding money. But where did you get that fat looking goose?”

“I changed it for a pig,” replied Hans.

“And where did you get the pig?” further questioned the man.

“Oh, I gave a cow for it, and for the cow I gave a horse and for the horse I gave a lump of silver as big as my head.”

“But where did you get the silver?” asked the grinder.

“I worked hard for that seven long years,” answered Hans.

“Well,” said the man, “you have gotten along well in the

world; now if you could only find money in your pockets whenever you wanted it, you would be luckier than ever."

"Very true, but how can that be done?"

"You must turn grinder like me. All you need is a grindstone. Now, here is one that is a little the worse for the wear, but it is at least worth your goose if you care to change."

"I should be the happiest man in the world," said Hans, "if I could have money whenever I put my hand in my pocket. Here's the goose." The grinder took the goose, and picking up a common rough stone that lay by the road, handed it to Hans, saying: "This is an excellent stone. Manage it carefully and you can make an old nail cut with it."

Hans took the stone and went off with a light heart, thinking he was indeed a lucky young fellow. He trudged on, but before he had carried the heavy stone many miles he began to feel very tired and thirsty. He came at last to the side of a pond, and laying the stone down he leaned over to drink. But in doing so he accidentally pushed the stone, and into the water it went with a splash. Hans watched it sink into the deep water, then jumped up joyfully as he exclaimed: "Heaven is certainly kind to me. It has taken away my only plague—the heavy stone. How happy I am! No one was ever so lucky."

He then traveled on, free from all his troubles, till he reached his mother's house.



Thick-Headed Jack

A KNIGHT had three sons, two of whom were very clever, but the third was considered stupid. He went by the name of "Thick-headed Jack."

Now it happened that the king's daughter had made up her mind that she would not marry a prince, nor any one that her father picked out for her. Indeed not, she was going to marry a man who knew how to give a ready answer and to think quickly.

Both the clever sons wished to marry the princess. They had spent a whole week in preparing themselves for the wooing. The eldest knew by heart the whole Latin dictionary, and every column of the daily newspaper for the last three years. The second brother had studied law and knew all about state affairs.

"I shall get the princess," they both cried together; and their

old father gave each of them a beautiful horse. Just as they were starting off, up came the youngest brother and wanted to know where they were going. When they told him they were going to try and win the king's daughter, Thick-headed Jack exclaimed:

"My gracious! I shall come too." The brothers laughed scornfully and rode away.

"Father," cried Thick-headed Jack, "I must have a horse. If you only knew what a hurry I'm in to get married. If she takes me I'll take her; and if she don't take me I'll take her all the same."

"Hold your foolish tongue," cried his father. "You shall have no horse. You must not expect to do the things your brothers do. You are different beings."

"Well," cried Thick-headed Jack, "if I can't have a horse I'll take my old goat." So saying, he mounted the old goat, and was off down the turnpike road.

"Hello!" cried Jack, catching up with his brothers. "Just look at what I have found on the road," and he showed them a dead crow.

"Blockhead," cried his brothers. "What are you going to do with that?"

"Why, I am going to give it to the princess, of course."

"You had better not," said his brothers, riding away.

"Hippity-hop! Here I come! See what I have found now; it is not everybody who could pick this up from the turnpike road."

The brothers turned to see what he had. "Stupid!" they cried, "that is nothing but an old wooden shoe with the top part broken off. Are you going to give that to the princess?"

"Perhaps I may," said Thick-headed Jack. The brothers laughed and rode on; they were now a long way in advance.

“Hippity-hop! Here I come!” cried Jack, as he caught up to them for the third time. “Look here, better and better! My, this is splendid!”

“What have you found now?” cried the brothers.

“Oh, I can’t tell you,” said Jack. “It’s too nice. Won’t the king’s daughter be pleased?”

“Fie,” cried the brothers, “that’s nothing but mud out of the gutter.”

“Yes,” agreed Jack, “but just look at the quality. It’s so fine it slips right through one’s fingers.” He thereupon filled his pockets with the mud.

When they reached the town they had to stand in line with hundreds of other suitors.

All the people of the land stood in crowds around the palace windows to see the princess receive her beaux. As soon as one of them entered the hall where the beautiful princess was seated, his speech went out like a candle.

Then the king’s daughter would exclaim: “Away with him.”

At last it came the turn of the brother who knew the Latin dictionary, but he had stood outside so long that he had forgotten every word of it. Besides the room was so hot it was like a baker’s oven.

All the lover could say was: “It is dreadfully hot here.”

“Yes, indeed, but my father is roasting some chickens to-day,” said the princess.

“Ahem! ahem!” was all he could answer.

“He is no good,” said the king’s daughter. “Out with him!” and out he had to go. The second brother acted as stupidly as the first, and he too, was sent away.

Next came Thick-headed Jack, galloping, goat and all, straight into the room. “Puff, it’s murdering hot,” he cried.

“Yes, indeed, but I am roasting chickens,” said the king’s daughter.

“Oh, that’s nice. Then I can roast my crow,” said Thick-headed Jack.

“With pleasure,” said the princess. “But have you anything in which to cook it? I have neither pot nor pan.”

“I have indeed,” said Jack. “Here is a cooking utensil with a tin handle complete.” He took out the old wooden shoe and put the crow inside.

“We could have a regular meal,” said the princess, “if we only had some soup.”

“I’ve got some in my pocket,” said Thick-headed Jack, taking out some mud and throwing it on the floor.

“Now, I like that,” said the princess. “You have an answer ready, and you can speak. I choose you for my husband. But do you know that every word we speak, and have spoken is written down, and will come out in the papers tomorrow? In front of every window you see in this room there are three reporters. That old one over there is the worst, for he cannot understand anything.” She only said that to see if she could confuse Jack. The reporters tittered and dropped a shower of ink-spots on the floor.

“Oh, indeed? Well, don’t worry about anything that old one will write. I’ll fix him.” With that he took out a fist full of soft mud from his pocket and threw it right in the reporter’s face.

“That was neatly done,” said the princess. “I could not have done it as well myself, but I shall surely learn in time.”

And so it came to pass that Thick-headed Jack married the beautiful princess and when her father died, several years later, he was made king and wore a crown.



The Fisherman and His Wife

IN a poor little hut, down by the sea, there once lived a fisherman and his wife. Every day the man went down to the water's edge and sat and fished. But he had very bad luck and never caught much of anything till one morning his line went suddenly to the bottom, and when the fisherman drew it up, a great flounder was hooked at the end.

“Let me go,” cried the flounder. “I am not a real fish. Indeed not, I am an enchanted prince. Throw me back into the water and let me swim. You could not eat me if you did carry me home.”

“Don't get so excited,” said the fisherman. “I'm sure I do

not want to eat a fish that can talk." So saying, he unhooked the flounder and threw him back into the water. Then he got up and went back to his wife at the hut.

"Where are your fish? Have you caught nothing today?" she asked crossly.

"Oh!" he replied, "I caught a flounder, who said he was an enchanted prince, so I threw him back into the sea to swim."

"Did you not wish first?" she inquired. "No," said he.

"Ah," said the wife, "that is very unlucky; is one to remain in this hovel forever? You might have wished for a better hut, at least. Go again and call him; tell him we choose to have a better home and I'm certain you'll get it."

"Ah!" replied he, "how shall I manage that?" "Why," said his wife, "you must catch him again, and before you let him swim away he will grant what you ask; be quick." The man was not much pleased, but, nevertheless, he went down to the sea. When he came to the water it was green and yellow. He stood by it and said—

"Flounder, flounder, in the sea,
Hither quickly come to me;
For my wife, dame Isabel,
Wishes what I dare not tell."

Then the fish came swimming up, and said, "What do you want with me?" "Oh!" said the man, "My wife says I ought to have wished before I let you go. She won't stay any longer in her hovel, and desires a cottage."

"Go home again," said the flounder, "she has it already." So the fisherman departed, and there was his wife, no longer in the dirty hovel but in a nice clean cottage. She took him by the hand, saying, "Come now and see; is not this much better?" There was a beautiful parlor, and a fine fireplace, and a chamber

where a bed stood; there were also a kitchen and a store-room, with nice earthenware, all of the best; tinware and copper vessels, and everything very clean and neat. At the back was a large yard, with hens and chickens, as well as a fine garden, full of fruit-trees and vegetables. "See," said the wife, "is not this charming?"

"Yes," said her husband, "so long as it blooms you will be very well content with it."

Thus two weeks passed on, when the wife said, "Husband, the hut is far too narrow for me, and the yard and garden are so small; the flounder can easily give us a larger house. I wish to live in a large stone palace; go and ask him to give us a castle."

"Ah, wife," said he, "the cottage is good enough; why should you choose to have a castle?"

"Go along," she replied, "the flounder will soon give you that."

"Nay, wife," he said, "the flounder gave us the cottage at first, but when I go again he will perhaps be angry."

"Never you mind," said she, "go and try." The husband was vexed at heart, and said to himself, "This is not right." But at last he set off.

When he came to the sea, the water was quite clouded and deep blue colored, and black and thick; it looked green no longer, yet it was calm. He called out:

"Flounder, flounder, in the sea,
Hither quickly come to me,
For my wife, dame Isabel,
Wishes what I scarce dare tell."

"Now, then, what do you want?" said the flounder. "Oh," said the man, half-frightened, "my wife wants to live in a great

stone castle." "Go home, and see it at your door," replied the fish.

The fisherman went away, and lo! where formerly his house stood, there was a great stone castle; and his wife called to him from the steps to come in, and, taking him by the hand, she said, "Now let us look about." So they walked about, and in the castle there was a great hall, with marble tables, and there were ever so many servants, who ushered them through corridors into rooms hung all round with tapestry, and filled with fine golden stools and chairs, with crystal looking-glasses on the walls.

The next morning the wife woke up just as it was day, and looked out over the fine country which lay before her. Her husband did not get up, and there she stood with her arms akimbo, and called out: "Get up, and come and look here at the window; see, shall I not be queen over all the land? Go and tell the flounder we choose to be king and queen." "Ah, wife," said he, "why should I wish to be king?" "No," she replied, "you do not wish, so I will be queen. Go, tell the flounder so."

"Oh, why do you wish this? I cannot ask the flounder for any more favors."

"Why not? go off at once; I must be queen." The husband set out quite stupefied, but she would have her way, and when he came to the sea it was quite black-looking, and the water splashed up and smelled very disagreeably. But he stood still, and repeated—

"Flounder, flounder, in the sea,
Hither quickly come to me;
For my wife, dame Isabel,
Wishes what I scarce dare tell."

"What does she want now?" asked the flounder. "Ah," said he, "she would be queen." "Go home, she is so already," replied

the fish. So the fisherman departed, and when he came near the palace he saw it had become much larger, with a great tower and gateway in front of it; and before the gate stood a herald, and there were many soldiers with kettledrums and trumpets. When he entered he found everything made of purest marble and gold. He passed into a great court apartment and there sat his wife upon a high throne of gold and diamonds. She had a crown of gold upon her head, and a sceptre of precious stones in her hand; and at each side stood six pages, in a row. Then he went up, and said, "Ah, wife, are you queen now?" "Yes," said she, "now I am queen!" There he stood looking for a long time. At last he said, "Ah, wife, how do you like being queen? now we have nothing else to choose." "Indeed!" she replied, "I am very much dissatisfied; time and tide do not wait for me; I can bear it no longer. Go, then, to the flounder; queen I am; now I must be pope." "Ah, wife! what would you? Pope thou canst not be, the pope is the head of Christendom, the flounder cannot make you that."

"I will be pope," replied the wife, in such a determination that he was obliged to go, and, when he came to the shore, the sea was running mountains high, and the sky was so black that he was quite terrified, and began to say in a great fright—

"Flounder, flounder, in the sea,
Quickly, quickly, come to me,
For my wife, dame Isabel,
Wishes what I dare not tell."

"What now?" asked the flounder. "She wants to be pope," said he. "Go home, and find her so," was the reply.

So he went back, and found a great church, in which his wife was sitting upon a much higher throne, with two rows of

candles on each side, as thick as towers, and before her footstool were kings and queens kneeling.

“Wife,” said he, “now be contented; since you are pope, you cannot be anything else.” “That I will think about,” she replied, and so they went to bed; but she could not sleep for thinking what she should be next. Very early she rose, and looked out of the window, and as she saw the sun rising, she thought to herself, “Why should I not do that?” and so she shook her husband, and called out to him, “Go, tell the flounder I want to make the sun rise.” Her husband was so frightened that he tumbled out of bed, but she would hear nothing, and he was obliged to go.

When he got down to the sea a tremendous storm was raging, and the ships and boats were tossing about in all directions. Then he shouted out, though he could not hear his own words—

“Flounder, flounder, in the sea,
Quickly, quickly, come to me;
For my wife, dame Isabel,
Wishes what I dare not tell.”

“What would she have now?” asked the fish. “Ah!” he replied, “she wants to be Ruler of the Universe.”

“Return and find her back in her hovel,” replied the flounder.

The poor fisherman turned back and sure enough there sat his wife in front of their old hut; and there they had to remain for the rest of their lives.

Hansel and Grethel

HANSEL AND GRETHEL had a cruel stepmother who was a wicked fairy. She treated the children so badly that finally they left home and started to travel over the wide world.

They walked all day over hills and across fields and at length came to a deep wood. But the wicked stepmother had followed them and when Hansel stooped down to take a drink from the brook he was instantly turned into a fawn.

Grethel wept bitterly over the poor creature, and the tears also rolled down his cheeks as he lay down beside her. Then she said:

“Rest in peace, dear fawn, I will never, never leave you.” So she took off her golden necklace and put it round his neck. Then she plucked some long grasses and braided them into a soft string to fasten to his collar, and led him on into the wood.

After they had traveled a long way they came to a deserted cottage where they lived for a long time. Grethel gathered leaves and moss and made a soft bed for the fawn. Every morning she went out and plucked nuts, roots, and berries for herself, and sweet shrubs and tender grass for the fawn. He ate out of her hand and frisked about her as happy as could be.

In the evening when Grethel was tired she laid her head upon the fawn for her pillow and slept. “If my brother could only have his right form again, how happy we could be together out here in the woods,” thought Grethel.

One day it happened that the king and his hunters came into the woods to hold a great hunt. The little fawn was frisking about and the hunters spied him. They could not catch him, however. He ran back to the hut, tapped at the door and cried: "Sister, sister, let me in." Then she opened the door and in he jumped and slept soundly all night on his soft bed.

Next day the little fawn wandered again far from the hut, forgetting all about the hunters. But they saw him and gave chase. They noticed he wore a golden collar and were very curious to find out who owned him. At last after the chase had lasted all day the huntsmen nearly surrounded him, and one of them wounded him in the foot. He went limping away and the man who had shot him followed close behind. When the fawn came to the hut the man hid behind a tree and heard the little animal say: "Sister, sister, let me in," and immediately the door was opened and soon shut again.

The huntsman went back and told the king what he had heard and seen, and the king said: "We must find out who lives in the hut."

So next day they waited till the little fawn went limping out of the door, to go and gambol in the woods. Then the king crept to the hut, tapped at the door and said: "Sister, sister, let me in." Immediately the door opened and the king went in, and there stood a maiden more lovely than any he had ever seen before.

Grethel was frightened to see a king with a golden crown instead of her little fawn. But the king took her hand and said: "Lovely maiden, you must come with me to my castle, where you shall be my wife."

"Gladly," said Grethel, "if my fawn can come with me, for I cannot part from him."

“Well,” said the king, “he shall come and live with you all your life and neither of you shall want for anything.” Just at that moment in came the fawn and his sister tied the string to his collar and they all left the woods together.

A few days later the wedding was celebrated in great state. Grethel loved the king dearly for he was so gentle and kind. She finally told him all about their wicked stepmother. The king sent for her and made her break the enchantment and soon the fawn became Hansel again. The wicked stepmother was then banished from the country. After that they all lived on happily till the end of their days.



The Story of Chicken-Licken

ONE day Chicken-Licken went out to the woods, and as she was walking along an acorn fell on her poor bald pate, and she thought the sky had fallen.

“Dear me,” she said, “I must go tell the king that the sky has fallen.”

So Chicken-Licken turned back and as she was hurrying along she met Henny-Penny. “Hello, Henny-Penny,” she said, “where are you going?”

“I’m going to the woods to get some meat.”

“Oh, don’t go,” said Chicken-Licken, “for I was just there and the sky fell on my poor bald pate. Come along with me, and we’ll go and tell the king.”

So Henny-Penny turned back with Chicken-Licken, and

soon they met Cocky-Locky. When they found that Cocky-Locky was also going to the woods for meat, Henny-Penny said: "Oh, Cocky-Locky, don't go, for I was on my way there when I met Chicken-Licken, and Chicken-Licken had been to the woods, and the sky fell on her poor bald pate, and now we are going to tell the king."

Then Cocky-Locky joined the other two and soon they met Ducky-Lucky. "Well, Ducky-Lucky, where are you going this fine day?" "To the woods to hunt some meat," replied Ducky-Lucky. "Don't think of going," said Cocky-Locky, "for I was going and met Henny-Penny, and Henny-Penny met Chicken-Licken, and Chicken-Licken had been to the woods and the sky fell on her poor bald pate, so now we're going to tell the king about it."

So Ducky-Lucky turned back with the others and next they met Draky-Laky. "Why, Draky-Laky, where are you going?" and Draky-Laky said: "I'm going to the woods for some meat." Then Ducky-Lucky said, "Oh, Draky-Laky, don't go, for I was going, and met Cocky-Locky, and Cock-Locky met Henny-Penny, and Henny-Penny met Chicken-Licken, and Chicken-Licken had been to the woods, and the sky fell on her poor bald pate. Now we are all going to tell the king."

So Draky-Laky turned back, and met Goosy-Loosy. "Well, Goosy-Loosy, where are you going?" and Goosy-Loosy said, "I'm going to the woods for some meat. Then Draky-Laky said: "Oh, Goosy-Loosy, don't go, for I was going, and met Ducky-Lucky, and Ducky-Lucky met Cocky-Locky, and Cocky-Locky met Henny-Penny, and Henny-Penny met Chicken-Licken, and Chicken-Licken had been to the woods, and the sky fell on her poor bald pate, and we are going to tell the king."

So Goosy-Loosy turned back, and met Gander-Lander. "Well, Gander-Lander, where are you going?" and Gander-

Lander said, "I'm going to the woods for some meat." Then Goosy-Loosy said: "Oh, Gander-Lander, don't go, for I was going, and met Draky-Laky, and Draky-Laky met Ducky-Lucky, and Ducky-Lucky met Cocky-Locky, and Cocky-Locky met Henny-Penny, and Henny-Penny met Chicken-Licken, and Chicken-Licken had been to the woods, and the sky fell on her poor bald pate, and we are going to tell the king."

"Well, if that's the case," said Gander-Lander, "I'll go back with you." Soon they met Turkey-Lurky. "Well, Turkey-Lurky, where are you going?" Turkey-Lurky replied: "I'm going to the woods for some meat." Then Gander-Lander said: "Oh, Turkey-Lurky, don't go, for I was going, and I met Goosy-Loosy, and Goosy-Loosy met Draky-Laky, and Draky-Laky met Ducky-Lucky, and Ducky-Lucky met Cocy-Locky, and Cocky-Locky met Henny-Penny, and Henny-Penny met Chicken-Licken, and Chicken-Licken had been to the woods, and the sky fell on her poor bald pate. Come along with us, we're all going to tell the king."

So Turkey-Lurky turned back, and walked with Gander-Lander, Goosy-Loosy, Draky-Laky, Ducky-Lucky, Cocky-Locky, Henny-Penny, and Chicken-Licken. And as they were hurrying along, they met Foxy-Loxy. Foxy-Loxy smiled sweetly and said: "Where are you going, my pretty maids?" and they replied: "Chicken-Licken went to the woods, and the sky fell on her poor bald pate, and we're all going to tell the king."

"Indeed!" said Foxy-Loxy. "Well, then, you just come along with me and I will gladly show you the way." But the sly old fox was deceiving them for he led them to his hole, where he and his young ones soon ate up poor Chicken-Licken, Henny-Penny, Cocky-Locky, Ducky-Lucky, Draky-Laky, Goosy-Loosy, Gander-Lander, and Turkey-Lurky, and they never saw the king to tell him that the sky had fallen.



The Water of Life

ONCE upon a time there was a king who was so ill that everybody feared he would die. His three sons were very sad, and went out into the palace gardens to weep. There they met an old man, who asked the cause of their grief, and they told him their father was dying and that nothing could save him.

The old man said: "If he drinks of the water of life it will restore him to health; but it is very difficult to find."

"I will soon find it," said the eldest son, and, going to the sick king, he begged his permission to set out in search of the water of life, which alone could save him.

"No," the danger is too great," said the king; "I prefer to die." Nevertheless, the son begged and entreated so long that the king consented, and the prince went away, thinking in his

own heart: "If I bring this water I am the dearest to my father, and I shall inherit his kingdom."

After he had ridden a long way he met a dwarf on the road, who asked him, "Whither away so quickly?"

"You stupid imp," replied the prince proudly, "why should I tell you that?" and he rode off. But the little man was angry and he wished an evil thing, so that soon after the prince came into a narrow mountain-pass, and the further he rode the narrower it grew, till at last it was so close that he could get no further. Neither could he turn his horse round, nor dismount, and he sat there helpless.

Meanwhile the sick king waited a long while for him, but he did not come; and the second son asked leave to go too and seek the water, for he thought to himself, "If my brother is dead the kingdom comes to me." At first the king refused to spare him; but he gave in, and the prince set out on the same road as the elder one had taken, and met also the same dwarf, who stopped him and asked him, "Whither ride you so hastily?"

"Little imp," replied the prince, "what do you want to know for?" and he rode off without looking round. The dwarf, however, enchanted him, and it happened to him as it had to his brother; he came to the same mountain pass where he could move neither forwards nor backwards. Such is the fate of all haughty people.

Now, when the second son did not return, the youngest begged leave to go and fetch the water, and the king was obliged at last to give his consent. When he met the dwarf, and was asked whither he was going so hurriedly, he stopped and replied, "I seek the water of life, for my father is sick unto death."

"Do you know where to find it?" asked the dwarf.

"No," replied the prince.

“Since you have behaved yourself as you ought,” said the dwarf, “and not haughtily like your brothers, I will tell you. It flows from a fountain in the court of an enchanted castle, into which you can never penetrate if I do not give you an iron rod and two loaves of bread. With the rod knock thrice at the iron door of the castle, and it will spring open. Within lie two lions with open jaws, but if you throw down to each a loaf of bread they will be quiet. Then hasten and fetch some of the water of life before it strikes twelve, for then the door will shut again, and you will be imprisoned.”

The prince thanked the dwarf, and, taking the rod and bread, he set out on his journey, and as he arrived at the castle he found it as the dwarf had said. At the third knock the door sprang open; and, when he had stilled the lions with the bread, he walked into a fine large hall, where sat several enchanted princes, from whose fingers he drew off the rings; and he also took away with him a sword and some bread which lay there. A little further on he came to a room wherein stood a beautiful maiden, who was so pleased to see him that she kissed him and said he had freed her, and should have her whole kingdom, and if he came in another year their wedding should be celebrated. Then she told him where the fountain of the water of life was placed, and he hastened away lest it should strike twelve before he reached it. He came next into a room where a fine clean covered bed stood, and, being tired, he lay down to rest a bit. But he went to sleep, and when he awoke it struck the quarter to twelve, and the sound made him hurry to the fountain, from which he took some water in a cup. This done, he hastened to the door, and was scarcely out before it struck twelve, and the door swung to so heavily that it carried away a piece of his heel.

But he was very glad, in spite of this, that he had procured the water, and he journeyed homewards, and passed again where

the dwarf stood. When the dwarf saw the sword and bread which he had brought away he declared he had done well, for with the sword he could destroy whole armies; but the bread was worth nothing. Now, the prince was not willing to return home to his father without his brothers, and so he said to the dwarf, "Dear dwarf, can you tell me where my brothers are? They went out before me in search of the water of life, and did not return."

"They are stuck fast between two mountains," replied the dwarf; "because they were so haughty, I imprisoned them there."

Then the prince begged for their release, till at last the dwarf brought them out; but he warned the youngest to beware of them, for they had evil in their hearts.

When his brothers came he was very glad, and he related to them how he had found the water of life and brought away a cup full of it; and how he had rescued a beautiful princess, who for a whole year was going to wait for him, and then he was to return to be married to her, and receive a rich kingdom. After this tale the three brothers rode away together, and soon entered a province where there were war and famine raging, and the king thought he should perish, so great was his necessity.

The youngest prince went to this king and gave him the bread, with which he fed and satisfied his whole people; and then the prince gave him the sword, wherewith he defeated and slew all his enemies, and regained peace and quiet.

After this they went on board a ship to pass over the sea which separated them from home, and during the voyage the two elder brothers said to one another, "Our brother has found the water of life and we have not; therefore our father will give the kingdom to him, and our fortune will be taken away." This thought made them so envious that they consulted together how they should kill him, and one day, waiting till he was fast

asleep, they poured the water out of his cup and took it for themselves, while they filled his up with bitter salt-water. As soon as they arrived at home the youngest brother took his cup to the sick king, that he might drink out of it and regain his health. But scarcely had he drunk a very little of the water when he became worse than before, for it was as bitter as worm-wood. While the king lay in this state, the two elder princes came, and accused their brother of poisoning their father.

They said they had brought the right water, and they handed it to the king. Scarcely had he drunk a little out of the cup when the king felt his sickness leave him, and soon he was as strong and healthy as in his young days. The two brothers now went to the youngest prince, mocking him, and saying, "You certainly found the water of life; but you had the trouble and we had the reward; you should have been more cautious and kept your eyes open, for we took your cup while you were asleep on the sea. Moreover, in a year one of us intends to fetch your princess. Beware, however, that you betray us not. The king will not believe you, and if you say a single word your life will be lost; but if you remain silent you are safe."

The old king, nevertheless, was very angry with his youngest son, who had conspired, as he believed, against his life. He caused his court to be assembled, and sentence was given to the effect that the prince should be secretly shot; and once as he rode out hunting, unsuspecting of any evil, a huntsman was sent with him to perform the deed. By-and-by, when they were alone in the wood, the huntsman seemed so sad that the prince asked him what ailed him. The huntsman replied, "I cannot and yet must tell you. The king has ordered me to shoot you," said he with a deep sigh.

The prince was frightened, and said, "Let me live, dear

hunter, let me live! I will give you my royal coat and you shall give me yours in exchange." To this the hunter readily assented, for he felt unable to shoot the prince, and after they had exchanged their clothing the hunter returned home, and the prince went deeper into the wood.

A short time afterwards three wagons laden with gold and precious stones came to the king's palace for his youngest son. They were sent by the king in token of gratitude for the sword which had defeated his enemies, and the bread which had nourished his people. At this arrival the old king said to himself, "Perhaps, after all, my son was guiltless;" and he lamented to his courtiers that he had let his son be killed. But the hunter cried out, "He lives yet! for I could not find it in my heart to fulfill your commands;" and he told the king how it had happened. The king felt as if a stone had been removed from his heart, and he caused it to be proclaimed everywhere throughout his dominions that his son might return and would again be taken into favor.

Meanwhile the princess had caused a road to be made up to her castle of pure shining gold, and she told her attendants that whoever should ride straight up this road would be the right person, and one whom they might admit into the castle; but, on the contrary, whoever should ride up, not on the road, but by the side, would not be admitted. When, therefore, the time came which the princess had mentioned to the youngest prince, the eldest brother thought he would hasten to her castle and announce himself as her deliverer, that he might gain her as a bride and the kingdom besides. So he rode away, and when he came in front of the castle and saw the fine golden road he thought it would be a shame to ride thereon, and so he turned to the left hand and rode up along the road. But as he came up to the door the guards told him he was not the right person, and he

must ride back again. Soon afterwards the second prince also set out, and when he came to the golden road, he, too, thought it would be a pity to travel upon it, and so he turned aside to the right hand and went up. When he came to the gate the guards refused him admittance, and told him he was not the person expected, and so he had to return homewards.

The youngest prince, who had all this time been wandering about in the forest, had also remembered that the year was up, and soon after his brothers' departure he appeared before the castle and rode straight up the golden road, for he was so deeply engaged in thinking of his beloved princess that he did not observe it. As soon as he arrived at the door it was opened, and the princess received him with joy, saying he was her deliverer and the lord of her dominions. Soon after their wedding was celebrated, and when it was over the princess told her husband that his father had forgiven him and desired to see him. Thereupon he rode to the old king's palace, and told him how his brothers had betrayed him while he slept, and had sworn him to silence. When the king heard this he would have punished the false brothers, but they had prudently taken themselves off in a ship, and they never returned home afterwards.



Little One-Eye, Little Two-Eyes and Little Three-Eyes

ONCE upon a time there was a woman who had three daughters, the eldest of whom was named One-Eye, because she had but a single eye in the middle of her forehead; and the second was called Two-eyes, because she was like other mortals; and the third, Three-Eyes, because she had three eyes, and one of which was in the centre of her forehead, like her eldest sister. But, because the second sister had nothing out of the common in her appearance she was looked down upon by her sisters, and despised by her mother. "You are no better than common folks," they would say to her; "you do not belong to us;" and then they

would push her about, and give her coarse clothing, and nothing else to eat but their leavings.

Once it happened that Two-Eyes had gone into the forest to tend the goat; and she went very hungry, because her sisters had given her very little to eat that morning. She sat down upon a hill, and cried. By-and-by she looked up, and saw a woman standing by, who asked, "Why are you weeping, Two-Eyes?" "Because I have two eyes like ordinary people," replied the maiden, "and therefore my mother and sisters dislike me, push me into corners, throw me their old clothes, and give me nothing to eat but what they leave. Today they have given me so little that I am still hungry." "Dry your eyes," said the wise woman. "I will tell you something which shall prevent you from being hungry again. You must say to your goat—

'Little kid, milk
Table, appear!'

and immediately a well-filled table will stand before you with delicate food upon it, of which you can eat as much as you please. And when you are satisfied, and have done with the table, you must say—

'Little kid, milk
Table, depart!'

and it will disappear directly." With these words the wise woman went away, and little Two-Eyes thought to herself she would try at once if what the woman said were true, for she felt very hungry indeed.

"Little kid, milk
Table, appear!"

said the maiden, and immediately a table covered with a white cloth stood before her, with a knife and fork, and silver spoon; and the most delicate dishes were ranged in order upon it, and everything as warm as if they had been just taken away from the fire. Two-Eyes said a short grace, and then began to eat; and when she had finished she pronounced the words which the wise woman had told her—

“Little kid, milk
Table, depart!”

and directly the table and all that was on it quickly disappeared. “This is wonderful housekeeping,” said the maiden, in high glee; and at evening she went home with her goat, and found an earthen dish which her sisters had left her filled with their pickings. She did not touch it; and the next morning she went off again without taking the meagre breakfast which was left out for her. The first and second time she did this the sisters thought nothing of it; but when she did the same thing the third morning their attention was roused, and they said, “All is not right with Two-Eyes; for she has left her meals twice, and has touched nothing of what was left for her; she must have found some other way of living.” So they determined that One-Eye should go with the maiden when she drove the goat to the meadow, and observe whether any one brought her things to eat or to drink.

When Two-Eyes, therefore, was about to set off, One-Eye told her she was going with her to see whether she took proper care of the goat and fed her sufficiently. Two-Eyes, however, divined her sister’s object, and drove the goat where the grass was finest, and then said, “Come, One-Eye, let us sit down, and I will sing to you.” So One-Eye sat down, for she was quite tired with her unusual walk and the heat of the sun.

“Are you awake or asleep, One-Eye?
Are you awake or asleep?”

sang Two-Eyes until her sister really went to sleep. As soon as she was quite sound, the maiden had her table out, and ate and drank all she needed; and by the time One-Eye awoke again the table had disappeared, and the maiden said to her sister, “Come, we will go home now; while you have been sleeping the goat might have run about all over the world.” So they went home, and after Two-Eyes had left her meal untouched, the mother inquired of One-Eye what she had seen, and she was obliged to confess that she had been asleep.

The following morning the mother told Three-Eyes that she must go out and watch Two-Eyes, and see who brought her food, for it was certain that some one must. So Three-Eyes told her sister that she was going to accompany her that morning to see if she took care of the goat and fed her well; but Two-Eyes saw through her design, and drove the goat again to the best feeding-place. Then she asked her sister to sit down and she would sing to her, and Three-Eyes did so, for she was very tired with her long walk in the heat of the sun. Then Two-Eyes began to sing as before—

“Are you awake, Three-Eyes?”

but, instead of continuing as she should have done, saying:

“Are you asleep, Three Eyes?” she said by mistake, “Are you asleep, Two-Eyes?” and so went on singing—

“Are you awake, Three-Eyes?
Are you asleep, Two-Eyes?”

By-and-by Three-Eyes closed two of her eyes, and went to sleep with them; but the third eye, which was not spoken to, kept open.

Three-Eyes, however, cunningly shut it too, and feigned to be asleep, while she was really watching; and soon Two-Eyes, thinking all safe, repeated the words:

“Little kid, milk
Table, appear!”

and as soon as she was satisfied she said the old words—

“Little kid, milk
Table, depart!”

Three-Eyes watched all these proceedings; and presently Two-Eyes came and awoke her, saying, “Ah, sister! you are a good watcher; but come, let us go home now.” When they reached home Two-Eyes again ate nothing; and her sister told her mother she knew now why the haughty girl would not eat their victuals. “When she is out in the meadow,” said her sister, she says,

‘Little kid, milk
Table, appear!’

and directly a table comes up laid out with meat and wine, and everything of the best, much better than we have; and as soon as she has had enough she says—

‘Little kid, milk
Table, depart!’

and all goes away directly, as I clearly saw. Certainly she did put to sleep two of my eyes, but the one in the middle of my forehead luckily kept awake!”

“Will you have better things than we?” cried the envious mother; “then you shall lose the chance;” and, so saying, she took a carving-knife and killed the goat.

As soon as Two-Eyes saw this she went out sorrowfully to the old spot, and sat down where she had sat before to weep bitterly. All at once the wise woman stood in front of her again, and asked why she was crying. “Must I not cry,” replied she, “when the goat which used to furnish me every day with a dinner, according to your promise, has been killed by my mother, and I am again suffering hunger and thirst?” “Two-Eyes,” said the wise woman, “I will give you a piece of advice. Beg your sisters to give you the entrails of the goat, and bury them in the earth before the housedoor, and your fortune will be made.” So saying she disappeared, and Two-Eyes went home, and said to her sisters, “Dear sisters, do give me some part of the slain kid; I desire nothing else—let me have the entrails.” The sisters laughed and readily gave them to her; and she buried them secretly before the threshold of the door, as the wise woman had bidden her.

The following morning they found in front of the house a wonderfully beautiful tree, with leaves of silver and fruits of gold hanging from the boughs. There was nothing more splendid to be seen in the world. The two elder sisters were quite ignorant how the tree came where it stood; but Two-Eyes perceived that it was produced by the goat’s entrails, for it stood on the exact spot where she had buried them. As soon as the mother saw it she told One-Eye to break off some of the fruit. One-Eye went up to the tree, and pulled a bough towards her, to pluck off the fruit, but the bough flew back again directly out of her hands; and so it did every time she took hold of it, till she was forced to give up, for she could not obtain a single golden apple in spite of all her endeavors. Then the mother said to Three-Eyes, “You

climb up, for you can see better with your three eyes than your sister with her one." Three-Eyes, however, was not more fortunate than her sister, for the golden apples flew back as soon as she touched them. At last the mother became so impatient she climbed the tree herself; but she met with no more success than either of her daughters, and grasped the air only when she thought she had the fruit. Two-Eyes now thought she would try, and said to her sisters, "Let me get up, perhaps I may be successful." "Oh, you are very likely indeed," said they, "with your two eyes; you will see well, no doubt!" So Two-Eyes climbed the tree, and, directly she touched the boughs, the golden apples fell into her hands, so that she plucked them as fast as she could, and filled her apron before she went down. Her mother took them from her, but returned her no thanks; and the two sisters, instead of treating Two-Eyes better than they had done, were only the more envious of her, because she alone could gather the fruits—in fact, they treated her worse.

One morning, not long after the springing up of the apple-tree, the three sisters were all standing together beneath it, when in the distance a young knight was seen riding towards them. "Make haste, Two-Eyes!" exclaimed the two elder sisters; "make haste, and creep out of our way, that we may not be ashamed of you;" and, so saying, they put over her in great haste an empty cask which stood near, and which covered the golden apples as well, which she had just been plucking off. Soon the knight came up to the tree, and the sisters saw he was a very handsome man. He stopped to admire the fine silver leaves and golden fruit, and presently asked to whom the tree belonged, for he should like to have a branch off it. One-Eye and Three-Eyes replied that the tree belonged to them; and they tried to pluck a branch off for the knight. They had their trouble for nothing, however, for the boughs flew back as soon as they touched

them. "It is very wonderful," cried the knight, "that this tree should belong to you, and yet you cannot pluck the fruit!" The sisters, however, maintained that it was theirs; but while they spoke Two-Eyes rolled a golden apple from underneath the cask, so that it traveled to the feet of the knight, for she was angry, because her eldest sisters had not spoken the truth. When he saw the apple he was astonished, and asked where it came from; and One-Eye and Three-Eyes said they had another sister, but they dared not let her be seen, because she had only two eyes, like common folk! The knight, however, would see her, and called, "Two-Eyes, come here!" and soon she made her appearance from under the cask. The knight was bewildered at her great beauty, and said, "You, Two-Eyes, can surely break off a bough of this tree for me?" "Yes," she replied, "that I will, for it is my property;" and climbing up, she easily broke off a branch with silver leaves and golden fruit, which she handed to the knight. "What can I give you in return, Two-Eyes?" asked the knight. "Alas! if you will take me with you I shall be happy, for now I suffer hunger and thirst, and am in trouble and grief from early morning to late evening; take me, and save me!" Thereupon the knight raised Two-Eyes upon his saddle, and took her home to his father's castle. There he gave her beautiful clothes, and all she wished to eat or to drink; and afterwards, because his love for her had become so great, he married her, and a very happy wedding they had.

Her two sisters meanwhile were very jealous when Two-Eyes was carried off by the knight; but they consoled themselves by saying, "The wonderful tree remains still for us; and even if we cannot get at the fruit, everybody that passes will stop to look at it, and then come and praise it to us. Who knows when our lucky day will come?" But the morning after this speech however, the tree disappeared, and with it all their hopes.

When Two-Eyes that same day looked out of her chamber window, behold, the tree stood before it, and there remained!

For a long time after this occurrence Two-Eyes lived in the enjoyment of the greatest happiness; and one morning two poor women came to the palace and begged for alms. Two-Eyes, after looking narrowly at their faces, recognized her two sisters, One-Eye and Three-Eyes, who had come to such great poverty that they were forced to wander about, begging their bread from day to day. Two-Eyes, however, bade them welcome, invited them in, and took care of them, till they both repented of the evil which they had done to their sister in the days of their childhood.



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